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Vol. IV. JULY, 1883. No. 1.

The Red Dragon

Edited By Chas. Wilkins

The National Magazine of Wales

Cardiff: Daniel Owen, & Company.

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The National Magazine of Wales.

EDITED BY CHARLES WILKINS.

VOL. IV.—JULY TO DECEMBER, 1883.

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Ever your old friend
Thackeray

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NOTABLE MEN OF WALES.

MYNYDDOG.

Travellers on the Cambrian Railway, possessing an eye for the beautiful in nature, cannot fail to notice many and varied romantic spots in the neighbourhood of Llanbrynmair. Whether genius is inborn, and, therefore, independent in its existence, as well as being uninfluenced by any outward agency or circumstance, we will not here stop to enquire; but it was in this vicinity, amidst scenes as picturesque and poetic as man need crave for, that, on the 10th day of January, 1833, was born a man destined to become, in some respects, one of the most popular Welshmen of his day, and a poet of no mean order. His father, Daniel Davies, was one of those who "make their mark" in whatever society or circle they are placed, and he did so in the position he occupied in this rural but far from unintelligent district of Llanbrynmair. For a quarter of a century he was a leader of the singing in the "Hen Gapel" (Old Chapel). He was a member of the church in the same place for fifty-one years, and a deacon for thirty years. That much in passing, just to show what manner of a father Mynyddog was blessed with. One of the most marked traits in the character of the son was the almost reverential manner in which he always referred to the father in after life; nor, we may add, was the unvarying devotion which the son showed to his mother (who still survives him) less apparent, and pleasant to behold.

While the son was yet young the family removed from their old home at Dol-lydan to a larger farm called the Fron—both in the same parish of Llanbrynmair, and the property of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, our veritable Prince *in* Wales, of whom we say, as *Punch* lately truly said, that he is "monarch of all he surveys:" monarch not only of broad acres, but also of the hearts of his numerous tenant subjects.

In essaying a biographical sketch like the present, and especially if we attempt any criticism of its subject, we must naturally keep in view the state of education in the Principality one thirty or forty years ago. In this, perhaps, Llanbrynmair was rather exceptionally favoured. If we mistake not, the

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school established there received a certain sum annually from Dr. Daniel Williams' fund, and the minister of the chapel also undertook the office of schoolmaster. At this time the minister was the Rev. Samuel Roberts ("S. R."), now of Conway, assisted by his brother John Roberts ("J. R."). These were certainly very different men from the genus schoolmaster of that day. That the subject of our notice proved himself a worthy pupil he himself amply showed in after-life; still, in a country district like this, shut out, as it were, from the world, for we need hardly add that Llanbrynmair at this time had not the advantages of the improved communication—limited as that is—now afforded by the Cambrian Railway; still, we say, the educational disadvantages of the place must have been not a few, but more especially as regards acquiring a proficiency in speaking and writing English. This, however, was all the "schooling" our friend had, with the exception of a short time which he spent under the tuition of another master in Newtown. The effects of these disadvantages were felt by him more or less through life, just as they have been and are felt by the majority of our countrymen. Although he wrote the language quite as accurately as the average Englishman, and could speak it colloquially with considerable ease and correctness, still it was but rarely he could be prevailed upon to sing or deliver any sort of an address except in his own Cymraeg. Being the only son—the other children being an elder and a younger sister—he was naturally brought up to be a farmer, and we have every reason for believing that he was diligent in this his business amidst the eternal hills of his well-beloved Montgomery, excepting only, perhaps, during those ecstatic and easily-to-be-pardoned occasions when the *Awen* descended upon him. At what exact time he began to "think in rhyme" we do not know. Of one of these world-forgetting trances the fond, but *not* foolish, mother was an unseen witness. Addressing the father she said: "I fear we shall never make a farmer of Richard; he has now been twice around the field with the plough and horses, and not a solitary furrow has he turned yet!" In after years it became one of her chief delights to listen to, as it is to-day her sad delight to read, the rhymes of the then ploughman.

Our bard, however, turned out a much better hand at the plough than he of Scotland, to whom our poet is often compared by his countrymen—Robert Burns,—for notwithstanding these occasional wanderings under the seductive allurements of the muse, the farm at the Fron flourished, and the family prospered, both under the management of the father and after his death—the son assisted by the active and industrious mother and the two sisters. Literature, moreover, was not neglected, as we hardly need add, in this typical Welsh home: the home of

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steady work and regular hours, of Bible and magazine reading, chapel and eisteddfod-going, and the paying of every man his due—even the landlords. The number of *englynion*, *cywyddau*, *pryddestau*, and poems in general that were scribbled by our poet on the odd blank pages and corners of old account and copy-books during these early years will certainly never be known; all, however, tended to prepare him for his future work and position, and he soon became a frequent and an acceptable contributor to the Welsh publications of the day. He also competed at the local literary meetings, in which contests he was a frequent victor.

He was still known as plain Richard Davies, and we have no doubt that it would have been more in consonance with his simple and unassuming character to have remained so, for no one had a greater contempt for the humbug and quackery of the numberless small-fry that infest and degrade poor Wales with their so-called bardic names of "*Llewod*," "*Eosiaid*," "*Eryrod*," "*Llinosiaid*," and so forth, than he; but as long as Welsh parents will persist in naming their offspring Johns and Jameses, Davids and Mary Annes, with the inevitable—but thoroughly un-Welshy patronymics of Jones and Davies, Evans and Williams, &c., so long must the child, if he rise to any eminence, even the dizzy one of winning an odd half-a-crown prize in the local "Grand Eisteddfod," make up the deficiency by adding some *distinguishing* name or appellation himself. If we are not mistaken, it was at a competitive meeting held at Dinas Mawddwy, in 1855, that our poet attached the *nom de plume* of "*Mynyddog*" to one of the compositions submitted by him for competition there, and this—the name of a mountain adjacent to the Fron—he thenceforward adopted as his bardic name, the name by which he became known throughout the whole of Wales, and the Welsh circles of England and America. He now competed successfully at other Eisteddfodau of greater importance than the local ones, and his fame as a poet rapidly increased. He also became one of the most popular prose writers of the Welsh press—a press that retained much of its old glory in those days, but which has since deteriorated, and it is deteriorating at a rapid rate. Ere long it was found out that Mynyddog possessed unique talents as a singer, and especially as a conductor of Eisteddfodic gatherings, and the demands for his services in these two capacities, as well as in that of adjudicator, increased so greatly that the farm was given up, and he removed to Bron-y-gân, a villa residence which he had built just outside the village of Cemmes, Montgomeryshire, on the banks of the Dyfi.

He married in the year 1871, and here in this delightful spot, surrounded by all his nearer relatives, and visited by his literary and musical friends, some of the happiest years of his

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life were spent. And here, in all human probability, he and his could have looked forward to many years of undisturbed happiness, professional activity, and literary and poetical service to his country. It was not, however, to be. His health gradually becoming uncertain, and such as to give his relatives and more intimate friends much uneasiness, he decided to pay a visit to America, where a considerable number of his countrymen were anxious to welcome him. After discharging his duties as conductor at the Wrexham National Eisteddfod in the autumn of 1876, he, accompanied by his wife, left for the United States. The hospitality of the better class of Welsh families in that country is too well-known to need enlargement. The reception of our visitor was everything that could be desired. The invalid's health showed no permanent signs of improvement, and in the early part of the following spring they returned—returned to *rest*, as he put it. This rest he, undoubtedly, obtained in the peace and quietness of Bron-y-gân, coupled with the most faithful home-nursing, and the best medical advice and attendance. But it was all of no avail, and on the 14th of July he passed peacefully away, in the 45th year of his age. He had himself sung of "Old Llanbrynmair":—

> "*Pan wedi marw, rhowch i mi*
> *Gael bedd yn Llanbrynmair.*"
>
> (When after death, give to me
> A grave in Llanbrynmair).

His wish was respected, and to the burial-place attached to the *Hen Gapel*, "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," were his remains followed five days afterwards by a large concourse of his sorrowing countrymen, including a number from distant parts of the Principality and England.

In taking a review of Mynyddog's public life and labours, we find it was through his *poetical* writings that he first became known, and it is to these that we must look for the handing down of his name to posterity; for the singer's reputation of a necessity dies to a great extent with the generation that knew and heard him. "Mynyddog" is generally mentioned as one of a triad of distinguished modern lyric poets—Talhaiarn, Ceiriog, and Mynyddog. That is the order in which they are usually placed. As regards age the precedence is correct, and possibly also as regards merit, although for ourselves we are not acquainted with anything written by Talhaiarn that can compare with Ceiriog's *Myfanwy Fychan*. Be that as it may—and it is hardly our present business to discuss the question of precedence—we know how unassuming was Mynyddog's opinion of his own merits, and how utterly free he was from all envy and petti-fogging jealousies—rare bardic traits! Certain it is, however, that he has written some of the most charming ballads and

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songs in the language. An able writer, and one who knew him and his productions well, states:—"His works are distinguished, as he himself was, by geniality and humour, combined with frequent touches of deep pathos, and sterling common sense rather than a lofty imagination; by homeliness of expression, rather than polished language." (*Montgomeryshire Worthies*, by Richard Williams, F.R.H.S.) Messrs. Hughes and Son, Wrexham, published three volumes of his poems in 1866, 1870, and 1877 respectively, the latter volume being simultaneously published by a firm in Utica, North America.

Mynyddog also wrote the libretto of the first Welsh opera—at least the first published opera, namely *Blodwen*, of which Dr. Joseph Parry composed the music. This libretto, although falling short in its dramatic action and unity, still contains some very delightful lyrics. Another libretto of his, although much shorter, is that of the *Fairy Tribe*, an operetta set to music by D. Emlyn Evans. For the same composer he wrote a metrical arrangement of the *Songs of the Beatitudes*, which are ten in number and which are also published. It would be quite out of our power to give a list of all the pieces published by these and other Welsh composers which were written to his words, and which have by this time become household favourites in the Principality—to a considerable extent we think on account of the merit of the words. To a certain degree he had himself studied the theory of music. He was also possessed of a good ear for accent and rhythm, and this enabled him to escape many of the pit-falls that some, or rather most of our bards of the "Braint and Defawd" order, invariably fall into when attempting to write lines for musical treatment. Mynyddog's were eminently and invariably musical and singable.

As a prose writer, the series of letters which appeared in the *Dydd* newspaper, purporting to be written by "The man with the load of Thorns," and another later series in the *Herald Cymraeg*, signed *Rhywun* (Somebody), placed him in the front rank of Welsh newspaper contributors. His friend and cotemporary, "Gohebydd's," letters to the *Baner* were undoubtedly very powerful and far-seeing, but for wit, fun, and geniality, the younger man could well hold his own. Both wrote for the ends of liberty, morality, and religion, not forgetting what they considered to be the needs and deserts of "poor little Wales;" a statement on which we presume we can safely venture in a *National* journal like the *Red Dragon*, where creeds and politics had perhaps better be forbidden subjects.

His services as an adjudicator were also in frequent demand, and at some of the local Eisteddfodau he at times undertook the combined duties of judging the competitions in prose,

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poetry, music, reading, recitations, &c., &c. Some of our committees have peculiar ideas respecting these matters, and we have some talented gentlemen who will meet them by cheerfully undertaking to lecture, say on Saturday night, preach on Sunday, adjudicate anything or everything from a wooden spoon to the "Hallelujah Chorus" on Monday, and assist at the "Grand Concert" in the evening. But we know what Mynyddog's own convictions were, and that when he did engage to discharge all the various duties in the first-mentioned instance, he was prompted to do so by his goodness of heart and desire to oblige. His adjudications were generally marked by common sense and good nature, more than by depth of thought and keen criticism. We never knew an instance of his conscientiousness or integrity being doubted. We have already referred to Mynyddog's talent as a singer as being unique, and so in its way it was—so unique, we fear, as to make it useless our attempting to describe it, for it was certainly totally unlike anything we had heard before, or have heard since. We have been unwilling witnesses to some attempts by copyists, but, like all imitations, they have been un-intellectual—the outward form only can be copied. It was one of the most enjoyable reliefs during the fagging wear and tear of a long Eisteddfod meeting to hear and to *see* him sing one of his inimitable ditties. The burden of his lay would most likely be some old Welsh proverb, or an English one translated, such as "Shape the sole to the foot," or "Strike the iron while it is hot," used as a moral at the end of each stanza. The tune would probably be something very simple, and, perhaps, very common; the accompaniment (by himself) merely a few plain chords struck now and then. As to voice he never could, nor did he, lay claim to anything but a very second-rate organ, as regards either natural quality or artistic training. And yet the people would never tire of listening to him. Young and old, educated and ignorant, high and low—with the occasional exception of an odd apostle of "high art," or a straight-laced Puritan, perhaps—all would be delighted, would regain their good humour, and forget the past weariness of listening to long and utterly uninteresting adjudications, the twaddle of the bards (so called), and the hundredth-time-too-many-told braggadocio about the Crystal Palace and other "victories" of the grand Welsh nation. Why? Simply, we think, because he sang plain lays in plain language, and was, in fact, "understanded of the people." The Eisteddfod is a *popular* and a *Welsh* institution, and whilst we give way to none in our devotion to, and personal preference for, what is high and classic in musical art, we should not forget so entirely, as we do sometimes now-a-days, that this is "Gwalia's holiday," and the national festival of the *people*.

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Popular, however, though Mynyddog was as a singer, it was as an Eisteddfod *conductor* that he shone most. Here, indeed, it may be truly said, "Nature formed him, and then broke the mould," for to this day the Eisteddfod platform laments not only his loss, but the absence of any probable successor so far. To attempt imitating his wit, his repartee, and contagious good humour is to almost court certain failure, as these are gifts which none can acquire, and but few inherit. Still we ought to be able to count upon business aptitude, decision, and determination—when necessary. The work of the Eisteddfod is increasing yearly, and unless some one appears soon who can fill this most important post, some Elisha who can pick up this mantle and worthily wear it, we shall be in a sad plight assuredly. To return, however, from our digression, and to quote again from our previous author:—"For the last ten years of his life, indeed, Mynyddog's services were eagerly sought and considered almost indispensable at every meeting of the kind (*i.e.*, Eisteddfodau, &c.) among his countrymen. In this capacity (viz., that of conductor) he was unrivalled, displaying, as he usually did, so much good humour, combined with much ability and such rare tact, as to ensure the perfect and complete success of all meetings presided over (*conducted* rather) by him. He possessed a commanding stature, a powerful voice, a pleasing countenance, a cool brain, and a ready tongue, and he moved and spoke on the platform as one having authority. His wit was electric; it knew no bitterness, and scorned the aid of coarseness."

To that picture we have but little to add. The thousands who knew him in public only will recognise how faithful and well-merited the description is, but far more will those who had the privilege of knowing him in his private life, with whom the memory of his geniality, uprightness, and fidelity will never fade.

D. E. E.

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MARRIED BY ADVERTISEMENT.

A STORY OF A WELSH SPA.

By "Gwynllwyn."

I have heard it said, or seen it in some book, I forget which, that the whole course of our lives is often altered by something which, at the time it occurred, seemed a mere trifle. I must say that I, for one, quite agree with the statement, and I speak from experience, *my* pilgrimage through this vale of sorrow being completely changed by an observation I overheard some two years back.

I was at a friend's house in town, for a ball, on one of those grilling June nights which are *sure* to come when they are not wanted. Dancing was out of the question, in my opinion, and I soon took myself off to the conservatory, which I found deserted. It was so quiet and cool there that I sat down and became buried in my reflections. The said reflections were by no means pleasant, quite the contrary; I was thinking how on earth I could ward off the threats of a tailor to whom I owed a bill of some years standing, and who most ungratefully, considering the amount of custom I had procured him, was actually threatening me with "further proceedings!"

I had just come to the conclusion that I really must do something to appease his wrath, when the inspiriting strains of a polka ceased and a crowd of dancers invaded my retreat. Amongst others, my sister Dora appeared, leaning gracefully on her partner's arm. They sat down close to me, I, however, being stationed behind a stand of ferns, and thus unseen by the common herd, in accordance with my modest and retiring disposition. I considered a moment whether or no I should emerge from my hiding-place, but finally made up my mind to stay, not expecting my sister (with whose style of conversation I was well acquainted) would say anything to which I ought not to listen. I stayed on accordingly, and thus overheard the remark which altered my whole life.

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I imagine that Dora had been bewailing the loss of a favourite Yorkshire terrier, an event on which I had inwardly rejoiced, her dear Laddie being the most utter little brute of my acquaintance. However, his mistress did not agree with me, and she remarked to her partner—

"I really think I shall advertise in every paper for him."

"The best thing you can do," answered Captain Winshaw.

"Everybody advertises for everything nowadays, from a scullery-maid up to a wife or husband."

"I don't know about the scullery-maid," said Dora, "but *I* should call it rather a risky proceeding to advertise for a husband."

"Well, I should think that depends a good deal on circumstances," replied Captain Winshaw, adding—"but *you* are never likely to be in need of doing so, Miss Ashton."

"Needless information, thanks," answered Doe, casting what I considered a very reprehensible glance towards her partner (I always suspected her of liking that fellow in her secret soul).

"I'm an advertisement in myself," she went on. "I'm only afraid of being snapped up too quickly. It would be a pity for the London market to lose so valuable a commodity, wouldn't it?"

This statement might be very true, but it was *not* for her to make it to him, and I resolved to give my sister a lecture on her flirting propensities at the next opportunity.

The Captain, I know, was about to make some foolish reply, instead of snubbing her as she deserved, but I thought the conversation getting rather personal, so I hastily quitted my shady nook, and left them to their own devices.

I did not remain much longer under my friend's hospitable roof; I thought the ball slow. It was all very well for Doe, and for those other happy individuals, who, I really believe, would have got up an impromptu dance in the Black Hole. I saw no sense in making myself any hotter than I was already, therefore I speedily repaired to my solitary lodgings.

On coming down to my late breakfast next day, I found a pile of ominous envelopes awaiting me on the table. I knew *their* contents would prove anything but appetising, and accordingly applied myself to those of the dishes, which, I may say, were most satisfactory. I then sank into an arm chair, lit a cigar, and finally opened the duns of numerous creditors.

They were the same old story, only varying from the respectful, "No doubt the outstanding account has escaped your memory" (it certainly never escapes the tradesmen's, I wish it did), to the peremptory, "If payment be not forthcoming at the end of the week, we must place the affair in the hands of our lawyer."

However coolly I might take things as a rule, I felt that my

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pecuniary affairs just now were not flourishing, and that I, like my creditors, must take immediate steps to get some money.

The question was, what steps could I take?

I possessed £300 per annum, and was expected to "make that do," until I gained some Government appointment, about which I knew little, and cared less. It was no good applying at home for help; the governor was hard up, like most people nowadays, and I felt sure he could not aid me without some inconvenience, and a long jaw on my extravagance. Besides, I really had some scruples as to asking him, for he had three sons on his hands, to say nothing of Doe, who spent more on her dress in a month than I in a year.

We were singularly devoid of rich relations, which was a most unfortunate circumstance in my position; the only good I ever had from my kith and kin was when an old uncle died, leaving me my present income.

I pondered long on the chances of success, should I apply to a wealthy maiden aunt. I came to the conclusion that it would not do. For one thing, I knew I was out of favour with her for stumbling over and killing her pet spaniel. It was really by accident, and I made abject apologies, promising, moreover, to give her another dog, which pledge had *not* as yet been fulfilled; however, the old lady had not forgiven me by any manner of means. Hitherto this implacable enmity had not affected me, but I now wished she possessed a less retentive memory, for I knew that, if I hinted at her bestowing a douceur upon me, the ghost of the dear departed Fido would arise between me and her purse.

At a loss for any expedient, I took up some papers, and began cutting them, and skimming through their contents. After perusing the *Times*, I concentrated my energies on a local paper sent me from my home. I glanced down the advertisement sheet with a vague idea of accepting the first eligible situation I could find.

Wanted, a strong, active young man, to help in garden and stable, and make himself generally useful.

I felt doubtful as to filling so important a post, and passed to another column, where "Matrimonial" caught my eye, which recalled Doe's conversation the preceding evening.

Suddenly the thought flashed into my head, why shouldn't I get myself out of these money bothers for good and all, by advertising for, or answering an advertisement of, a girl with money?

It was a new and not very pleasant idea, still such things *were* done, and *did* sometimes turn out well. After all, no one need know it, except the young lady in question, but query—would any girl, worth two straws, either answer to, or put in a matrimonial advertisement?

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I could quite fancy Doe's doing it "for a lark," as she would say, but even Doe would stick at finally accepting a fellow under such circumstances.

Still it *might* pay, and there was no denying that if I could get hold of a really nice girl with some money, it would be desirable. On the strength of this I ran through a long list of my lady acquaintances, but found no one who answered all my requirements, and I turned to my paper with renewed vigour, determining to study every notice on the subject.

I read a long list very carefully, till I came to the last: this I perused a second, a third time. Finally, in a state of great excitement, I sprang up, rang the bell violently, not in the least knowing what I wanted, and exclaimed aloud:

"By Jove! I believe I've got hold of the right one!"

Before I had calmed down, my landlady appeared. From the loud peal occasioned by my energetic pull at the bell rope, I imagine she expected to find me murdered by an unknown assassin when she reached my room; indeed, the good woman looked quite disappointed on seeing me leaning against the chimney-piece.

"Did you ring, sir?" she asked, after waiting patiently for my orders, which were not forthcoming, as I had not the vaguest idea how to account for my peremptory summons. Her very senseless question gave me time to concoct a reason.

"Oh, bring me my boots, please, and clear away breakfast."

As these were my accustomed directions, Mrs. James might well be excused for mentally wondering why on earth I had roused the whole house, but as I couldn't tell her my excitement was occasioned by seeing the matrimonial advertisement of a young lady whom I thought would suit me, I offered no explanation for my conduct, and, to the best of my belief, she is ignorant of the cause to this day.

CHAPTER II.

As soon as I was left alone, I read through the following lines once more:—

A young lady (grand-daughter of a baronet), aged 21, in possession of a considerable fortune, wishes to correspond with a gentleman between 22 and 30, with a view to matrimony. He must be of good family, handsome, clever, and good-humoured. Money on his side is not required. The advertiser is considered a beauty, and is, moreover, amiable and intelligent. After letters have been exchanged, a personal interview may take place.—Apply to SAGE, 13, Rock Street Stanledge.

It sounded promising, certainly. A baronet's grand-daughter, and an heiress, was highly respectable, added to which she was a beauty and intelligent. I *should* be in luck's way if I could get her.

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The thing which puzzled me was the possible cause such a paragon could have for inserting such an advertisement in such a money-seeking, fortune-hunting age as the present. However, I stifled all doubts on this score, by the idea that she was probably so beset with suitors for herself or her money, as to be desirous to hear of someone who would at least be honest in his professions. One thing was clear. I must "apply" at once; accordingly I sat down, and, after many futile attempts, produced the following missive:—

Madam,—In the ——shire Journal for Saturday last, your advertisement caught my eye, to which I at once answer. As regards the fulfilment of your desires, I may state that I am a member of an old family well known in ——shire and the neighbouring counties. I am handsome and good-humoured; my height is 5-11. As to my talents, they impressed the Eton and Ch. Ch. authorities so much that I left both colleges with the proud consciousness that I was known as "one who was clever enough to do anything if he liked." I possess £300 per annum of my own, but fail to make it meet my requirements. I hope, however, to obtain a Government appointment shortly. My age is 26. I venture to think I have every qualification to make a good husband. If you reply, kindly address to——

There was the puzzle. Give my own name and address I wouldn't, in case it came to nothing. I might tell her to direct her letter to my club, only I must have some *nom-de-plume.* She gave "Sage" as hers—a nice, quaint old-fashioned name. "Sage Ashton" sounded rather well, supposing it to be her real appellation. There was only one drawback. I felt convinced that if Doe had a sister-in-law called Sage, she would nick-name her "Onions" to a dead certainty.

After some consideration I resolved to give my old Eton *sobriquêt,* "Tartlet" (I was so styled from my devotion to that species of pastry when a small boy); accordingly, I ended my epistle with these directions, and then went off to post it.

For the next two days I was in a state of nervous excitement. Doe (who was staying with the old aunt already alluded to) expressed an opinion that "Charlie had either fallen a victim to someone's charms, or else had committed a murder, and was awaiting his arrest."

I felt tolerably sure of receiving a favourable answer from Sage. I had given a prepossessing, and, I may add, true account of my various good points. Doe always called me conceited about my looks, said she hated fair men, and would never look at me if a tolerably good-looking dark man were in the same room (she might have added, if any one whatsoever of the masculine gender were present); however, there my sister and I differed, as we did on most things. But to return to the subject. On the second morning after sending off my letter I walked into my club, and found a letter addressed to "Tartlet." I took it in a very casual manner, merely remarking, "Oh! the answer to my inquiries, I suppose, as to an advertisement." But, despite my assumed coolness, I departed very quickly, and

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went post haste to my lodgings, where I could read the note in peace.

It was short and sweet. She only wanted a few particulars, which I hastened to send. At the end of her note Sage hinted at an early visit to town, when our interview might take place.

Everything seemed favourable to me. I wrote joyously to my various creditors, and satisfied their rapacity by small remittances, and strong hints that in a few months I should be in a position enabling me to settle all their accounts, and to prove a better customer in every way.

I next began to consider how the startling intelligence could best be broken to my relatives. This was rather a nasty prospect. It would be impossible to palm off Sage as an old acquaintance; it was equally impossible to confess what I had done. If I hinted at such an awful offence against etiquette, my mother would have a fit; and as to the governor, why, he would forbid me the shelter of the paternal roof for ever and aye. And how indignant my brothers and Doe would be! Nor did I anticipate very sympathetic treatment from my friends. I began to realise that marrying by advertisement has decided drawbacks.

At last it struck me that if our interview came off, I could suggest to Sage that she should betake herself and her parents, or relatives, to Brighton or somewhere, where I could meet her; and, if we spent six weeks together, I anticipated no disagreeable results were my engagement then to be announced.

I wrote my second letter to Sage on a Thursday, and on the Tuesday following I received a short note from her:—

As your answer has satisfied me, and since my description appears to please you, I conclude that our personal interview may be arranged. I shall be in town on the 28th. The next morning (Wednesday) I shall be at the Westminster Aquarium, sitting near the Octopus Tank, by eleven o'clock. I shall wear a prune coloured cashmere dress, trimmed with pale blue, a white straw hat, covered with white lace, and a gold watch-chain. Address me as Miss Wiseman, and I will answer "SAGE."

This was doing business with a vengeance! At eleven a.m. to-morrow week I was to enter the Westminster Aquarium (of all places in the world to meet one's future wife in!) and address myself to the young lady in prune and pale blue, sitting near the Octopus Tank!

What on earth should I say or do? I began to wish myself out of it. The idea of marrying by advertisement wasn't so bad at a distance, but when it came to a *tête-à-tête* between the persons "about to be joined," I found it trying.

Suppose I didn't like her after all! It really did not look well for a girl to be writing to strange fellows, and fixing appointments with them in this way. No! She couldn't be good form. A baronet's grand-daughter, indeed! Probably her mother married a dancing master, or some such creditable

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affair. Sage! Just the sort of name a cad would call his child, that people might think she came of an old family.

Why hadn't I thought of all this before? Well, get out of it I must somehow, many debts, and everything else! The County Court was preferable to a dancing master for a father-in-law, and to a wife who was innocent of the letter H.

I must leave town and get away from everybody for awhile. But where to? And what excuse could I make to Sage? It would never do for her to go to my club, and ask for "Tartlet," which was just the sort of thing a girl would do. No, I must make some plausible excuse for leaving town at once, and during my absence I might concoct some requirement which would knock the whole thing on the head.

In this perturbed frame of mind I wrote Sage a few lines alleging my "unavoidable absence from town for some weeks;" and after posting my note went to see Doe, dismissing with a sigh, on my way, all pleasant visions of the future, and wondering where I should go during my exile.

I found Doe lying on a sofa, groaning and grumbling at a bad fit of neuralgia. She instantly bade me rush off to a neighbouring chemist for some stuff which she had ordered thence, and which had not yet arrived.

When I reached the shop I found all my trouble was in vain, as the remedy had just been sent off. I knew the proprietor of the establishment, as he had formerly exercised his profession close to my home; and as he always liked a gossip, when not busy, over old times and mutual acquaintances, I stayed for a few minutes' chat with him before leaving his shop.

"How long are you going to stay in town, sir?" he asked after awhile.

"Oh, only a few days longer," I replied dismally; "but I don't know where to go. I want to find out some new place where I know no one, and can do as I please."

"You'd better try this watering-place in South Wales I heard of to-day," observed the chemist; "it seems wonderfully healthy, and picturesque enough, added to which there are mineral springs, if *they* 're at all in your line, sir. It's quite a new name and place to me," he added, producing and handing to me some papers, giving a long and laudatory account of the mineral spas, the salubrious climate, and the picturesque scenery of the Cuckoo Grove Wells, as I shall translate one of its unpronounceable names for the benefit of my English readers.

I read the description attentively, and was taken with it somehow. For one thing, I had never been to Wales, and rather wished to go there. I had an idea that I should find all the women there in steeple-crowned hats and scarlet cloaks, whilst I imagined the food to consist of Welsh mutton and Welsh

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rabbit. This place was at an easy day's journey from Euston Square too, only seven hours or thereabouts, and yet it was retired enough to form a safe retreat under present circumstances. Altogether I thought I couldn't do better than spend a few weeks at the Cuckoo Grove Wells, until my Sage dilemma had passed. Therefore, after taking down all particulars, I left the chemist's shop with my plans well matured.

The following Wednesday found me leaving Euston by the 9 a.m. train, *en route* for Wales. I had desired my landlady to forward all letters to Dora, to whom alone I confided my determination, after exacting a promise of secrecy. I alleged as my excuse that I didn't want any friends bothering after me. Dora gave the required pledge (she has since told me that she thought I had been "refused," and wanted to get over it in solitude). She only stipulated that "if it were a jolly place" I would let her know, and she might then "coax Aunt Emmie to bring her down there later on for a lark." This I agreed to, and having prevented any rumours of my whereabouts, I felt tolerably secure from Sage, and resolved to give that young lady her *congé* at the earliest opportunity.

CHAPTER III.

About an hour after leaving Shrewsbury I began to admire the scenery through which my route lay. When I once crossed the little river forming the boundary between England and Wales, mountains and valleys stretched on every side of me. It was a lovely summer's day, too hot for travelling comfortably, but even I couldn't grumble at that, when the bright sun added so greatly to the wild Welsh hillsides, clad in their early summer robe of green bracken. The railroad twisted around the base of their heights, and wound in and out of the narrow valleys, or rather ravines, in the most extraordinary and perilous manner to the unaccustomed eye. For a short way the line was cut along a hillside, and looked sheer down on a valley beneath, with nothing whatever to break the fall, supposing the train *did* come a cropper, which I didn't think at all unlikely, considering the curves in the line, and the slope down which we were speeding. However, nothing *did* happen, to my relief; and we went steadily on until my heart was gladdened by the intelligence that "the next station, sir," was Cuckoo Grove Wells.

In a few moments we emerged on to a wide moor, or common, as I found it was afterwards called, bounded on one side by low hills, and on the other by a river, and by meadows which extended westward until checked by more mountainous ranges.

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Presently signs of civilisation became apparent: a level crossing, with houses on either side, was passed, and now, only separated from me by the railway fence and a road, was the common, at this season of the year overspread with a faint flush of heather, and lit up in other spots with golden gorse.

I had but little time for making this running commentary as it were, for the train was gradually slackening speed, and in a few more moments we reached Cuckoo Grove Wells Station, the name of which was shouted in the true Welsh railway porter strains.

A crowd of people were on the platform as I stepped out of my carriage. I thought that some grandee must be expected, but I afterwards found that it was the custom for everyone at the "Wells" to "go and see the trains come in," greatly to the inconvenience and aggravation of veritable comers and goers.

I secured a porter, with great difficulty, to look after my luggage, and, this being accomplished, he asked "where was I going?" I hadn't the least idea. I knew the Cuckoo Grove Wells boasted of two or three hotels, but I did not know yet which I would honour.

On hearing of my uncertainty, the porter took upon himself to recommend the "Grove," as he knew "a party" had left it that morning, therefore I had a chance of accommodation. He accordingly consigned me and my goods to an omnibus sent to meet each train from the Grove, and I soon found myself driving away.

I was in somewhat mixed company, consisting of two old gentlemen, an elderly lady (of the spinster persuasion, I fancied), with long black corkscrews, a Dissenting preacher, and a commercial traveller. I inwardly resolved that if this formed a fair specimen of Grove society, my stay there would be short, even if not sweet.

We soon drove up an avenue of elm and ash trees, which brought us to the hotel. We emerged from the carriage, and on looking round I found that I was standing at one of the doors of a good-sized building. It had evidently been added to in recent years, the new part stretching out at right angles to the old.

A croquet lawn was in front of me at the end of the gravel sweep, and on one side of that lively resort a road passed up a hill, through a wood, to the common beyond.

Every window on the ground floor of the Grove was thronged with visitors and servants, staring at the new arrivals. The croquet players simultaneously desisted from their amusement to observe us attentively, and every rheumatic old lady, and every gouty old gentleman, on every garden bench, fixed their eyes, or, to speak more correctly, their eyes and their spectacles on the same interesting object.

This scrutiny was certainly trying; however, it did not last

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long, for in a few minutes the old landlady bustled out to settle the delicate questions of which visitors should be inmates of the Upper House (the new part, in which the "Lords" assembled) and which should be condemned to the Lower (which boasted of "Commons" only).

Old Mrs. Price, the Grove proprietress, was a thorough specimen of her class in Wales, when that region was not overrun by tourists, and did not go in for modern luxuries and modern notions. She must have been very handsome in her youth, and even now, on the shady side of seventy, showed traces of good looks. She was attired in a black gown, with a scarlet shawl, a large cap with pink ribbons, and a pair of pattens. She spoke with a broad Welsh accent, and in a somewhat complaining tone. At first I used to think this voice betokened anger, but I afterwards found it meant nothing all the time. She spent most of her life in a dingy little room at the end of the "bar," which, I regret to say, was a very favourite resort (the bar, not her room) with the masculine element at the Grove. I used to pay the old lady long visits in her apartment when we became better acquainted, and the amount of chaff and gossip I got from her was really astonishing. She was a good-natured, but crotchetty old thing too, and had a rare eye to the main chance; indeed, I think her chief characteristic was a curious mixture of hospitality with avarice. But I must return to my story.

After settling the destination of the elderly lady and the commercial traveller, Mrs. Price turned to me, and "took stock" from head to foot.

"You're a stranger to the Grove, sir?" she began. I hastened to reply in the affirmative, adding I had come from town to see how I liked the place. The keen old eyes scanned me attentively whilst I spoke, and having satisfied herself on my score, she said hospitably—"Oh well, sir, we can put you up comfortable. You'll be in the Upper House, I suppose? The dinner is at six. Would you like something—a glass of sherry at the bar?" I declined this kind offer, but desired to be shown the way to my room, and to have my things taken up.

"Oh, very well, sir. Here, Mary! Mary! Come and show this gentleman to No. 5 in the New House. What name shall be put down for you, sir?"

I gave the old dame my card, after which she turned away to concentrate her attention on the Dissenting preacher, whilst a chambermaid, who, in common with most of the Grove domestics, looked as though she thrived on the waters, or air, or something, conducted me to my apartment.

Number 5 was a good-sized, comfortable room, looking

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out to the back of the Upper House, and with a lovely view of a wooded slope, and of a blue lake, gleaming in the distance.

Unpacking was not a lengthy task, and this completed, I strolled out of doors to see into what sort of a place I had come. I took the path leading through the wood to the common, and when I had reached that spot, I sat down on a bench, and took in all my surroundings.

The place certainly was lovely. On one side was the lake, dotted here and there with little boats full of pleasure-seeking folks, nestling at the foot of the wooded slope before mentioned, whilst beyond the sparkling sheet of water, further to the right, lay a range of tempting looking green-carpeted hills. A little old church was perched half-way up the ascent, and a long low white farmhouse stood beyond it further away; and bounding my view of the south-west were a group of what might really be called mountains, and everywhere to the north and west the horizon was bounded with these beautiful ranges, varying in height. On a plateau of common to the right, a little below me, stood the so-called "town." The houses were scattered about in a very desultory manner, and everything betokened the Cuckoo Grove Wells to be a rising place. Half-way between me and the only approach to a street was the new church, standing by itself. The common spread around me in every direction, and a fresh breeze came sweeping across it even on this hot day, sweet with the scent of gorse blossom. Visitors were wandering over it, but there was an agreeable sense of freedom and roominess: altogether I came to the conclusion that my present retreat was very pleasant, if I could but find some congenial companion.

I strolled down presently to the lake, where I hired a canoe, and paddled about the water for an hour or so, when I left it to prepare for dinner. As a rule I hate dinner earlier than eight, but on that particular evening I felt so hungry that I reserved my murmurs at the outlandishly early hour of the Grove repast.

I found my way to the drawing-room some five minutes before the clamorous ringing of the dinner bell by one of the numerous handmaidens who officiated (remarkably badly) as waitresses. There was a miscellaneous collection of individuals assembled when I entered.

Two girls about eighteen or nineteen, and rather pretty, ceased an animated conversation with two young men lounging at one of the bow windows to eye me surreptitiously. A lady, discoursing on the beauties of the wood above the house to an elderly man, gazed on me with the deepest interest. An invalid husband and wife stopped a brisk conjugal difference, as to

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something one of them ought to have reminded the other to take, for the more placable occupation of staring at me. There were several more people, but I really felt too hot and uncomfortable under such a scrutiny to observe very closely. It was the Grove custom, I afterwards found, to stare new comers out of countenance. I think myself it was a bad custom; however, that does not alter the fact. A general move was now made to the dining-room.

This room was a large one, with three tables in it, two running across the apartment, which were met at the upper ends by the third, placed lengthways. There were about thirty-nine people present that day. I, being a new arrival, was placed at the bottom of the table nearest the door, where I sat in a thorough draught all the time.

The dinners at the Grove were the same all through the season, had been the same for years, and, I conclude, will be the same to the end of the chapter. If there were boiled mutton and roast beef to-day, you might feel sure of roast mutton and boiled beef to-morrow. The poultry was remarkable for its absence. The rule seemed to be, two fowls for twenty people; of course there was always a scramble for them, and those who could not get any, cast envious glances at their more fortunate neighbours during the meal. Lamb was a never failing dish, and so popular that I pitied its carvers. The chief virtue of the food lay in its quantity, which, with certain exceptions, was unlimited; it was lucky that the Cuckoo Grove Wells gave an appetite; otherwise I fear those who did not like joints would have fared badly. The rule for sweets was much the same as that for meat; about three tarts were provided for the hungry herd, and when these failed, you fell back on milk puddings, and a particular concoction on which the cook there (a tall, powerful woman with a good deal of the *muscular*, and very little of the *Christian* about her) prided herself, known as Cuckoo Grove Pudding. Then came cheese, after which the table was thumped by the President (the man who had been longest there filling that post), who either said grace, or frowned violently at any clergyman present to do so. I did not find this out in one meal, it could only be gained after some weeks' experience.

The hum of conversation around me sounded very enlivening, but no one attempted to let me into it: that was another Grove custom. New comers were left in the cold (in every sense, for that draught made my place awfully chilly) for the first day, after which they were gradually admitted into the mystic circle. After dinner I went out again with a vague idea of drowning myself in the lake, I felt so dull; however, on second thoughts I didn't, and explored the wood instead.

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About eight o'clock I once more entered the drawing-room, this time armed with a novel, wherein I could bury myself when stared at too closely for comfort. I found that it was a Grove habit to have a fire in the drawing-room every evening, however warm; to-night it had turned chilly, therefore it was with great satisfaction that I established myself in an arm-chair near the hearth, and then proceeded to eye the company over my book much as they had eyed me.

The two girls, I discovered, were not related to each other, as they mentioned each other as Miss Morris and Miss Wynn. The two young men were brothers named Williams. These four were stationed near the piano, watching for a third young lady who soon appeared at the window, with a young clergyman, in whose company she had been improving the shining hours on the lake. Directly she arrived a cry was raised.

"Oh, Miss Mostyn, you must come and sing!"

To this request she graciously acceded, only saying "she must go and take off her hat," which she did accordingly. The clergyman, or the curate, as he was called by his lady admirers when out of hearing, was evidently a great institution. He was rather a good looking, neatly made man, with hazel eyes which the young ladies raved over. A middle aged lady was treating us to Brinley Richards' "Recollections of Wales," which, I couldn't help thinking, would have been greatly embittered had he ever tried the Grove piano. Miss Ambredge was very musical, and would play and accompany songs all day long.

An old Mr. Blain was sitting close to her, in ecstasies of rapture at the music. He was the most erudite old person; he had a word to say about everything from Beethoven to a toad-stool (in which class of fungi he took deep interest). A very amusing lady sat next him, trying hard to look enraptured with the strains issuing from the piano, and succeeding but badly. She was Mrs. Morris, and quite a character; she spoke in a drawling tone and with a decided Celtic accent. She was, most unkindly, believed to visit the Grove every Summer for the sole purpose of procuring a husband for "Lizzie" (her daughter). Mrs. Mostyn reclined in an arm-chair not far off, expostulating with her son, a young fellow of nineteen or so, for utterly refusing to sing. These were, I think, the most striking individuals I observed.

As soon as Miss Mostyn entered, prepared for action, Miss Ambredge ended the "Men of Harlech" with a grand flourish, and proceeded to accompany one of the girls in "At the Ferry." Music went on indefatigably until the tea bell rang at nine, when we once more flocked to the dining-room. This light refreshment over, everyone went to the drawing-room again, and music was continued *con vigore*. Mr. Williams, senior,

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treated us to a few songs, after which he treated us still more by leaving off—he said he was not in voice, and I rather doubt if he ever *had* been. His younger brother meantime made himself agreeable to Miss Wynn. Mr. Gray (the curate), not being musical, sat outside smoking, and upsetting the performers' gravity by now and then telegraphing his approval of the proceedings through the half open window.

At length, wearied with the continual jingle, I arose, and departed to my chamber, where I speedily lost myself in slumbers, which were serenaded by distant strains of "Let the Hills Resound," which Miss Ambredge gave, "by request," as the finale to that evening's amusement.

(To be continued.)

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THE WELSH LANGUAGE, MUSIC, AND FOLK-LORE.

The following article contains the substance of a lecture delivered in Welsh by the Oxford Professor of Celtic at one of the Southern Eisteddfodau. We have obtained the author's leave for the publication of our translation, which was effected in the first instance by the well-known Welsh *littérateur* "Brythonfryn," and afterwards subjected to revision at the hands of one of the first Welsh scholars of the day.

Professor Rhys began by saying that when speaking of music, two kinds at least are implied, viz., vocal and instrumental. Of these two, he continued, as I remarked at an Eisteddfod some years ago, probably instrumental music is by far the most ancient. As to the other, there is room to infer that a kind of uttering or speaking, resembling a recitative, was the first attempt at singing, in the musical sense of the term; and there are found in some of the Indo-European languages words which favour that view. We need not, indeed, go farther than the Welsh itself to find ambiguous words for singing and reciting, such as *canu* and *dadganu*. For instance, *canu* (singing) means composing in the poetical sense, as well as vocalising in the musical sense, or otherwise, playing on musical instruments. This causes a great difficulty to any one who may wish to know for certain what place poetry and music occupied respectively among the Welsh in past ages. And notwithstanding the use made by musicians of the compound, *dad-ganu* (recitation), they have not yet succeeded in limiting it to its musical meaning, as it is not commonly implied when talking of a man engaged in *dad-ganu ei deimladau* that he sings in the major or minor with the voice, or that he pours forth his soul on the strings of the harp.

By what western nation vocal music was first invented it is now impossible to find out, but it is highly probable that it first existed amongst the priestly class, as the priests of every age had a tendency to make for themselves paths of intonation, that led them with less trouble through the spoken portion of the religious ceremonies in which they officiated. It may also be that some languages lent themselves naturally to some form of singing, for it appears that the pitch of the voice in the ancient

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Indo-European languages was a thing far more important than what we call emphasis. This, no doubt, was the case with ancient Greek, and it may be inferred that it was so with some of the related languages. It is still especially so with the French. To my thinking the Frenchman speaks generally singing. I remember, for instance, when I had newly gone to Paris for the first time, that I asked a man in the street, which was the road to the Gardens of the Luxembourg. Not being sure that he understood me, he inquired if it were about the Luxembourg I was asking, and in doing so he chanted the word in a manner that I have never forgotten. And when, for example, a man is placed in a station full of passengers, to show travellers the way, he would probably not make the assinine noise so often heard in our stations in Wales and England, but would sing out rather in the minor key, "*Par ici, messieurs!*" As for the people that offered their goods for sale in the streets, nearly all had different tunes, recalling to my memory many a phrase in the old Welsh *hwyl.* But what made the greatest impression on my ears was the unequalled earnestness of the old man who passed under my window every day about ten o'clock, announcing, with the deliberation of a Gregorian of the right sort, that he had excellent "food for small birds" (*pour les petits oisseaux*).

In some languages different positions are given in the musical scale to different words, with a view of distinguishing their meaning. In the official language of China, for instance, words are enunciated in as many as eight different notes of the scale. The philologist Max Müller, in one of his lectures, gives an instance taken from a language in that part of the world, of four words, all spelt *ba* but sounded on different notes, and forming the sentence *ba ba ba ba*, which, properly sung, would acquaint the natives with the interesting fact that three ladies had given the favourite of the Prince a box on the ear. Still, it can scarcely be said that such a thing as music existed amongst the nations of that part of the East; and it may be, that the dependence of the meaning of words on their position in the scale makes it impossible to adapt the music of the West to the language of the Celestial Empire. We have an illustration of the manner in which bunglers set the accent of the words and the accent of the music to play hide and seek with one another in Welsh, in the way the old people sometimes amused themselves with singing of the "blessing of Jac," several times, before they had had a sufficient run to enable them to bring in the "blessing of Jacob to each one." It is probable that there is not one rustic congregation by this time in Wales sufficiently behind the age to take delight in this kind of thing, thanks to the untiring exertions of the

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late lamented Ieuan Gwyllt to purify the musical taste of his nation.

In mentioning the ambiguity of the words *canu* and *dadganu*, I ought to add that it is nearly the same with the kindred words in the Irish language, which inclines me to the belief that the Celts of the British Isles had begun to distinguish between vocal singing and speaking in the period before they separated into Brythons and Goidels. This reaches far back, but we have no account of our ancestors as singers until the time of *Giraldus Cambrensis*, in the twelfth century. He gives them great praise, but it is not easy to understand to a hair's breadth the meaning of the words he uses, inasmuch as the music of that age is so different from ours. Some suppose him to prove that the Welsh people of his time had discovered the secret of the art of combining the different voices so as to produce harmony, but the common opinion is that this is a later thing. However, it is clear that the Welsh were considered good singers, according to the musical standard of that age. We find that they excelled some seven centuries later, and it would only be reading a paternoster to a priest to remind you of the victory of your great Welsh choir at the Crystal Palace. There is no room to infer that the nation at any time in the long period intervening between the days of Giraldus and our own lost its musical spirit, and its fondness for singing. It is well known what place and effect music had on the multitude in the religious meetings of Wales in the time of the Methodist revival, and I cannot help thinking that one of the principal of the secondary causes of the great influence of the old preachers was the thorough musical sympathy between them and their hearers. Both had been soaked in the waves of the same sea of song. It is quite probable that the musical element in the Welsh *hwyl* descended immediately from the tones of the Roman Catholic clergy when saying Mass, but the old preachers of Wales went a great deal farther, and showed that they could not only awaken and fire their hearers' souls, but also that they possessed the magic art of controlling the ebb and flow of the feelings of the multitude at their wish. In a word, it may be said of a Welsh sermon of the old style, that it was not only a sermon but also a kind of scriptural drama or sacred opera. Possibly some were inclined at times to think too much of the *hwyl*, and the gift of speaking, and to think that religion was a kind of musical mesmerism. But by this time, however, the *hwyl* is rapidly going out of use, though it is not clear what is to take its place. It is to be hoped that the substitute will not be what is sometimes heard, even from the mouths of men not wanting in acquaintance with the Welsh language, namely, a dry and jarring attempt at sham philosophising in a half Eng-

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lish jargon that will never suit a Welshman's ear. There is plenty of music in the Welsh nature to enable its possessor to distinguish between the smoothness of the natural manner and the unpleasantness of the borrowed one that will answer no purpose in the world except that of reading the preacher in, and reading the congregation out. It is to be hoped also that it will not be the frothy eloquence of any reverend gentleman who is fond of referring to English as the language next to us, though it be miles beyond his reach, even when he should like to sew gaudy patches of it on the home-spun cloth of his maternal idiom.

But let us move a step onwards. One of the ways in which language is influenced by an art or science such as music is that of having exactness imparted to some of its words. What, then, has the music of Wales done in this direction? It is not easy to answer the question fully, as no one, so far as I know, has collected the Welsh musical words we have not yet lost. Two or three such words which I cannot dissociate from music rise at once in my memory. One of them is *Cywair*, the word for key note. Another is the word *tant*, a musical string or chord, which meant at first any line, rope or string; and even to this day, the men of Anglesea and Carnarvonshire speak of the *tannau* of a hay stack. Music has, however, succeeded in giving to the word a more limited and exact meaning, which is the one it generally has in our literature. The last word I shall notice is *erwydd*, for the staff in music, the original meaning of which, in all probability, was wood or rods, and whatever has been the means of connecting it with the more exact idea of measure and proportion which comes to view when we remember that the English call it "the staff," it is to music we are indebted for the preservation of the word in a technical sense to this day, though it is quite true that it is used in a more indefinite signification by Welshmen from Holyhead to Cardiff. Our neighbour the Englishman searches in vain in his own language for a word to signify that one thing is in proportion to the other, and at last he is compelled to go begging of the Greek and Roman tongues the aid of learned words as the means of expressing the idea of analogy, proportion, or ratio, while the monoglot Welshman has only to mention in a way that needs not to be explained to the musician the words *yn ol yr herwydd.*

There is more or less music in the construction of every language under the sun, but there is another and deeper relationship between the Welsh language and music. The sounds of language are divided, as all Sunday School children know, into two classes, and one of those two classes, the vowels, are at the same time musical sounds. So it is in every language; but different languages show a different

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measure of the musical spirit implanted in them in the manner in which they work out the succession of the musical notes we call vowels. The Welsh language is not backwards in this; rather it may be said that Welsh is very sensitive on this point. Why, for instance, do we say *glan*, *glendid* (clean, cleanliness), *plant*, *plentyn* (child, children), and not *glandid*, *plantyn?* The reason for the change of vowels is entirely a musical one, but it would not be easy here to make the particulars clear, and I shall only offer a remark or two on the surface of the subject. The vowels as musical sounds are to be considered as compound sounds, and when *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, *w*, *y*, are sung on the same note, the chief partial tone, that is the body of the sound, is the same in them all until the pitch is changed. But they also all contain subordinate partial tones, which are higher in the scale and thinner and weaker in volume and strength. Now these insignificant partial tones are of a different composition in the different vowels, according to the form of the mouth in speaking. But though they are so fine that it is often difficult for the ear to distinguish them from the chief partial tones, they are such in their nature as to produce all the difference heard between one vowel and the other. Few have ears sufficiently trained to realize the truth of analyses of this kind; how, then, are the generality of us to know that all this is not the imagination of some musician? The best proof of the truth of such a supposition is that the theorizer should turn back and produce the compound of which he believes he has found the elements. More than one experimentalist on the Continent has succeeded in doing this with the vowels. Without any more ingenious instruments than a number of the small forked instruments musicians use in pitching a tune, they can set them to sound the different notes and combine and work them at the same instant, by the aid of a current of electricity, so as to produce such vowels as *a*, *e*, *o*, as clearly as the best Welshman in Glamorgan could pronounce them. On glancing at the special notes of the musical forks used to produce the various vowels, it is found that the distinctive partial tones of the principal vowels rise in pitch in the following order:—W, O, A, E, I. When the form of the mouth in sounding them is noticed, it will be seen that this is the order which causes the smallest and most gradual change in the conformation of the mouth when uttering these sounds, one of which can be made to melt naturally into the other by running the voice unbroken through them, thus: W—O—A—E—I, or I—E—A—O—W. If you will bear this in mind for a moment, you will easily perceive that, in making *glan* into *glen* in *glendid* (cleanliness), you lessen the distance between the distinctive partial tones of the vowels to about one half when

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A—I is made into E—I. So it will be seen that the objection to utter *glandid* rather than *glendid* is of the same nature, upon the whole, as the singer's objection to ascend to the key note through the seventh full tone below it, rather than through the space of half a tone.

This is also an explanation of one of the modes in which the Welsh language distinguishes the feminine gender, as when one speaks of *hon* and *ffon*. At an early epoch in the history of the language, as philology testifies, feminine words generally terminated, as in Latin, in the vowel *a*, and the word that is now *ffon* was *fwnda*, which, in order to have a note leading to the distinctive part of the *a*, was afterwards made into *fonda*, before it was curtailed to *ffon;* and so in other instances. But the language goes a step further than the musician would be ready to suggest, and she delights to have a leading note, so to say, in descending as well as in ascending. Take, for example, the feminine words *careg wen* (white stone), or *dalen felen* (yellow leaf). It is inferred that the early form of the words *dalen felen* was *dalinna melina*. Under the influence of the instinct in question, this was modified into *dalenna melina*, which, curtailed, makes the *dalen felen* of a later age. To compare fully what has taken place in words like *ffon* and *dalen*, you must match the key note in music with the vowel at the end of a word, and then the leading note with the vowel of the last syllable but one in the word; then you must imagine that you have found a singer indolent enough to leave off singing before ascending to the key note, even after duly singing the leading note. It is likely enough that such laziness as this was never heard of in the musical world; but there is nothing so common in the history of spoken language; and there is no better name than laziness to be given to the chief cause of the curtailment of words in all the languages of the world. But this does not prevent us from seeing that, had it not been for the instinctive music of our ancestors, some ten centuries and a half ago, we should now be without the special feminine forms in the case of words of the kind noticed; and that our bards would have been unable to speak about *hon a hon* as being *wen* and *dlos*, but *hwn a hwn* as being *gwyn* and *tlws*, whenever the fair sex or the other was being spoken of. This would have given a very different tone to many of our most admired love poems. It is possible that the lovers would not have missed it, but unquestionably the poetry of Gwalia would have been without many of its most beautiful lines.

Doubtless, there is amongst the singers here to-day many an intelligent young man who wishes to study music to its foundations, and perchance there may be in Glamorgan a few men who cannot sing any better than crows, though they may

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feel an interest in music, and a desire to understand the science of it. Now, the question is,—What fields of study are there open to those who would excel in knowledge of music? It strikes me that we have two at least to select from. The first deals with the physical side of the question. I trust in speaking of the vowels that I have already succeeded in making you understand that this is an extensive field, and a delightful one in which to study. But as it is mostly new ground, perhaps it would be well for you to have a word or two more about it. Until lately, little was known of the foundations on which rest the laws and rules that make up what is known as the grammar of music. The common reason given respecting them was, that they represented the manner in which the great masters had composed music; and that they had received the approbation of the best authorities. By this time, the philosophers of Germany have found out that there are physical reasons for many of the most important of these laws, and that their foundation is deeply and immovably laid in man's nature, and the world he lives in. There are not many, to my knowledge, who have written on this aspect of the question in our country; but the work of the chief discoverer, Professor Helmholtz, is published by Longmans, Green & Co., and it has been translated into English, with valuable additions, by Alexander J. Ellis. The price of the book is not high, considering its size and nature, nor also if we take into account how much money is squandered by many a workman in Wales in a year for more beer and tobacco than is good for him. I had nearly forgotten that you have public libraries in one or two towns in Glamorganshire—they should be found in every town in the kingdom. There ought, then, to be no difficulty in the way of the poorest student to procure such a book; but there is a difficulty for all that, and that is the difficulty of the subject itself, owing to the absence of proper instruments to assist the student to understand what he reads. However, there are arrangements before the public to facilitate the procuring of learned men from the English Universities to deliver lectures on various subjects in the large towns of England and Wales. Perhaps it is to some such a good purpose that a part of the proceeds of Eisteddfodau should be applied. What could be more appropriate than for the singers of Glamorgan to invite some *savant*, who has proved that he understands the subject, to give them next winter a series of lectures at Cardiff or Swansea on the physical side of music?

The second field open to the musical student is known to all of you, and it has already received considerable attention and cultivation at the hands of the Eisteddfod—I mean that of the musical composer. We want to see here not only plenty of strong workers, but to see them doing Welsh work. We should all rejoice

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to see the sons of Wales competing successfully in composing English music on English subjects, and under the influence of the English Muse, if there be such a Muse; and, on the other hand, to see Englishmen taking up Welsh subjects. But it will not be too late for that to be done when Welshmen are Anglicised out of their national existence, and their peculiarities are lost in the stiff-necked and selfish Philistinism which is gradually growing up out of the mixture of nations constituting the population of the United Kingdom. But it would have been a loss to the music of the world if the Welsh airs had never come into existence, and that not only on account of their excellence, but because they have peculiarities which distinguish them from the airs of other nations. Now, what we wish is to possess more music with the stamp and image of the Welshman deeply impressed upon it: for this, indeed, would be an acquisition to the world's music. There is no scarcity of subjects thoroughly Welsh for the best musical talents of our race to work upon, and it would be well should they take them in hand while there is still enough of the ancient Celtic spirit left. The subjects I have in view chiefly are the old Welsh romances and legends. The work, however, must not be left entirely to the musician, for he can hardly do anything with the materials in their crude form so to say. They must first be converted from prose into verse. The poet must bring them strictly under the laws of rhythm and metre. Pencerdd Parry, and many other musicians, are ready to make bricks if the sons of Ceridwen found it in their hearts to hand them the straw they want. The task is to have two such sons of the *awen* as the musician and the poet to understand each other. The poet grumbles that the musician whistles and squeaks him out of his wits, and the musician asserts that the poet deluges everybody and everything with odes that are colder than April hoarfrost. Still, we are not without hope that some of those who have not sworn to live and die within the magic circle of the strict metres (*mesurau caethion*) may be persuaded to lay hold of the ancient legends to adapt them to the use of the musician, so that he may no longer have the excuse that he is without materials for a Welsh opera or cantata. Mynyddog is no longer amongst us, but Ceiriog is still alive and well, and master of the art, as all know who have read his *Myfanwy Fechan*, or heard the Prince of Wales Cantata in 1862; and, doubtless, there are many others equal to the work. It would be easy for the Eisteddfod to stimulate the poets, by offering prizes for the best libretto, and chairs also, if they are in want of woodwork. Were it right to tender advice after the event, I should suggest, with all due respect to the Committee of this Eisteddfod, and to Sir Rowland Hill, whose memory they wish to honour

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in song, that it would have been a greater kindness to Wales had the prize been offered for translating the legend of the "Lady of *Llyn y Fan Fach*" into verse, and getting it ready in book form, so that our musical composers might make an opera out of it. The reason I name this particular legend to you is, that it is one of the tales localized pretty close to you, and known to most of you; but lest there should be anyone here unacquainted with it, I will give you an abridgement of it, nearly as it was taken down from the mouths of the old people of Myddfe, in the year 1841, by the late William Rees, of Tonn, who printed it as preface to the volume called "The Physicians of Myddfe;" published by the Welsh Manuscript Society at Llandovery eight years later:—

When the effort made by the princes of Wales to preserve their independence was nearly over, there lived a widow woman at the source of the Sawdde, near Llanddeusant, in Carmarthenshire. She had lost her husband in the war, but she had a son, and she was possessed of so many cattle that she was obliged to send some of them in summer to graze on the Black Mountain, near Llyn y Fan Fach, where the son went to take charge of them. One day, as he walked on the banks of the lake, eating his food, his eyes lighted, to his amazement, on the most beautiful maiden that ever man beheld, sitting on the glassy surface of the water, which served her as a mirror whilst she combed her hair, that fell in beautiful ringlets over her shoulders. The scene made the lad forget not only himself, but the lasses of Myddfe, and the rhyme he had learnt in their praise:—

Mae eira gwyn
Ar ben y bryn,
A'r glasgoed yn y Faerdre;
Mae bedw mân
Yn nghoed Cwm-brân,
A merched glân yn Myddfe.

(White is the snow
Upon the low,
Green the trees in the Verdré;
Tender the birch
In Cwm-bran wood,
And fair the girls at Myddvé.)

Such, in a word, was his astonishment that he held out his hand, as if to offer her a portion of his bread and cheese. She came nearer and nearer to him, till he thought he could touch her with his hand; but down she sank that instant under the wave, singing out:—

"Crâs dy fara,
Nid hawdd fy nala."

("Me, Crusty-batch,
Thou shalt not catch.")

When he reached home he related the incident to his mother,

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and her advice to him was that he should offer dough to the lady of the lake next day. The morrow came, and he took his way to the lake in the cool morning, before the rays of the sun had gilded the summit of the Fan. There he sat for hours, gazing in vain at the lake, till his eyes were like wells of water. At last, when walking on the edge of the lake to look after a stray cow, the maid again appeared to him, seven times more beautiful than before. He ventured to inform her of the intensity of his love towards her, and to welcome her with the handful of dough; but away she went as before, singing this time:—

"Llaith dy fara,
Ti ni fynna."

("Me, Moisty-bread,
Thou shalt not wed.")

His mother's advice to him now was that he should offer the maid bread half-baked, and to the lake the lad came the third day, where he watched intently and anxiously till the sun was nearly setting. As he was starting for home in disappointment, he glanced once more on the lake, and great was his surprise to see a drove of cows walking on its surface, and the lady he loved following them. After approaching him she consented to become his wife, on condition that she should leave him should he give her three blows without cause. Then she sank in the lake, and he was on the point of following her, when she returned with her father, and with a sister so very like herself that no one could distinguish them. Her father was of unusual stature, and, though grey with age, he seemed possessed of the vigour of youth. He welcomed the lad as his son-in-law if he could lay his finger on the one he loved. The young man was quite in a difficulty, but it did not last long, for all know that where there is a will there is a way. The girl he loved moved towards him one of the prettiest little feet that ever an earthly shoemaker set eyes upon. Her lover took the hint, and selected aright. As for the wedding, there was great rejoicing and feasting, but there is no detailed account of it extant. It is, however, stated that the young wife had for a dowry as many animals as she could count without drawing her breath, only a single breath being allowed for each kind, sheep, goats, cows, and horses. The clever way she took was to count her riches in fives—one, two, three, four, five—like the bells of Aberdovey; and that over and over again as long as her breath held out. Just as she finished this task they all followed her to Esgair y Llaethdy, near Myddfe, where she and her husband lived happily for years, bringing up three sons, gallant and active, of whom Rhiwallon was the eldest.

But one day when his wife showed a disinclination to

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accompany her husband to see the religious ceremony of christening, he happened to tell her, "Come, come," and placed his hand on her shoulder. "That is the first blow," said she, "take care that thou wilt not give me another." He promised to be careful in the future, but some time as they happened to be at a wedding feast, and while everyone around was hilarious, she burst out crying. Her husband touched her on the shoulder and asked in surprise why she wept at such a time. Her reply was that she saw young people entering on troubles, and her husband had given her the second blow without cause. He promised never to give her another. However, as they were, some considerable time after, at a funeral, and all were mournful around them, the wife burst out laughing, since death, as she thought, relieved all of their grief. The husband forgot his promise, and laid his hand on her again, entreating her to remember where she was. This sealed her fate and his, for she at once sped towards Esgair y Llaethdy, calling her stock after her to the lake. As near as can be made out from the tradition the following are the words which the neighbours heard her use on the occasion:—

"Mu wlfrech, Moelfrech,
Mu olfrech, Gwynfrech,
Pedair cae Tonfrech,
Yr hen Wynebwen,
A'r las Geingen
Gyda'r Tarw Gwyn
O lys y brenin
A'r llo du bach,
Sydd ar y bach,
Dere dithe, yn iach adre'."

And this is how she called the four oxen that were ploughing in the field:—

"Pedwar eidon glâs,
Sydd ar y ma's
Deuwch chwithe,
Yn iach adre'."

And, obedient to the call, off they went, taking the plough with them, over the mountain to the lake, their course being marked by a long furrow, called to this day *Cwys yr Ychain Bannog*. As for the little black calf that was slaughtered and skinned, it is said that it had a resurrection on the beam, and had strength granted it to scamper after the others, and this was the last that was seen of them. The sons of the Lake Lady walked many a time on the banks of the lake, longing to see their mother, who at length appeared to them. She took to instructing Rhiwallon in the virtues of various plants, and initiated him into the secret of curing every illness and disease.

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This is the tradition about the origin of the family of the Physicians of Myddfe, represented to-day by many descendants that live in South Wales and other parts of the country.

The class of legends to which this belongs is a very ancient one, and it is to be found in various forms among most of the Continental nations; but the one resembling it nearest that I know of is the German tale of *Undine*. This happened to be the first thing that I read in the German language when a lad at Penllwyn, in the Valley of the Rheidol. One day, when in search of a cheap book at Aberystwyth, I came across a second-hand volume at the shop of our Welsh musician, Eos Bradwen, containing *Undine*, by De La Motte Fouqué. My bargain with the bookseller is as fresh in my mind as if it had taken place yesterday. I well remember the delight I experienced in making out the legend on my way home, and the pleasure I also found years afterward, when, as I was leisurely walking one day in the streets of Leipsic, I saw an advertisement announcing the performance of an opera founded upon the Legend of Undine. This was an unexpected pleasure, as the opera was new to me, and I was delighted with the opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with the legend. When listening to the music, it struck me very forcibly, that it would be a good thing if some competent musician were to set the legend of the Lady of Llyn y Fan Fach to music, and to make a Welsh opera of it. And that is my opinion still. There are many of the same materials in the Myddfe legend as in the German one, excepting that in the latter, at least in the form known to me, there is more of the martial clang of chargers' hoofs and the arms of the warlike knights and more ladies hastening past in rustling silks. However, no one but a Welsh bard and musician can say exactly what could be made out of the history of the Maid of Myddfe, though it is clear, from what you have already heard, that there is room in it for the following things:—The din of war and the fall of Llewelyn to commence with; pastoral songs on the Fan Fach, followed by interesting love-making, according to the inspiration of the muse. Then might come a Welsh wedding or two, better pourtrayed, let us hope, than the article sold under that name to English visitors at the watering-places of the Principality. It has room also for a funeral, with mourners and mourning with whom the poet might deal in his own way; but what would try his genius most, would be the handling of the weird and fairy element which would have to be woven into the tissue of the whole fabric. After all, this legend is only one of many known in Wales, and I do not call your attention to it except as an example in point; there are plenty of others to be had in the *Mabinogion*, many of them containing a

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greater variety of incident and more replete with the heroic element. Should you desire to know anything about them, they are to be had, not exactly in the condition of dry bones, but rather lying as scattered fragments covered by the moss of tradition, waiting for life and expression to be breathed into them by the muse of the nation that first gave them existence; that nation whose imagination peopled air, land, and sea with a myriad of weird and phantom forms, and whose musical genius ought to be able again to lead them forth a disciplined and harmonious host, as Wagner and others of the best composers of Germany have done with those of their country, out of the mists of antiquity, and the realm of Faery, to the light of day, and the warm rays of the sun.

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THE DIVING FRIAR.

A LEGEND OF LLANGOLLEN.

Gwenwynwyn withdrew from the feasts of his hall:
He slept very little, he prayed not at all:
He pondered, and wondered, and studied alone,
And sought, night and day, the philosopher's stone.

He found it at length, and he made its first proof
By turning to gold all the lead of his roof:
Then he bought some magnanimous heroes, all fire,
Who lived but to smite and be smitten for hire.

With these, on the plains like a torrent he broke;
He filled the whole country with flame and with smoke,
He killed all the swine and he broached all the wine;
He drove off the sheep, and the beeves, and the kine;

He took castles and towns, cut short limbs and lives;
He made orphans and widows of children and wives;
His course many years he triumphantly ran,
And did mischief enough to be called a great man.

When, at last, he had gained all for which he had striven,
He bethought him of buying a passport to heaven;
Good and great as he was, yet he did not well know,
How soon, or which way, his great spirit might go.

He sought the grey friars, who, beside a wild stream,
Reflected their frames on a primitive scheme;
The gravest and wisest Gwenwynwyn found out,
All alone and ghostly, and angling for trout.

Below the white dash of a mighty cascade,
Where a pool of the stream a deep resting-place made,
And rock-rooted oaks spread their branches on high,
The friar stood musing, and throwing his fly.

To him said Gwenwynwyn: "Hold, father, here's store
For the good of the church, and the good of the poor;"
Then he gave him the stone; but, ere more he could speak,
Wrath came on the friar, so holy and meek:

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He had stretched forth his hand to receive the red gold,
And he thought himself mocked by Gwenwynwyn the Bold,
And in scorn at the gift, and in rage at the giver,
He jerked it immediately into the river.

Gwenwynwyn, aghast, not a syllable spake;
The philosopher's stone made a duck and a drake,
Two systems of circles a moment were seen,
And the stream smoothed them off, as they never had been.

Gwenwynwyn regained and uplifted his voice:
"Oh, friar, grey friar, full rash was thy choice;
The stone, the good stone, which away thou has thrown,
Was the stone of all stones, the philosopher's stone."

The friar looked pale when his error he knew;
The friar looked red, and the friar looked blue;
And heels over head, from the point of the rock,
He plunged, without stopping to pull off his frock.

He dived very deep, but he dived all in vain,
The prize he had slighted he found not again:
Many times did the friar his diving renew,
And deeper and deeper the river still grew.

Gwenwynwyn gazed long, of his senses in doubt,
To see the grey friar a diver so stout:
Then sadly and slowly his castle he sought,
And left the friar diving, like dabchick distraught.

Gwenwynwyn fell sick with alarm and despite,
Died, and went to the devil the very same night;
The magnanimous heroes he held in his pay
Sacked his castle and marched with their plunder away.

No knell on the silence of midnight was roll'd,
For the flight of the soul of Gwenwynwyn the Bold:
The brethren, unfee'd, let the mighty ghost pass,
Without praying a prayer, or intoning a mass.

The friar haunted ever beside the dark stream:
The philosopher's stone was his thought and his dream:
And, day after day, ever head under heels,
He dived all the time he could spare from his meals.

He dived, and he dived, to the end of his days,
As the peasants oft witnessed, with fear and amaze;
The mad friar's diving-place long was their theme,
And no plummet can fathom the pool of the stream.

And still, when light clouds on the midnight winds ride,
If by moonlight you stray on the lone river side,
The ghost of the friar may be seen diving there,
With head in the water, and heels in the air.

CROCKETT HALL.

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QUAKERISM IN WALES.

An enquiry into the causes which have led to the unequal distribution and localisation of peculiar religious opinions and sects over the Christian world would be a subject worthy the pen of a Christian philosopher of the highest distinction. Were these columns the place for the discussion of such a broad question, the writer makes no pretensions to a capacity for grasping it. The question as to why Welsh soil has failed to nourish Quakerism is a narrow one, yet is it not easy to discover an answer to it which shall be at once satisfying and convincing; without, at least, some amount of discussion. Why are there so few Quakers in Wales? The philosopher who was invited to write a treatise on Icelandic Snakes, found his work soon at an end by discovering that there were no snakes in Iceland. We cannot answer the question propounded so readily, for there certainly have been Quakers in the Principality, and there may be still just a few left to point the rule of absence. Forty or fifty years ago there were several families of Quakers, all highly respected, and worthily so, in Glamorgan, such as the Prices and Warings, at Neath; the Baths, of Swansea; the Bevingtons, of Cardiff; the Redwoods, of Boverton; the Jacksons, of Llanmaes; and that singular combination of shrewdness and simplicity, Weston Young, the Nantgarw potter, whom connoisseurs delight to honour, and whose "works" live after him. All those families and individuals, so far as we know, have either ceased to "leaven" Wales, by residing in it, or have found their numbers too few to resist Welsh social influences, and so have abandoned their Quaker ways and distinctions.

It has been suggested to us, in a waggish humour, that the Quakers found the Welsh too shrewd to make money out of, and that, as getting on in the world is one of the modern motives for being Quakers, they gave up the effort in despair amongst the Welsh. Flattering as this view may be to the assumed sharpness of the national character of the Welsh, we do not for a moment accept it as resting on any firm foundation. For the fact is, that for the last hundred and fifty years Wales has been the "happy hunting ground" of strange speculators and capitalists, who came in great force and strength, to

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discover for the natives the vast hidden resources of wealth concealed in their hills and valleys; and to point out the way to turn them to advantage and become rich. In doing this they made themselves wealthy beyond the dreams of usury, for the Welsh proved to be by no means apt pupils, ready at once to imitate their ways, their modes, or their motives. On the contrary the capitalists found a race of people unprepared to lead, or even to closely follow the lead, to contest, or to compete with them; but too ready to part with their interest in the soil at once for a bagful of ready money. Were Quakers swayed as strongly as is asserted by a desire to make money, here in Wales money was to be made, and here they would consequently have settled; but in Wales they are not to be found.

Why are there no Welsh Quakers?—men and women of Welsh blood. We have often put this question and have obtained answers, but not conclusive ones. It may be objected that it is now too late in the day to discuss the question, seeing that Quakerism itself is said to be dying out. We are not ourselves disposed to believe this, for the fact of broad brims, drab habiliments, and "Thee" and "Thou" having almost disappeared is not proof sufficient, nor do we place over much faith in Quaker statistics. Quakerism, so far as it was identified with dress and speech, has no doubt had its day; not because of its having been defeated and abolished, but because it has been accepted and absorbed; the very Legislature retreating before the weight of its simple Aye, Aye, and Nay, Nay, and abolishing oaths to make way for it. Even Parliamentary eloquence and oratory have succumbed to Quaker influence, and are acceptable or otherwise as they bear comparison with the Quaker standard of Saxon speech. As to Quaker costume, there is no longer any motive for preserving it, and the present generation will probably see the end of it everywhere. The poke bonnet and the broadbrims are becoming not only an anachronism, but a means of worldly distinction in an opposite sense to their original purpose, and they have a tendency to foster "the pride that apes humility." To continue their use after this fact is made clear would strike at the roots of Quaker polity. They were a protest, and a useful one, in their origin, and if the times which first knew them are pondered over, and the state of society then compared with the present, the vast improvement will be so evident in domestic life and manners, that the Quaker shibboleth in speech or dress can no longer demand especial regard or respect, though they may rightfully claim to have been valuable factors in simplifying and sweetening national habits of thought and practice.

But Quakerism has still left in it as a living principle something infinitely more valuable, and less perishable, than its plain speech and its peculiarity and purity of costume. It has its form

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of religious worship, and its doctrine of the inner light. It is to these we desire to call the special attention of Welshmen. The most common reply to the question we have propounded and repeated is, that the Welsh are an emotional race of people, and enjoy emotional forms of religious exercise and of worship; and Quakerism being a form of Quietism, and essentially non-emotional, it is unsuitable to the Welsh mind and taste. This is no doubt near to the truth, but it is not the whole truth. It exhibits only the obverse, and makes no reference to the necessary corollary, the reverse of the medal. Either the Welsh are much less emotional than they give themselves credit for being, or they are exceptions to a law which prevails in all lands and amongst all races of mankind, that of the junction of extremes. There is no excess without its corrective, and when and where the indulgence in emotion is excessive, there also must exist in some form or other its opposite quality.

Quakerism was a revolt against the extreme looseness in manners and religion under the Stuarts. Quietism, as taught by the Spanish priest Molinos, was an extreme protest against the emotional forms of the Roman Church. The most garrulous and emotional people in Western Europe, the French, have had their extremes in the form of Jansenists and Port Royalists, and still have their Trappists—men so wearied of the national gabble that they have been driven into absolute silence, and never speak at all. No nation on earth has been exempted from this rule. Reaction against every form of extreme is a natural law, and is bound to exist, and does exist in Wales as elsewhere, in some form or other, not always, perhaps, easily recognisable. Extreme forms of religious worship oftentimes neutralise each other, and thus the too formal is corrected by the utterly informal, and the ceremonious and solemn by the irregular and unmethodical. When, however, the corrective is not found within religious limits, it must be sought for outside, where perchance it may have taken an irreligious direction. We do not maintain that this is the case in Wales, though we must plead our inability to account in any other way for the apparent absence of a corrective to the over-emotionalism which certainly prevails in the Principality, such corrective not existing apparently within religious limits.

Capacity to feel, and even enjoy, the workings of our emotions is a valuable principle in our natures—one of God's best gifts. Like steam or electricity in the material world, emotion is an excellent servant, and will perform valuable offices if properly regulated and controlled. Suppressed emotion tends to purify and elevate the character, acting as a motive power within the mind. To permit ourselves to be stirred inwardly by the Church Service, an eloquent sermon, or an animating speech, is an excellent exercise; but to make a display of that emotion is

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to waste in an hour effects that ought to have been lasting. Often have we seen a Welshman turn on, as it were, the fountain of his emotions at the beginning of a service, exhibit the outpouring in sighs, and groans, and tears, to his fellow-worshippers, spilling the precious essence publicly abroad. The conclusion of the service finds that man exhausted, dried up like a sucked orange or an empty bottle—no stock in hand to fall back upon. He has been a very Prodigal in his expenditure of moral force. He has opened widely his safety valve, and the supply of power, which if husbanded wisely would have been enough to control his conscience for a lengthened period, has completely evaporated. The use such persons as he make of their emotions is superficial, void of depth, and valueless as factors in regulating their lives. No greater kindness could be extended to such than to introduce them to the other extreme, to exhibit to them the beauty of reticence, to impress upon them the excellence of temperance and moderation in the consumption of their emotions. To indulge in a great feast once a week, with a barren supply for the remainder, is like anticipating by present extravagance the daily requirements of the human system. To plead as an excuse that this is a characteristic of the Celtic blood, and a national peculiarity from which there is no escape; or to indulge in self-glorification, as many do, that the natural endowments of the Welsh are warm, and ardent, and averse to cold calculation, is to abandon to the winds the manly quality of self control, of disciplinary action, of government over the commotions of the mind. "All things should work together for good," and all inward qualities should combine and co-operate in steering man's course through the depths and shallows of existence. It is by husbanding and regulating the action of the emotions, so as to retain a true balance of mental force, that this is to be done. To waste and fritter away one precious part, under a mistaken notion that religious enthusiasm is thereby engendered, and religious growth cultivated, is to throw the moral machine out of gear, to weaken the faculties that ought to work together in unison, and eventually to injure most materially proper accuracy and proportion in human action, and the delicate appreciation of right and wrong.

The necessity for a powerful corrective to over emotion within religious circles we honestly and sincerely believe to be a national want of the first importance. Far be it from our desire to recommend the founding of a new sect; there are too many divisions already; and to consolidate would be preferable to extending them. Nevertheless, we believe that the adoption of a few Quaker principles and practices, freed from the accidents of costume and speech, such as could easily be dovetailed into existing systems without interfering with present regulations, or adding to the responsibilities of pastors or

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teachers, would be a boon of priceless value. Our suggestion is that one place of worship, be it church or chapel, in our large towns, should be set aside one evening in the week, to which all persons so disposed may resort, and let absolute Silence, "eldest daughter of time, who was born before the winds were made," preach to them for an hour. That griefs and perplexities too deep for words are often felt needs no proving, a condition of the mind when talk seems like an intrusion, and can yield no comfort. "Speech is silvern, but silence is golden," says the seer, and when the soul, sorely harried and pained, seeks repose in worship, to resort to a Welsh church or chapel for rest is like "stepping under the spout to avoid the rain." There is room in Wales for some form of Quietism. Quakerism, divested of its external attributes, yields a beautiful and impressive form, not in the least inconsistent with existing methods. There must be, especially amongst elderly folk, and in our noisy manufacturing towns, where hurry and bustle are perennial, many souls who feel at times weary of the continual "Boanerges" style, the "Ercles vein" which prevails in Welsh pulpits, who long for a more sympathetic and gentle manner by which the feelings may be driven inwards, to be questioned by that divine inner light which exists in some degree, more or less bright, in every human soul, however much darkened it may be, and dimly struggling. It will burn the brighter by being exercised, and when broken by manifold afflictions and with contrite hearts, human souls will but collect together and summon to their aid the precious gift, first created, Light. Think not it will evade the high purpose of its existence. Nay! over the tempest-tossed soul it will cast its penetrating beams, at once revealing the cause and disclosing the cure. The minor discords will be hushed, the dispositions of our minds will become calm, and the conflicting elements of our wayward natures will subside and seek for rock-foundations to rest upon. It is not our purpose to deprecate the methods of public worship that prevail. What we propose is no substitute, but a supplement to them—opportunities for quiet thinking, for self searching, and the enjoyment of that healing comfort which we believe one hour of stillness will yield to the hearts of thousands.

"We can take this in our homes by retiring to our own apartment," will perhaps be the reply. No! Do not make such a mistake, you cannot. There must be a community of sentiment and feeling. Man is naturally gregarious, and the sympathetic surroundings assist in the devotion. Fifty people bent on keeping silence gives it an intensity in proportion to the number; and there is no possibility of retiring into oneself to the same depth or degree when alone as in their presence. "That peace which the world cannot give" visibly broods over

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a Quaker assembly. In certain conditions of the mind, there is no form of worship to compare with the silent one. Those who partake of it seem to say, "Here we place ourselves in the presence of our kind, before Thee unreservedly, search us, assist us in our self-communings, cleanse Thou our hearts." Such sentences, as they occur to the mind, have a force in them on such occasions never felt before, or under different circumstances. Words, at the best, are but an imperfect medium to convey the heart's desire, or to describe the condition of the mind. Silence comprehends our wants, if we but yield ourselves to its soothing influence, and as much peace as our natures can hold is ours when under its sublime influence. From the silent meeting we may carry away, stored within us, much, very much, that escapes from us in emotional and wordy services. Much that will strengthen and sustain us in our strife with the world, that will purify our motives, that will confirm and establish our resolutions, and as an exercise in the government of that unruly member, the tongue, the silent meeting is supreme and unapproachable in potency. Because Quakers are still and collected in manner, are they necessarily unimpressionable and emotionless? We trow not. On the contrary, we are disposed to believe that they have depths in their natures, wherein the kindly emotions are stored in such full measure as would shame many of the superficial weekly exhibitors on that score. They are chary of its display, economical in its use, and almost miserly in its preservation. Its presence within them is made known in other, higher, and better ways than the violent and noisy; in deeds of charity not blazoned to the world; in kind and good thinking; in assisting unassumingly every good work; in purity of purpose; in the support of their own poor; preserving for them their self-respect, and guarding them from the taint of pauperism. Quakers and Jews are the only sects that support their own poor, a practice that was general in the early Christian Church, but which is now delegated to the relieving-officer and the workhouse. These are the outward fruits of the spirit prompted from within, the practical outcome of a rational control of the emotions.

Gentle reader, shall we ask thee to accompany us to a Quaker's meeting? It shall be assumed that thou art heartsore or weak in health, and that thou art filled with an honest desire to penetrate the mystery which attracts the flock together, and that thou art free from any wish to indulge in thoughtless laugh or silly reflection. The Meeting House shall be situated in some country place amongst the hills of Derbyshire, shall we say, and the worshippers shall be chiefly young and old farming folk and small tradesmen. Mark well on entering that man who keeps the door; he is the head man of the whole district, taking

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his due turn at this duty, a man whose name is known far and near for his wide philanthropy, but here he is only friend Henry —amongst his neighbours. It shall be a silent meeting, the inner light burning brightly, but no words spoken, since the spirit does not move to utterance. Sit thee down on that bench and open thy wounded spirit to the surrounding influence, and consent to be honestly swayed by it. Let not thy eyes unduly wander along the rows of plain straw and dove-coloured poke bonnets, for underneath many of them are faces attractively beautiful, whilst they all possess the charms emanating from stainless purity of dress and gentle expression of feature. Is the stillness irksome to thee? Dost thou long for audible prayer, or praise, or exhortation? Does the time move too slowly? Dost thou not feel that thou art being taught profound truths by volition merely? Could the most eloquent of preachers convey to thy mind so solacing a feeling as that which by degrees is enveloping thee? Dost thou not feel that spiritual food is being mysteriously administered to thee? As thou art an honest man and a truthful, we know what thy replies will be, and we share in the half-feeling of regret when at last a brother—the refreshing of whose spirit is completed—rises to depart, which acts as a signal to the dissolution of the meeting. Oh, the depths of the moral power of that silent hour! Mystical and magical are the effects of that quiet communing of soul with soul, and all with the Eternal. Here has been felt, with some regard to its true force, the profound signification involved in the promise that "when two or three are gathered together." Thought works in silence. The roots of our biggest trees and of our sweetest flowers gather to them the sustentation of vigorous life and supremest beauty in mysterious secrecy and concealment. The roots of conscience, of virtue, and of goodness are deep down in our natures, and are not revealable by any known wordy process. But some approach to an understanding of the nature of their growth, some glimpses of their "dread abode" may be gleaned by means of the exercise of the inner light, and the social penetration of a Silent Meeting. It was not our intention at starting to have given this subject altogether the aspect it has taken, but as we travelled onwards, instead of curbing and swaying our thoughts, we permitted them to enjoy a loose rein and carry us whithersoever they might.

JOHN HOWELLS.

Saint Athan.

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LEAVES FROM A CRIMINAL NOTE BOOK.

(With Original Illustrations.)

I.

WRITTEN ON THE COVER.

For one who has not yet seen three-and-thirty, you will admit that three thousand appearances before a magistrate is not such a bad register. I think I can say, without boasting, that in this respect, as compared to mine, the career of the most hardened sinner you ever read of would pale into ineffectual nothingness. But when I tell you that I escaped conviction every single time, nay, got off without as much as a caution even, I think you will not only marvel, but go on marvelling. Truly my luck has been great. I was a lad fresh from the hands of the schoolmaster, when, in the year—well, never mind the year—I was taken into the office of a Welsh gentleman learned in the law, to become, I thought, his secretary and book-keeper. I had settled down comfortably to work at a number of square yards of blue sheeting, ruled laterally and vertically, so as to form interstices, which I intended to fill up with figures that were to be added and cross-added, checked and counter-checked, until all was perfection. I was beginning to congratulate myself upon the ease with which I had mastered the technique of my work, and upon the satisfaction which my employer had already expressed at my aptitude therefor—I was, by the way, a really capital penman and mathematician; at least, so those used to tell me who ought to know—when my calculations were all upset by the entrance of the Maestro, who, addressing me, said:

"Why, Harry, my boy, what have you been doing? I have been waiting you in Court."

"In Court!" I replied in amazement. "I had no notion I had anything to do with your business in Court."

"Ho!" he rejoined, with a kindly though whimsical smile upon his features, "you surely did not think I wanted you for office work entirely, did you? A day or two a week is sufficient to post books and make out returns, and despatch correspondence. The rest of your time will be taken up with the duties of the Court, and it is for those that I chiefly require

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you. You are too smart a writer, and too quick-witted for mere copying work."

This was knocking over my little apple-cart with a vengeance. A new career was opening out to me, the nature of which I could not even guess. I accepted the situation meekly, and with as much courage as I could summon, and prepared to follow my superior along the cold, dark passage leading from our office to the magistrates' room. Thence we made our way up a short flight of steps; I saw my guide place his hand upon the unpolished brass knob on a dirty-looking door, and—

This was knocking over my little apple cart with a vengeance.

I really thought I should faint! Never debutant in taking a first peep from the wings, never martyr on being ushered into the arena, with a sea of expectant heads around him, felt greater qualms of quaking fear than I. Peculiarly sensitive upon the score of appearances in public—or of any appearance in fact,—I would have preferred in the privacy of my own chamber meeting all the fiends that ever tempted St. Anthony to being brought face to face with an audience of human beings from any kind of platform whatever. And such an audience as this one, too! Fifteen years have rolled their waves of joy and sorrow over my memory since that time, but they have not washed, will not wash, away from it the impressions created by that dreadful occurrence. The door, as it swung open in my employer's hand, let in full upon my face the miasma from the mouths and the stare from the eyes of quite an army of the lowest of the low. Was it any wonder that I should have felt my senses desert me? To add to my confusion, the scowling countenance of a cross-grained lawyer, rendered ten times darker than its wont by the interruption which my entrance had made in a grand speech, was turned right upon me, and the presiding

I thought I should faint.

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magistrate himself changed the position of his hat—a wonderful piece of head gear, according to the "cock" of which an old *habitué* of the Court could at once tell not only whether he was to be sentenced or let off, but whether it was to be fourteen days or two months—for a fuller view of the intruder.

I stood rooted to the spot, and was in a fair way of being held there by all those glittering eyes, when good Mr. Loris—that being my employer's name—seized me by the arm, and pushed me forward, saying, *sotto voce*, "Quick, jump into that black seat over there under their worships. I shall want you to take depositions in the very next case."

Thus spurred, I made a run for the place, settled myself down in it, with Mr Loris by my side, and my initiation was complete. So now is that of the reader, for whose behoof I have been clearing the ground with all the speed which, consistently with intelligibility in the narrative, I have found it possible to exert. Now that we have got rid of the preliminaries, let us, together, take a plunge.

LEAF I.

THE COURT.

The building in which I found myself sitting evinced in the length and breadth, yea, and in the height thereof also, the supremest contempt for all architectural pretension. It was in form square, and in colour a dull marigold from floor to roof. There was a knife-board for "the beaks," as they were irreverently called; another with two or three ill-driven nails in it for the Clerk; a rhomboidal kind of table, with half a dozen chairs thrown about it, for the chief of police and the lawyers; a prisoner's dock running like a great flour-bin the length of the aforesaid table, together with a witness-box, so placed that the prisoner, and a table so placed that the reporters, for whom it had been specially set apart, could not hear a word that was being said. Such representatives of the public as were tall enough were provided with a rest for their chins in the shape of a wooden partition, or, more properly speaking, barricade, traversing the building from end to end. Their legs were allowed free play, and the constant shifting from foot to foot, which long standing rendered unavoidable, added very greatly to one's knowledge of acoustics, and substracted to a corresponding degree from the despatch of public business. Females and men below the medium height had never a chance of either seeing or understanding what was going on, unless, as was sometimes the case on crowded days, they managed to find friends willing to lend their shoulders for perching places, or used the sills of the windows on that side for the same purpose. Ladies—you will observe the difference I make between these and the "females" of the previous

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sentence—were sometimes accommodated with seats on the bench, whenever they chose to grace the Court with their presence; but whether because the cases set down for hearing were, as a rule, too indelicate, or that our fair visitors had no desire to risk attacks of lumbago, I cannot tell, but this much I know: their visits to our Court were few and far between. Some say they stayed away for quite a different reason to either of those mentioned, and inasmuch as a tale hangs thereby, which is one of the great traditions of our little world, I may as well give it you.

An old Chairman of our bench, who was, in truth, as much of a wag as of a rigid disciplinarian, was once upon a time very much incommoded in the discharge of his duties by the number of gentlewomen who were in the habit of visiting the Court. One of these, strong-minded, philosophical, and blue-stockinged, would not only sit out every kind of case, but would go the length of volunteering friendly advice in matters of more than usual importance, and with regard to which, it might consequently be assumed, she was more than usually ignorant.

Strong minded philosophical blue stockinged.

Well, one day a certain Mr. Richard Rattletrap, a well-known rake, whose love of wine and women at last drove him to utter ruin, found himself under the necessity of prosecuting the notorious Sally Highflyer for robbery. It was a matter of seventy pounds, chiefly in notes, and a gold repeater left him by his paternal grandfather, Sir Richard Rattletrap, of Rattletrap Hall, of whom a long account may be seen in Burke's *Landed Gentry*. The police found upon the accused nearly the whole of the property which she was charged with stealing, and Mr. Rattletrap was nervously anxious to hush matters up. But unfortunately for the Rattletrap interest the case had been placed in the hands of one of the most intelligent and, withal, most persevering of the men—as "the force" are familiarly designated—who would not hear of a compromise. He had worked the business up most carefully and cleverly also. It was his first chance of showing what he really *could* do; and he had a vacant acting-sergeantship longingly in his mind's eye. Besides this he had his witnesses well in hand, with one of the completest chains of evidence ever forged, and Miss Highflyer, with a couple of previous convictions against her, was as safe of

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seven years as if she had already been sentenced. P. C. Blasher therefore put the screw on Mr. Richard Rattletrap. He threatened to detain that gentleman's property, to prosecute himself (Reg. on Prosn. of P. C. Blasher v. Highflyer—Larceny from the Person) and to summon Mr. Rattletrap as a witness unless the latter came forward voluntarily. In short, things were made altogether more than too utterly uncomfortable for Richard Rattletrap, Esq., who, submitting to the inevitable, stepped up and was sworn.

Submitting to the inevitable.

Having been told the particulars of the affair in the charge room—whither I used to repair every morning to ascertain "the state of the poll," as my old guv'nor used humorously to call it, before settling down to work—I jotted them into a sheet of draft for the benefit of said guv'nor, whose examination of the various witnesses was much facilitated thereby. Mr. Loris ran his eye along my brief, winked a very meaning wink, and then whispered the magistrate a few words which, though I caught, I shall not repeat. The latter at once directed the court to be temporarily cleared of all women and boys, whether they had business there or not. Miss Blenkinsopp heard—could not help hearing—the order as it went forth, but kept her seat notwithstanding. The magistrate noticed this, but he noticed also that in the body of the court there remained one of those hardened creatures with a face containing more brass than a door knocker, whom neither word nor deed of any kind, no matter how disgusting, can offend, who had insisted upon her right to stay behind with the men. Eyeing her sternly for a moment the magistrate in a clear, firm voice cried:

"All decent women leave the court!"

The look and tone were too much for the Amazon, who fairly turned tail and fled. Not so Miss Blenkinsopp, however. To the glance which had swept the court like a flake of angry lightning she was blind; to the thunder of that imperious utterance dumb as stock or stone. The situation was becoming oppressive to the whole of us, but long before *I*, at any rate, could think of a way out of it the voice of the chairman rang out overhead like a peal from the parish church steeple:

"Now all *in*decent women leave the court!"

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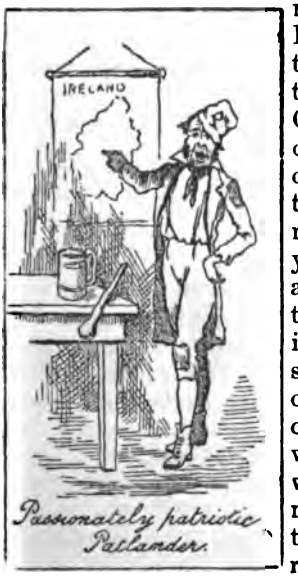
That moved Miss Bluestocking Blenkinsopp I can tell you. In double quick time, too, for she sprang from her seat as if she had been shot in the back. I may add that this was her last appearance in court, the incidents connected with which I have related at greater length than I otherwise would for two reasons. First, because I am about the only one now living who has any direct knowledge of the facts exactly as they occurred; and secondly because these same facts have been so horribly distorted in the published transactions of a society for the preservation of the folk lore and historical traditions of our parish of Muddlecombe-on-the-Wash. If the world is to have history at all it may just as well have the article at first hand whenever that is possible. When it is not, why, *then*, at any hand the world may like to take it, of course.

II.

TRAITORS AND TOPERS.

Among my earliest reminiscences none stand out so sharply from amongst their surroundings as those which have reference to the great Fenian scare. You are old enough, I am sure, to remember all about it. You read in the newspapers at the time of the escape of Head Centre Stephens from Richmond Bridewell, the invasion of Canada, the raid on Chester Castle, the blowing up, or rather down, of the walls of Clerkenwell prison, and the murder of Sergeant Brett at Manchester by the "martyrs" Allen, Larkin, Gould, and others of their yet unhung confederates. These things you have read of, I say, and you have probably also read of the little difficulty we had in our town with a sectional outbreak of the same great conspiracy. Those were stirring times with us: policemen armed to the teeth arresting right and left by day and night, in bed and at work, gangs of men who by



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means of a miserable fellow who turned Queen's evidence were nearly all sent to the Assizes for trial. Verily, we, of the quiet little town of Dirlas, had been sleeping on a volcano. Here were we going on marrying and giving in marriage, rejoicing and sorrowing, and conducting all our affairs in the usual worldly fashion, little dreaming that there were all the while in our very midst a number of desperadoes regularly holding seditious meetings and repairing to the outskirts to drill, so as one day the more effectually and expeditiously to cut all our throats or blow out the brains of those of us who were possessed of such a commodity. When the traitors found that their comrade had "blabbed" there was a general breaking up of camp, and our place knew some of its greatest scoundrels no more. Those who stood their ground were, a few of them, earnest, passionately patriotic if misguided men, whom I pitied from the very bottom of my heart.

Policemen a(s)resting right and left.

Never in the Court had we seen such lively times. We were a whole month either swearing in special constables or distributing staves amongst the sworn. Never was there such a full bench as when the prisoners came to be tried. One magistrate of the division I remember in particular, who sat neither before nor after this occasion, for the transaction of any kind of official business whatever. He must have had an eye to history, I think, for to report the trial had there not come down upon us, "terrible as an army with banners," a swarm of London pressmen, specials of the *Times* and others. Our magistrate never thought of these though. Not he. It was a habit peculiar to him never to miss an opportunity of

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impressing everybody with the fact that he neither cared for nor read the newspapers.

His was not the vanity of being spoken of in a public journal; oh dear no. He told me so himself, and it therefore must be true. It no doubt is true, and you may believe it. But it should be in the same sense that you would believe the man who "goes on Sunday to the church" and there confesses that he is the most miserable of sinners. You may believe it in the same sense that you do the common week day declaration at home and elsewhere that your friend is the most soft-hearted of fools. It is a confession in either case which he who makes expects you who hear it not to accept for gospel; for than himself probably no one would be more angry if you did. So with our magistrate; when no one thought it worth while to report him he didn't want to be reported. When some one did—ah! then the case was very much altered.

He didn't want to be reported. Oh! no.

The details of this Fenian business I shall not trouble you with. They were given at much greater length and with much greater ability than you could hope for from me. The reporters, however, did not get at everything of interest that transpired. Thus they never knew of the anonymous letters poured in upon us day after day, confidentially advising us of all sorts of hidden dangers. Were we not having the Court drains opened for repair just then? Did we not know that the men employed "on the job" were Irish, were dangerous characters, were Fenians? Had we heard of nitro-glycerine—as yet dynamite was not—of gunpowder, and Greek fire? The drains were crammed with these or kindred "infernal" compounds, and if we were determined to sit upon the day appointed, why we might do so, but the writers would hold themselves blameless were we all to be blown to—say Jerusalem or Jericho. The news of the plot to hoist us with a Fenian

The panic became general.

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petard leaked out somehow, and great was the public consternation thereupon. The panic became general. All were alarmed. All, save one—an insurance agent, who called upon me and urged me to take out a policy. Need I add that the Court escaped and that it was this gentleman's office only that blew up—luckily *without* the accompaniment of any policy of mine, and certainly by no Fenian agency.

Some of these warnings may have had their effect, though I cannot tell for certain. The chief of the local police, I remember, begged the magistrates as a special favour to allow his principal witness, the informer, to stand *below* the box instead of in it, and the application was granted, much to the chagrin of the clever cross-examiner who had been retained for the prisoners. It was feared, although the fact was never explicitly divulged, that the man would be "potted" while giving evidence.

It was feared the informer would be potted.

The Court was strongly guarded inside and out by constables armed with revolvers and cutlasses, backed by a couple of hundred "specials" of all shapes, sizes, and descriptions, with newly-polished staves upon their shoulders, and each doing his best to look officially ferocious. These formed a guard of honour, in whose midst the poor-devil prisoners were escorted to the railway station *en route* for the county gaol.

Our town was literally alive with policemen in those days, fine strapping fellows, with whom in a hand-to-hand encounter a mob—Fenian or other—would have had a bad quarter of an hour. Of one or two of them rather good stories were told. Sergeant Blosse, from up the valley, was there among the rest, an awfully jolly dog, now and then subjected to most merciless chaff. I heard a mess-room yarn of him that in his walk to the railway station to join a number of brother officers, bound for our place, he fell in with an old chum, who, with pleasant discourse and more pleasant tipple, beguiled the time so well that he forgot all about the train, which of course passed on without him. Nothing remained but to stay with his friend over night. This involved a further carousal, in the midst of which the Sergeant was unexpectedly ushered into a room were lay the body of his friend's brother, then recently

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dead. Pointing to the precise spot where the corpse was laid out the brother exclaimed: "There he is, old Boy Blosse, the (unrepeatable adverb qualifying the adjective which immediately follows) best hand at throwing a skittle-ball that ever stepped in shoe-leather."

These words, slightly altered, were afterwards used as the epitaph for the deceased man, and may be seen in a nice black letter upon his grave-stone, in the little parish church of Regner, even unto this day.

"Old Boy Blosse's" adventures did not end with his introduction to a corpse. That night, his friend's house not containing a spare bed—or it may have been because the visitor was hardly fit to be put into one, I can't, for certain, say which—Blosse rolled himself up in the hearthrug and went to sleep before the fire. Upon the opposite wall from him hung the picture of Mr. Spurgeon—by the way, almost every Welsh house contains one—in an oratorical attitude, which in the dim and anything but religious light of that particular dawn appeared to the dazed eyes of "Old Boy Blosse" as that of his superintendent laying down the law and threatening to "sack" him for his late misconduct. This, and the recollection that presently came back to him of the "body" in the next room, threw him into such a violent sweat that it took sixteen blues of bitter and mild to recover him. I could go on telling you tales of these Fenian times for a dozen chapters, but I don't suppose you would care for them.

MERLIN.

(*To be continued.*)

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A MORMON EXODUS FROM WALES.

A quiet, old-fashioned little town in one of the western counties of Wales. A town of no repute in commerce or contemporary history, but one that had witnessed strange vicissitudes, and had played a stirring part or two in the troublous days of old. Pleasantly situated on a series of little hills, washed by a sinuous tidal river, on whose wooded banks perched the ivied ruins of many a once lordly castle and fortified mansion. The ordinary aspect of Westford was that of intense dulness, save on the occasion of its weekly market, when its steep, tortuous streets presented a scene of overcrowding and bustle. Country folk brought their wares for sale many long miles to this central mart, and made the place bright by their presence. There were other rare occasions on which Westford shook off its lethargic mood; notably in the months of February and August, when Her Majesty's judges of assize held court there with much pomp and ceremony.

On a certain evening in May, in a year that must for obvious reasons be nameless, a stranger entering Westford would have found the hillside town in a state of unwonted commotion. There was everywhere observable a flutter of excitement and amused expectation. Groups of people stood talking in the High Street. (By the way, how comes it that every place above the dignity of a village boasts its High Street?) The high-sounding appellation was not so very much out of place in the case of the Westfordians. There were many substantial private residences in the locality so designated, in addition to the bank, post-office, and all the principal shops and hotels. But its main features were the handsome old church at one extremity and the Guildhall at the other. At the foot of the High Street, a strong, broad stone bridge crossed the hurrying river, its parapet forming a favourite lounging place on warm, still summer evenings. Here the leading wiseacres discussed affairs of State, local and imperial. Here many a lover lingered with his lass, to watch the moon-rays silvering the stream. All the gossip of the town emanated from "the Bridge," as though that useful structure had been the veriest of scandal mongers.

On this particular May evening, unusual animation pervaded the chatting coteries. Something out of the common had happened or was going to happen.

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"When do they start?" queried a stout old fellow, who might have been taken for a superannuated butler, but who was in reality the town clerk.

"By the night express," answered a lean-looking, aristocratic bootmaker.

"Infatuated beggars," lisped an attenuated youth, who, by virtue of his having recently secured a commission in the local volunteers, smoked huge cigars, tormented an incipient moustache, and assumed the swagger of a heavy cavalry officer.

"How many do they number?" asked a highly scented chemist, with a bibulous nose and perennial hiccups.

"Thirty-seven, all told, sir!" was the gruff reply of Captain Ropesend, R.N., a jovial old salt, whose opinions were generally accepted with becoming deference by his neighbours.

Now, the cause of all this excitement in Westford was the emigration of certain of its inhabitants to Salt Lake City. Emigration on any scale was an uncommon occurrence in the sleepy old town. Most of those who were born within sound of its musical chimes, were content to drag out a dull existence amidst its modest prosperity, and, finally, to lay their bones to rest in one or other of its picturesque graveyards. Occasionally, a few youths of a more adventurous disposition tore themselves away from home and kindred to woo fickle fortune in some more extended sphere. These, however, were rare exceptions. Hence, it may be easily imagined that the rumoured departure of thirty-seven Westfordians for such a remote destination as the wilds of Utah, raised remarkable commotion amongst those who intended remaining behind.

Leaving the gossiping fraternity on the bridge, let us wend our way in the warm evening up the steep High Street, past the church with its imposing clock-tower, and so on into a queer, antiquated street, long, tortuous, roughly paved, and of very unequal width. Some of the houses are of imposing size and modern style. The majority are small, low, and singularly old-fashioned. They have huge wooden pent-houses over the arched doorways, wide latticed windows, in which countless varieties of geraniums are cultivated, and deep over-hanging roofs. About half-way up the street stands one of the neatest and cleanest of the humble tenements, and as it happens to be just the house we are in search of, we cannot do better than to make ourselves acquainted with its inmates as quickly as possible.

On the right-hand side of the passage a door opens into the best room or "parlour," where a motley group of people are gathered together, most of them under the influence of considerable emotion. In a high oaken arm-chair, near the remains of a coal fire, sits an old woman, swaying herself backwards and forwards as though in pain, and moaning all the

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while. Now and then this moan breaks out into an exceedingly bitter cry, and then the younger women surrounding her join in the wail, until it becomes as general as the lamentation at an Irish wake. Women of all ages come and go between the parlour and the street, each one with a word of sympathy and advice, or a friendly expostulation on her lips. And what is it all about? Whence this commotion and all these tears? A party of poor people voluntarily leaving the home of their childhood, the land where all their days have been spent, and going forth into a strange country in search of a new home, under the influence of one of the most remarkable superstitions which has ever invaded the modern religious world.

These people are, for the most part, humble, decent folks of the mechanic class. In private life they bear their troubles and cares uncomplainingly, looking upon sorrow as a component part of their lot, and rigid economy as necessary to existence. They have an instinctive love of honesty and truth, and would make but poor diplomatists. Frugal in their habits, and guileless in their uneventful ways, they are just the prey that the apostle of a new faith loves to lay hold of. With little or no educational advantages, and consequently small resources in themselves, they lend a too willing ear to anyone who will hold out well-worded hopes of bettering their condition. If the charmer touch the delusive picture here and there with rude bits of colour, his victory is easy, his success complete, for the Celtic heart is soon moved, and the Celtic imagination speedily takes fire. Nursed amid the roar of mountain torrents, cradled in the green valleys, or upon the wild hill-sides of a country haunted by legend and song, these sons and daughters of Cambria have warm, quick blood in their veins. In religious exercises they are enthusiastic to the last degree. Whatever may be the errors in a Welshman's worship, cold formality is not one of them. Those niceties of doctrine, in which certain minds delight, have no charm for him, nor is he much concerned as to the claims of ritual. But for fervid, emotional worship he has no equal. Educate and polish him as you will, he will ever give his poetical faculties rule and preference over the logical.

Spite of all that may be urged to the contrary, this is undoubtedly the reason why the monstrous impostures of Joseph Smith have succeeded in bewitching so many of the Welsh peasantry. The gross immoralities of that system are studiously kept in the background by its itinerant apostles, who lay most stress upon the delectable climate and generous soil of the Salt Lake City, where Christ will reveal Himself first to His chosen and faithful people. How otherwise is the fact to be accounted for that parents who have nurtured their daughters in the strictest virtue, and have taught them from infancy that a fair reputation is the one priceless pearl of a woman's life, have yet no

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hesitation in exposing them to the degrading horrors of polygamy?

The present writer has listened to many a rudely-delivered message from the City of the Saints. Some of these discourses were simple and practical; others warm with a weirdness of imagery and a wealth of untutored eloquence which swept all before it; but never, in any solitary instance, was the tempting laxity of conjugal institutions used as a bait.

"See, my hearers!" cried one of those missionary elders, addressing an open-mouthed crowd of hard-handed toilers, "what wonderful things God is prepared to do for those who believe in Him and in the Holy Prophet whom He has sent. Abundance of this world's goods whilst in the wilderness, and eternal honours when Christ shall come again to claim His persecuted flock. In that virgin home of the Saints, beyond the seas, work means wealth, labour is a consecrated pleasure, a sacrament which Jehovah blesses with plenty, as He did in the days of old in Canaan! In the City of His Prophet there are no pale, anxious faces, such as I see around me this evening. There all are happy, for all are equal—brethren in Christ Jesus! Our faith (the only true and living one) has indeed 'the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come.'"

And so he went on with much more in the same strain, until one ceased to wonder at the many sons of toil who annually cross the stormy Atlantic, led by this powerful load-stone.

The families, whose departure is causing such commotion in Westford to-night, have implicit confidence in these wonderful stories. How else would they venture on the irretraceable step they are taking? Many of them have never yet slept anywhere but under the humble roof which sheltered them at their birth. Few have ever been out of their county; none beyond the limits of the Principality. To the younger disciples the novelty and excitement are sufficiently sustaining. Life, for them, is full of budding promises. But with their elders it is another matter. Old habits have to be relinquished, old associations severed, old friends forsaken, and the familiar haunts of childhood vacated for ever. Little wonder is it that tears fall thick and fast from eyes that hitherto have scarce had time for weeping. Now that the final wrench has to be made, they find, poor souls! how deep and firm the roots of home-ties and affections have taken growth. For the true Celt is a patriot to the last drop of his warm, honest blood.

Neighbours and friends are coming and going in quick succession, and the sobs grow wilder as the mellow twilight deepens into summer night. There, in the high-back chair by

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the fire-side, the old woman rocks herself to and fro with sad complaining and rude, yet fervent, prayers.

"Girl and woman, I've lived in the old place seventy-four years, come Gooseberry Fair. O! why must I leave it? Why must I leave it?"

"Aye, b'lady! why must you leave it?" answered a comely matron, who stood near with a healthy young Taffy at her breast.

"Whish!" cried the old woman, lifting her withered hand solemnly. "How dare I be saying that? The blessed Lord have a-called me to the Promised Land, and I *must* go! I *must* go! Only my poor old heart finds it main hard, 'pon times, to say 'Amen' to His will!"

After a momentary pause she broke forth again, "It's them three precious graves in the far corner of yon churchyard that I'm grieving most about. If it wasn't for them, I wouldn't vex at all, hardly."

But the hour of departure draws nigh. The emigrants' luggage has been sent on to the little railway-station and booked for Liverpool. Outside the principal rendezvous of the "Saints" is gathered a jeering, chaffing, turbulent crowd of "Gentiles," who have come "to see the last of the fun." Within the last farewells are being said, and sore, sad hearts are trying in vain to comfort each other with brave words. Then they emerge into the street, and, forming a circle round their leader, kneel with uncovered heads beneath the silent summer stars. The scoffing voices and noisy laughter of the crowd are hushed as an "Elder" offers up a fervent prayer for protection and guidance. Responses, choked with sobs, follow him through his brief petition, whilst more than one onlooker's heart is touched by the simple heroism and faith of these voluntary exiles. People of all classes are there, looking on with varied emotions, some amused, others sympathising, all interested.

The prayer ended, a hymn is given out, and with that solemn, sweet harmony, which is the peculiar characteristic of Welsh singing, they chant the picturesque words of that immortal hymn—

"There is a land of pure delight."

The tune is *Martyrdom*, and as the melodious strains rise and fall upon the midnight air, a mist gathers before many eyes in that awe-struck assembly; and long ere the last verse is reached, voices other than "the elect" have joined in. The pilgrims rise from their knees, and, forming in orderly procession, take their way to the station, singing as they go. As they pass through the familiar streets for the last time, they cast wistful glances on the beloved haunts of their childhood; for these poor creatures—fanatical as they are—have a strange refinement and tenderness of feeling. By the time the railway

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station is reached, the accompanying crowd has swelled to double its original proportions.

Just before the arrival of the train, the Mayor of Westford—a worthy Christian gentleman, with his heart in the right place—steps forward, and in a few hearty, well-chosen words, bids the wanderers God-speed, expressing his regret at the loss of so many orderly, industrious members of his little community. The onlookers cheer his words to the echo, and as he shakes the hand of the last of the emigrants, the train dashes up, and all is confusion and bustle. When all are seated, the throbbing engine moves off with its burden, and the inhabitants of Westford disperse to their homes, discussing the weird features of this Mormon exodus.

Tenby. HWLFFORDD.

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WELSH CHARACTER SKETCHES.

THE PILOT.

"Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus."

HOR: ODE III.

Πρὸς ταυτα πας τις θάρδος αἶρε ναυβάτης
Χώρει τε πρὸς ναυν.

EURIPIDES, "Iph: in Aulis."

If you have ever sailed in one of our steam-boats (the "Lady Mary" for instance), which during the summer months ply to favourite watering-places on either side of the Bristol Channel, you have very probably noticed as you have steamed along a small vessel with one mast, upon the large sail of which you saw painted in black, a large capital letter. If so, you have seen the pilot cutter. Sometimes more than one of these boats may be seen darting about here and there in the Channel,

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and often nearer home. If you forage the Pier Head, you may come upon several, quietly nestled together in one corner, waiting for a tide to go out.

See that you do not get mixed up over the fishing smacks. I did. There are numbers of these small craft knocking about, especially near the Cornish coast; they are very similar, and a mistake is easy. Look for the letter on the sail, B, G, or N, but it is by the letter C you will know the Cardiff pilot's boat; the B belongs to Bridgwater; N, Newport; other letters denote some other branch running in the Channel.

The pilot cutter is in structure a model of compactness. It is generally provided with two cabins, and in these the pilot has all his domestic comforts. In the one, are the cooking arrangements, in fact his kitchen; in the other his own sitting and sleeping compartments. Look out for your head as you descend to inspect it; or you may be astonished at your own longitude, and get a lively crack on your "cranium." A careful scrutiny below will reveal studied simplicity—a sort of *multum in parvo* everywhere. No room for superfluities. Perched up in recesses, like chest of drawers, on either side, are beds for three or more. Before you attempt to turn into one of them, a study of contractions of parts of your anatomy will be useful. You will, in fact, find it more convenient to fold up, and stow yourself away, as your careful wife does your Sunday best—gently! This will save you from any casualty.

This is the pilot's home on sea, and here, with two or more to assist him in the management of the boat, dwells he more than half his time; and here you will probably find him at this moment, unless he has boarded some vessel to bring it safely to port. It is the pilot's special calling, if not privilege, to navigate the vessel in his charge clear of the dangerous parts of the Channel. For this he must start out at all hours of the night and in all weathers. Such a man must be a man of courage. "A stout hearted sailor of three-fold courage," Horace, in the lines I have quoted at the heading of this sketch, says he "must have been, who first committed his frail boat to the stern sea." And such is the pilot. With unusual presence of mind, he is always calm and self-possessed, ready for any emergency. He knows every inch of the Channel, and the ins and outs of the coasting on either side by heart, and can be very interesting about the places that peep out in perspective to your gaze, as you glide along with the tide of a calm summer evening. The *calm* summer evening is a contingency, or it won't be a glide.

When first I essayed this humble sketch, my acquaintance with Neptune and his devotees was more theoretical than practical. I had been engaged all my life time with Euterpe, and those of the sister muses more immediately connected with her. Every branch of knowledge is useful, and comes in some time;

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and there is one way of gaining it—by asking what you don't know. And that's just how I set about "getting myself up." With the earnestness of one eager for information I appealed to intelligent friends—men of keen observations, who knew.

"How?" I enquired, "would you distinguish a pilot? I want to describe one."

The first reply, though conclusive, did little to help me with my sketch. "I should know him at once from a parson," said my informant.

"Every pilot I ever saw," said another, "was a burly man."

"A burly man?" said I,—"sure?"

"Yes," he said. I took out my sketch-book, and pencilled the outline of a man of broad proportions.

"Tall?"

"Medium height," said he.

I applied myself to the sketch book as before.

"How dressed?"

"That depends much upon himself; but more upon his wife. The Guernsey is seldom worn even in the boat. A cheese-cutter used to be a favourite covering for the head. I roughed out this old-fashioned covering for the pilot's headgear, and so I proceeded until my sketch was complete, although I am afraid some of my friends, the pilots, will hardly think themselves flattered by it. There is a want of life, like the man of clay that Prometheus made, which, if I succeed to impart, will be honestly, and not as did Prometheus.

The pilot, when on duty, is ever watchful. No matter how trustworthy his men, he holds himself always in readiness. The more I saw of the pilot's occupation, the more I became convinced that no man with weak optics ought to embark in it. The visual organs, gifted with more than feline acuteness of perception, ought to be as ready in the dark as in the light. The pilots, as a body, are as respectable as any you can find, and their homes are comfortable and well cared for. In general they have been great sailors. Know much about the world, and can be very entertaining, if you get into their company.

In nature, harmonies are often produced by the ever mingling of the so-called perfect with the imperfect—so called because perfection itself is impossible. What are called perfect concords of themselves make, in music, no harmony. A note with its perfect fifth is no harmony,—add the imperfect third, and it makes the grandest chord in nature, forming the basis of all harmony. It seems as though it were designed that these imperfections should be, and that they should contribute to the well-being of all things, society included.

Amongst pilots you find imperfections. There is, *par example*, your unsteady specimen, who will go down Channel ostensibly for a job,—put into Coombe for a "drain," and

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be lost, he and his boat, to his loving wife and to the shipping interest for days, whilst he is good company at the "Rodney." But this specimen, and I believe it to be rare, is not one worthy of my sketch-book. I prefer rather the sober, industrious, and intelligent pilot, of whom the Port of Cardiff furnishes numerous examples, all commanding our respect.

Having made the personal acquaintance of such an one, and been offered all the hospitality his boat could afford, which is the usual characteristic of a pilot's good heart, I felt disposed for a "blow" down Channel with him. Upon short notice I arranged everything, carried myself to the Pier-head, hopped, with a little shaky tread, into a small boat, entangled with other crafts of the *navi* family, from a smack to a steamer, which lay crowded in one corner of the entrance, all ready for sailing outwards. Disengaged, we rowed around for the cutter, and with mounted leg scrambled on board.

It is Sunday night. The last accent of Evensong has died away, but the closing remarks of the excellent sermon from the good Vicar of St. John's are still ringing in my ear. The weather has been beautiful all day, and now, to-night, as we set out, at ten o'clock, with the plucky little craft "Cambria," the sky is almost cloudless, full of stars shining brightly. Everything around us is almost as clear as day.

"It is some years since we set sail, Bill, with such weather, of a day in this, the earlier part of April," said the pilot; "there's scarcely a breath of wind moving; pull out the oars, and let's make a little move down this gut."

"Not many vessels up this tide," I remarked.

"We shall have a slow sail to-night, sir, no wind."

"Never mind, pilot, there is every chance of a propitious sail, and if so,—'Troy will be reached without even invoking the Gods or sacrificing Iphigenia.' But," I continued, "this *legato* style of movement hardly suits your work, does it?"

"Hardly—but stop," says the pilot, "who is that behind; pull in the oars, there's a tug behind us, they'll give us a friendly pull. Be ready, Bill, to throw out the line."

In a minute, and we are towed away by the steam-tug "Columbia."

"This is better than plying oars, which for the want of wind becomes indispensable," said I. "Now if this could only last."

"But it won't—that tug's not going far in our direction," said the Pilot, and, having passed the Lifeboat House and cleared Penarth, we slacken the rope—the *common cord* which binds us to the "Columbia," and with a *rallentando* in our speed slowly part with our friend, Captain Bewick.

"Well," said I, "the best of friends must part, let us be thankful for all mercies!" and so we are left to our oars again.

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"We are now reduced to the original *slow movement*—almost a *Largo*," I said, "but if we get hold of a steamer, and a little breeze, I suppose we shall return with a *Rondo* in six-eight time.

"Just so," said the pilot.

"'Till then, pilot, as we are going nowhere in particular, and have our own time to accomplish the voyage, it matters little whether we proceed *Adagio* or *Allegro*, or hurry along at a *Prestissimo* rate, two in a bar!"

"Come, look alive, Bill, there's a steamer ahead. Just hand us a glass there; where's she bound?"

"Cardiff, I see,—iron ore. The familiar 'collier,' with its return cargo of the precious metal from Bilbao. The Spaniards find us good customers, but they are not, as a rule, themselves buyers. Our steamers tilt their loads of coal upon French soil, mostly, and then hurry across the Bay of Biscay, to bring home the Spanish ore. The Spaniards make but little iron themselves, not having any coal of their own, and they place such heavy restriction upon its importation, that we cannot sell. Well, they allow us to be the manufacturers of their iron, because they cannot help it."

"That steamer is nearing us," I said.

"Aye, sir," said the pilot; "but I don't care for her appearance. Not much of a picking out of steamers of this sort. The iron ore traders," he continued, "do not, as a rule, indulge in the luxury of a pilot beyond the Roads, so the captains try to strike a bargain with us in a friendly way. Bill, that steamer ahead is altering her course, and doesn't know which way to go. What's to be done? We've no wind to shift. Ahoy, there! Steamer, ahoy! Mind where you're coming!"

"Harmonizing rather closely," said I. "Very grateful to the musician's ear, but on sea unsafe; *dispersed harmony* more acceptable."

"Some of these steamers, sir, want a closer confab with the pilot than can be had by signalling; the fact is, not being allowed a pilot except from the Roads, they often try to get near enough to cheapen a bargain, and when the Channel is quiet, and there's little prospect of better luck, the pilot gives way. But a bargain to charge from the Roads, when Lundy is in sight, is not a very profitable one for the pilot, who has to keep three hands on."

"Well, this steamer is passing us safely," I said; "but it was rather a narrow escape of being run over."

As the steamer ploughs her onward course, we turn into our bunk, and have our forty winks, more or less. Watch reports another steamer coming; and this operation repeats itself over

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and over again at intervals during the night, till luck turns up, if it turn up at all.

"How many times do you go down and up this Channel and bring nothing with you, pilot?"

"Pretty often, sir, and during thick and nasty weather it is not very pleasant."

"What a blessed time those pilots would have had years ago with the quantity of trading now, when every vessel was obliged to have a pilot. The Bristol pilots monopolized the whole Channel then, didn't they"?

"Yes, sir; but there was a lot of pickings for us lads, too."

"It's years since pilotage was made non-compulsory," I said.

"Yes, sir, as our port grew from a little nursling to a biggish sort of a thing, we demanded our right up and down the Channel, according to the importance to which the port had grown. There was a stiffish fight, for the Bristol pilots wouldn't give way. They contended for ancient rights, and other little matters of a purely historical character; but Cardiff had expanded into formidable proportions, and we were obliged to beat. Shouldn't be a bit surprised to see the charts of the future with a little correction as regards the name of this Channel—Cardiff Channel, sir, the Cardiff Channel. But perhaps it's selfish to envy the Bristolian his place in history, while we have the unspeakable advantage of the present, and, if the Barry Dock does us no harm, the inevitable future!"

"There's another steamer ahead of us. Do the signalling again, Bill. It's a new moon, sir, no luck to-night."

"Talking of those days," I said, "when the Bristol pilots had the Channel to themselves, were the Cardiff pilots well or ill advised when they went in for non-compulsory pilotage, of which certain shipowners have had some advantage. What think you, pilot?"

"There are certainly two opinions, sir. It's likely they got in with some long-headed person or another."

"Shipowner," I suggested.

"Perhaps," he continued, "some one who made it quite clear to the pilots when this little matter was discussed."

"No doubt the theme selected, with variations in the minor mode," I added, "was the heavy responsibility to owners of vessels to be without a pilot; what awful things might happen. This alone in the *finale* would inevitably bring every ship into the pilot's arms. Whether this is now being realized, the pilots themselves know best."

Spinning a little "yarn" like this when things are slack is the only amusement the sailor has; in rough weather there is enough to do to look after the ship and manage the sails.

"Now, Bill, we must go on the other tack. There's another pilot ahead of us. Two of us are not wanted together, sir."

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"Two pilot boats together about here in the Roads would be about as objectionable as *consecutive fifths* and *octaves* to a musician," I observed.

"I suppose so," said he. "We hunt up the homeward-bound vessels and steamers. Perhaps to-day's trade may be better than last night's, and we may get a little breeze. Just mid-day."

It is a little after twelve o'clock, and the sun is shining in all its lustre. The water is as calm as a pond. What a pity it is that we cannot see the English coast. We are only five miles off Lynmouth. Were it not so hazy we should be able to trace distinctly the land all round. In front of us stands prominently Hangman's Hill. It is curious to trace out the history by the names to be found in various parts of this coast. Here, somewhere on this land, a man accidentally hanged himself, in a very novel way. He was getting over a stile with a stolen sheep on his back, the legs of which were tied around his own neck. When on the other side of the stile, unable to extricate himself, he became his own executioner, just saving the law a little trouble, which at that time would have hung him for the sheep he had stolen.

"Well, pilot," I said, "up till now, four o'clock, no signs of any steamer for you."

"We'll shift our quarters a bit, sir, and get round this point."

By degrees Scarweather fog horn, which at first croaked upon us as abruptly as an unprepared discord of the ninth and fourth, and as harshly as when its root has got smuggled in where it ought not to be—between the upper parts of the harmony—gradually became fainter. As it was *diminuendo*-ing we neared the Little Hangman's Hill.

"Isn't it strange so little wind," said I, "and that the wrong way."

"These are the fortunes of a pilot, sir; we often get days of it. Well, lads," he continued, "there's nothing a-going, and we cannot get round this point for wind, with all our tacking. We'll run into Coombe for an hour. Things may turn up better when we get back."

As more of a musician than a sailor, I had often wondered how, with an adverse wind, a sailing vessel could get onwards at all; how, wind east, the pilot, with nothing but his sails, could get east. Attempting to get round this point was an illustrative example, and the pilot explained how, by a series of oblique angles; but I think I must go to the pilot again before I attempt further explanation. Any intelligent seaman will clear up where I have broken down. Returning from Ilfracombe to our boat, we had not proceeded far when, steering into luck's way, a steamer hailed the pilot, bore down upon us, and took

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him on board. It was now about half-past seven, and we had the night before us to get back. A strong head-wind had set up, and altogether the prospect of the return journey was not to me very reassuring. I betook myself to a corner of the cabin, and soliloquised after this fashion:—"I wonder how long these chaps, with whom I am left in charge, have been with the pilot?" "Are they well up in working this boat?" "Do they know the Channel, or are they only raw beginners, just picking up the crumbs of navigation?" "The boat's nearly new, but it's insured—sure to be—and both these fellows as well, no doubt, but I—I am not." I believe I should have gone on all night in the same strain with variations more or less *funebræ*, but that, all at once, I felt a sort of heaving. I am naturally a bad sailor, and circumstances soon brought me to a stronger conviction of this fact than ever. Continuous *exercises—scale passages*—of a spasmodic kind set in, with an *accellerando*, which rendered attention to that particular part of my organization constant—leaving me no time for further soliloquy, or indeed reflection of any sort. I became insensible to anything and everything. You might have rolled me up in a hammock, and tumbled me overboard without any "demurrage," so far as I was concerned. Next morning, about seven o'clock, we reached Penarth. The wind had been against us all night, but latterly the tide had been our friend; but the motion of the boat, though it had calmed down, was still in my head. Indeed, it was hours after I got on shore that it had ceased altogether.

I am writing some little time after the event, but it is *now* that I feel the full benefit of that cruise down Channel in the excellent little cutter "Cambria," with Capt. Catterson.

F. ATKINS, Mus. Bac., Oxon.

Cardiff.

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NOTES ON SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Concluded.

Every colony in Southern California has the greatest natural and artificial advantages possible, and every other colony has them not. The civil war of the settlements is carried on with vigour by the newspapers. This is the way they exchange civilities. A heading in large letters:—

"A VERY BIG LIE INDEED.

"Mrs. So-and-So writes to the *Los Angelos Herald*:—'The winds at Riverside are strong enough to blow the roof off a house, you bet!' This is a flagrant untruth! Had the lady made some mention of the fogs that drown Los Angelos every morning, fostering the black scale and spoiling the fruit, we should have had a greater opinion of her veracity than at present."

However, I am wandering from my subject. It was finally agreed that the objectionable trees should be planted out for a year in a canõn about 15 miles from Riverside; and, if no red scale developed itself by that time, they should be transplanted to the chaste and untainted settlement.

With the view to seeing the trees planted out in Hoag's canõn, I started to drive there on May 10th with a fellow sufferer. To introduce a little variety into a somewhat monotonous existence, we rigged up a tandem team, and a very scratch team it was. The leader was a half "broncho" mare—a "general utility" animal, that would go in a buggy or a plough, and the wheeler a riding pony, fast, but unreliable and unused to harness. The start was not effected in a dignified manner. The mare in the shafts was of a very conservative disposition, and had a decided objection to this new order of things. She dived about from one side to the other. We rushed the bridge over the irrigating ditch, and got over anyhow, with one wheel in the ditch. The great width between the wheels of the carriage alone prevented an upset. By good fortune, I conclude, as I have no other means of accounting for it, I got them straight, and urged them on our wild career again. Presently, the road being sandy and heavy, we had leisure to observe a man reaping a large tract of barley with two horses and a machine.

A large amount of barley is grown in California during a wet winter, and forms the staple feed for horses, with hay. It is often cut green and fed instead of hay. Last winter was a

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dry one, and the barley is consequently scarce and dear. The price will, probably, be two dollars per sack of 100 lbs. Last year it was 75 cents. In some districts the wheat growing is carried on on a grand scale—from ten thousand to fifty thousand acres being the extent of a farm. In the San Joaquin valley it is said there are farms with stables at the extreme borders. A team and plough start from one stable in the morning, walk straight away, and put up at the other stable at night, having done *a day's work and ploughed one furrow.* This gives an idea of the magnitude of the operations.

With an extremely hazy idea of the road we turned up "the Wash." King John, abhorred of English history students, would find this Wash almost as difficult to negotiate as the Wash that formed such an effectual bar to his wicked progress in the days of chivalry. The Wash in the summer months is full of sand and small stones, and is very heavy going. In winter the water from the foothills finds its level there. The prickly pear cactus flourishes in profusion, and grows to a great size, stretching out its prickly limbs like some horrid sort of land octopus. It is said the Indians roast them and eat them. They look about as easy to get down as a hedgehog with the prickles on. The civilizing influence of the white man, and bad whiskey, have, however, considerably hardened the Indian's throat. I remember once asking a traveller, who had been to the home of "the noble red man," if the Indians were indeed as fine a race of men as Mr. Fenimore Cooper would have us believe. "Well," he said, "it may be so in some districts; but the ones I saw were a miserable drunken lot, quite civilized!"

A willow scrub also takes a long drink in the winter, and manages to struggle thirstily through the summer; and a few sycamores drag on a despondent existence. Here the nimble jackass rabbit—similar to our hare, but smaller—obtains a precarious livelihood; and the Californian quail, swift of foot and flight—a reduced imitation of a partridge, adorned with a crest like a lapwing—occasionally sprints across the track. On entering the Wash the broad Temescal Valley stretches in front, sloping to the West, and bounded by high and rugged mountains. Save in isolated spots it is waterless, and, therefore, barren. The track then bends sharply to the east, and foothills rise on each side, confining the view to a narrow canõn, out of which there is no apparent opening.

Here we came upon a little canvas tent belonging to a shepherd, or "sheep tender," as he is called here. Sheep rearing is rather a precarious industry in Southern California, on account of the scarcity of feed in the summer. Fair sheep cost about 2.75 dollars and shear 9 lbs. of wool per annum, which sells at 13 cents per lb. The profits accruing from the wool are little

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more than the expenses of keeping the sheep, so that the grower's actual profit lies in his increase. A common mode of proceeding is to take a trustworthy shepherd into partnership. He looks after the sheep, pays all the expenses connected with them, and takes the income produced by selling the wool, and half the increase of the flock.

The shepherd's life is, indeed, a lonely one, cut off from communication with his fellows. Provisions are brought to him at intervals, or he has to make for points to get them, and these occasions are the only ones on which he holds any intercourse with mankind. Alone he is with Nature. Nature on a grand scale,—everything is large, the great tracts of barren land, the bare and rocky foot-hills, the huge cactus—the desert plant that flourishes where no other vegetation can live. Everything is large and repulsive. The unalterable blue of the heavens, the never-ceasing glare of the sun, serve only to light up the horrors of this land of death-like solitude. And oh! the silence is overwhelming. Like the plague of darkness, it can be felt. The land seems under a curse,—a curse of never-ending sleep. Remain quiet for a short time, strain your eyes to catch sight of some living thing; strain your ears for some sound indicative of life; and when you fail, and the awful stillness is borne in upon you, you will feel an impulse to yell and scream and shout, to wake the slumbering desolation. But, though this will, probably, be a great relief to your over-wrought feelings, it will have no effect on Nature around you. Not even an echo will answer! Yet some day, perhaps many centuries in the future, the fairy god-mothers—Capital and Science—will change all this, and wake with the magic touch of water the dormant fertility of the soil.

All around is brown and dry and burnt up save where a little stream has escaped from its imprisonment in the mountains, and, rejoicing in its freedom, fertilized little patches along its course. Here the shepherd feeds his flock, and when this oasis is eaten up, away for another, perhaps a hundred miles distant. Far from the busy haunts of men he tramps along, his life more joyless than his dog's, his only pleasure negative —the unconsciousness of sleep. Sometimes, indeed, the monotony is varied by a bear coming down from the mountains and eating a portion of the flock; but I have not heard that this variation has ever been appreciated. Sheep-tending offers excellent opportunity for reflection, and shepherds are proverbially wooers of the Muses. There is, however, no case on record of a Californian shepherd having blossomed into rhyme. Poetry does not seem to be a suitable medium for getting rid of their bottled-up energy. Those who do not get mad—many of them do—take a holiday every six months, and find a more exciting consolation in strong drink. The worship of Bacchus offers a

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ready means of excitement in the present and forgetfulness of the past, which cannot be said to be held out by the Muses. They get drunk, and—to use a favourite expression of Henry Kingsley's—remain so until the end of their holiday, when, having spent their six months' earnings, they go back to their sheep. Thus their life is one long desert of sheep-tending, dotted by oases of drunkenness.

Toiling laboriously through the sand and stones, we struck a better road, and the increasing verdure bore evidence that we were approaching water. Water in California, as my acute reader, with his usual discernment, will have gathered ere this, means life. If California only had as much water as the ancient mariner seemed to think was in excess of his requirements, it would be a Paradise indeed, or a marshy swamp, like Florida, I am not quite clear which. The road was diversified by stumps of trees, large bushes, and occasional boulders. A stump covered with dust—a hidden rock—came near bringing the little mare to grief. She struck and was in danger of going down. Indeed, she seemed to be all the way down and right under the carriage. My heart was in my mouth; but the next instant she was up again without a scratch, and the above-mentioned part of my anatomy returned to its usual resting-place. These small horses are as clever as cats, and very seldom fall. We saw a real purler, though, while driving to Riverside, the other day. An old man of wild appearance, with a countenance very similar to that of the late Mr. Darwin, and costume suggestive of the backwoods, passed us on a bay mare heavy in foal. He had evidently started in a hurry, for in one hand he held the top of a tree, still undenuded of its leaves. By the help of it he urged the unwilling steed into a smart canter. Presently a cloud of dust arose. The mare, blown and leg-weary, had slipped up and fallen on the old man's right leg. We arrived to find the mare with two broken knees and the old man in tears. "She fell with her hull weight on my leg," he sobbed. "I thought it was broken," he repeated several times, and seemed rather aggrieved that it wasn't. "I shouldn't ha' rode her, but my brother he's dying, and I had to come right away to fetch the doctor." We picked him up and towed the mare. On the way in we met a party of his friends in a two-horse wagon going out. There wasn't time to stop, so he shouted out in a high alto voice, broken by emotion, "Frank's nearly dead!" The disclosure was rather robbed of its solemnity by being shouted across a distance of fifty yards or so; but displayed handkerchiefs told that the shot had gone home.

A little further on the way leads through a narrow wood that winds along the course of the stream. The road is cut out of the trees, and the branches wave overhead and catch you in the

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eye sometimes, at unexpected moments. There is no turf or ferns or flowers, but the cool, fresh, green sycamore and the live oak are there; and the wild vine, impartial in its attentions, climbs up them all. Its syren-like embrace means death. The youthful sapling and the sturdy tree of mature years alike fall victims and wither in its clutches. There were, probably, other varieties of trees of which I was going to make a mental note; but just then I had an experience of the wisdom of the old proverb—"Don't shout before you are out of the wood." Turning a sharp corner at a smart canter, a broad stream with steep sloping banks was presented to view. From a hurried inspection the water might be five or might be ten feet deep. However, there was no time for consideration on this head. A smart cut with the whip prevented the leader from stopping dead—as is the usual custom of the "broncho" breed at sight of water—and she dashed in breast high. Splash! bump! jolt! we followed. A fleeting picture of struggling steeds, taut traces, and a bounding buggy; and, just missing the trunk of a tree on the taking off, and a boulder on the landing side, which seemed to be placed there for no other purpose than the confusion of travellers in general, and tandem drivers in particular, in about two seconds we were safe over, and out of the wood on a level stretch of burnt up grass.

The main characteristic of American driving is speculativeness. There is no certainty of finding a road twice in the same condition. Bridges break down, and mountain streams break away, carrying the road with them. "Get along" is the maxim, "somehow or anyhow; but, anyhow, get along." Take the good with the bad and average it; the safest plan is to keep going: to hesitate is to be lost. And so man here—as he does everywhere else—rises superior to the forces of nature. He cannot have good roads, so he puts up with bad, and habit helps him to despise the difficulties. Such experiences as the foregoing are of almost daily occurrence. To bump into a stream with two horses at a smart canter, and scramble out on the other side with all the harness straining and the carriage rocking about, would be considered quite an episode in England, but here would not be thought worthy of mention. Not that Americans are more courageous than Englishmen. Set an American to cross a country on a high-couraged hunter, and he would, probably, shrink from what would appear a danger, from the fact of his being unused to it. It is the surrounding conditions of life that produce such results, and courage is more a matter of habitude than anything else. I knew a light-weight sparrer that was game to death, and had fought more than once an uphill battle. Nothing could induce him to stand up before fast bowling; and I once heard him scream with terror when a horse kicked in a dog-cart.

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At the end of the stretch of grass a foot-hill of forbidding aspect reared its unwelcome head. Round one corner of it a track was visible, which looked in the distance, to our excited imaginations, as steep as a mansard roof—to use a favourite simile of Mark Twain's—or, in the corresponding English vernacular, as the side of a house. The horses put themselves into the collar and dashed up. We realized, on rounding the corner, how near it is possible to get to eternity. In this instance the distance varied from fifteen inches to nine; which the little mare's perversity, and my indifferent driving, reduced at moments to three. The road was cut out of the side of the mountain, and was just wide enough, with a little to spare, for the wagon. Like the six hundred, of Balaclava fame, we had canõn to left of us, with a small precipice intervening. That is to say, it wasn't deplorably deep, nor was it particularly precipitous; but, like Mercutio's wound, 'twas enough. Unlike the gallant light horsemen, we had a mountain to right of us, which, however, was formidable; because, if you bumped against the mountain, the odds were in favour of your going over the precipice. Sharp turns, quick declivities, and steep ascents further added to our difficulties. At the quickest of these descents, which, unlike the well-travelled one to Avernus, are far from easy, we stuck fast. Both horses were frightened, and the wheeler being difficult to turn, I succeeded in jamming the off fore wheel well up against the mountain. Now, as Mahomet discovered, a great deal of persuasion is necessary to induce a mountain to move. Not being of particularly winning dispositions, we did not, therefore, waste any time in an attempt of that sort, but endeavoured to move ourselves by backing. But this the "incarnate devil of a mare"—in such words she was quickly apostrophised—absolutely refused to do. Coaxing was of no avail, and remonstrances fell harmless. An application of the whip produced signs of an intention to plunge to such an extent as to call to my mind a vivid recollection of the adventure of the Messrs. Chaffey, which I will tell you of. I suffered the ignominy of taking off the leader (which my companion in distress took charge of), shoving the waggon back myself with some difficulty, and driving down with one horse. However, on returning the same way, on pain of being projected over the precipice, I made my companion swear that he would never reveal my disgrace. Such roads—and considerably worse ones—are common across the Rocky Mountains, and the stages used to travel them every day, and may do so now, for anything I know to the contrary.

The Messrs. Chaffey, father and son, were driving one day on the road through a pass to Old San Bernardino. The horse, turning restive, fell over the side. The horse and buggy turned a somersault in the descent, and the occupants fell into

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the covered top of the buggy. Both escaped without serious injury, the son breaking his collar-bone. This was a marvellous escape; but we don't do even escapes by halves here, you bet!

We were now in sight of Mr. Hoag's domicile, a little wooden house o'ershadowed with large trees. Mr. Hoag was not at home, and I conversed with his head man. He was a talker, and a present of some "plug" tobacco—paradoxical as it may seem—opened his mouth. He descanted for some time on the beauty of "being sociable." "I'm allers sociable. I like bein' sociable," he said. The tobacco juice trickled from the corners of his lips; his black hair was long and matted; his face looked as if it had long been guiltless of soap and water; and he had a beautiful belief in the amount and diversity of his knowledge. He was, indeed, a fitting subject for sociable relations of any kind. I simulated a burning desire for his society on some future occasion, and fled precipitately.

On our return the terrors of the road were not apparent; and on travelling over it, some days after, I thought anyone could drive six horses along it with ease. Familiarity, even with a road, breeds contempt. I have since tried many combinations in the tandem line. Some were harmonies, some were discords; but on no occasion have I ever gone out without having an accident of some sort. As no serious results have happened, I can only conclude that a special Providence watches over me on those occasions.

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SOME ANTIQUITIES OF YSTRADGYNLAIS.

The Swansea Valley Archæological Society have just had their usual annual interesting meeting, the *locale* selected on this occasion being the well-known village of Ystradgynlais, the scene, some years ago, of the useful and valued labours of the Rev. Doctor Walters, who, on his translation to the Vicarage of Llansamlet, was succeeded by the present genial, kind-hearted Rector, the Rev. E. L. Davies, Glanley. Here, and adjacent, there are to be seen some of the many hives of industry, viz.: the Coal, Iron and Tin Plate Works, the staple trades of the district; and, among others, the world-known works of the Ystalyfera Iron and Tin Plate Company, which rose to their present gigantic dimensions under the fostering care of, and, until very recently, were carried on by Mr. J. Palmer Budd, who, under increasing years and failing health, has been obliged to seek retirement.

From Ystalyfera the members walked to the scene of their labours, which first commenced at the churchyard of Ystradgynlais, where they inspected some curious old stones built into the wall in the east end of the church, which, by-the-bye, is dedicated to St. Gynlais. The stones are only fragments, and the inscriptions on them, so far as they are decipherable, are as follow:—"Hic Jacit" . . . . . "Adiune," the latter being, it is supposed, the name of a female. The inscriptions are to be found on separate stones, and do not appear at any time to have had any connection with each other. The Rev. J. D. Davies, M.A., Rector of Llanmadoc, Gower, the well-known antiquary, is of opinion that these very interesting relics date back to the fifth or sixth, certainly not later than the seventh century. They must have been placed in their present position on the

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occasion of the restoration of the church during the incumbency of that energetic parish priest, the Rev. Doctor Walters.

In the churchyard, on a column, is also to be seen the following interesting inscription:—"This column is erected on the site of the chancel of the former church at Ystradgynlais, in which the remains of several of the Portreys and Aubreys, and also those of the Rev. James Gough Aubrey, of Ynisced-wyn, were interred. W. Williams, Cælavit."

The above-named persons are the ancestors of the present resident Squire, who claims relationship with the Aubreys, one of the oldest families in Wales. Here we cannot help observing that the parish authorities might have a little more reverence for the dead than to allow their bones to lie strewn about on the surface of the ground adjacent to this valued memorial.

Passing onwards, the members of the society arrived at the farm of "Bryn-y-groes," or "The Hill of the Cross," the property of Mr. Richard Douglas Gough, of Yniscedwyn House, well-known about half a century ago for his famous stud of race-horses, and as one of the first equestrians in the Principality. The farm-house is built on an eminence on which, according to local tradition, there was once a Roman encampment. Mr. Davies thought this a not at all unlikely conjecture, as those well-trained soldiers were wont to bivouac near to a river, and the "Giedd," a tributary of the Tawe, is within easy distance of the place.

The farm is now in the occupation of Mr. Leyshon Griffiths, and has been in his hands and that of his ancestors for the last three or four centuries. Here, in a barn, were discovered some curious letters inscribed on a lead plate, which had been firmly fixed in a beam of oak, doing the duty of lintel over the door of the building. A capital copy of the inscription was taken by that enthusiastic archæologist Mr. Henry N. Miers, of Ynyspenllwch, and is as follows:—"H.I.S. 1607. J. L.," which all present were unanimously of opinion meant "Jesus Hominum Salvator."

Returning homewards, the members made a call at the residence of Mrs. Price, Glantwrch, a lady well versed in archæological lore, where they were entertained at luncheon. In the ground attached to this lady's house is to be seen a most interesting relic, it being no less than the remains of what was once, no doubt, a beautiful Maltese cross, which Mr. Davies gave us to understand (I am again using the reverend gentleman's own words, and this will account for the seeming tautology) was probably of the seventh or eighth, certainly not later than the ninth, century. This cross, so our kind hostess was good enough to inform us, formerly stood in the churchyard of the parish of Llanguicke, from whence, about the time of the Reformation, some Vandal with iconoclastic zeal had it removed.

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After many years, it was found in the grounds belonging to Ynysgelynen House, Pontardawe, the residence then of Mr. Harper, the father of the present principal (the Rev. Dr. Hugo Harper), of Jesus College, Oxford. When Mr. Harper removed to Ystradgynlais, this cross was taken with him, and here, after passing through many vicissitudes (at one time being used as a door step), it suddenly disappeared. But the vigilant eye of the late Mr. William Price, surgeon, Glantwrch, discovered it again in the course of one of his peregrinations. He had it removed to his own grounds, where it has ever since remained. Mrs. Price, the present owner of this precious memorial, contemplates having the cross restored and placed on a pedestal, and eventually to hand it over to the Rev. D. Jones, B.D., the vicar of Llanguicke, to be again located in the sacred grounds from whence it was taken. No more fitting resting-place could, we think, be found for it. If this is to be done (and we cannot help expressing a sincere hope that it will be), will the generous lady, at whose cost the work is to be executed, pardon us if we suggest that a suitable inscription should be placed on it as soon as the reparation and re-erection of the relic has been effected?

For the sketch at the top of this article we are indebted to a drawing made by the special artist of the expedition, viz.:—Mr. Henry N. Miers, to whom, through the medium of the *Red Dragon*, I am asked by the society to tender their best thanks for the valuable services rendered by him on the occasion.

We feel that we could not well draw this paper to a close if we did not refer to the many valuable relics of antiquity in Mrs. Price's possession. Of these none is more rare than the old oak chair, now standing in the hall at her house, formerly the seat of the Abbots of the Abbey of Neath, the last occupant thereof being the Abbot Leyson. The chair is in an excellent state of preservation. But more of this another time.

D. Bevan Turberville.

Ynysderw House, 27th April, 1883.

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WELSH POETRY IN ENGLISH DRESS.

The originals of the following pieces were composed in 1805, by old John Edmunds, of Aberdare, and were copied in 1836, on their rehearsal by the author (who was then in his 80th year), by the well known Welsh bard "Nathan Dyfed," who, in sending us his translations, explains that both are to be taken as exhibiting the style of alliterative rhyme and rhythm prevailing in Glamorgan fifty years ago, rather than much correctness of diction or grammatical observance. Next month we hope to be able to present our readers with a translation which, while adhering closely to the metre of the original, will be found in no way inferior to it in any other essential as far as the possibilities of a faithfully Englished version will admit.

"ANN OF ABERDARE."

Air—"Auld Lang Syne."

Ye Monarchs who do rule and reign, and fight for gain and gold,
With sword and shield, defend the field, nor yield to young or old;
I covet not your lofty lot, nor choose your *shot* to share,
But thy kind hand in Hymen's band, dear Ann of Aberdare.

Where fleecy flocks on furrows feed, did speed the setting sun,
I crossed the hills and flowing rills, that to the rivers run,—
Swift moved my feet, this maid to meet; oh! could I sweetly share
My lot with thee, so frank and free, dear Ann of Aberdare.

Sweet industry doth her agree, and modesty of mind,
No village lass can her surpass, of any class or kind;
From Gibbon's ground to Penypound, cannot be found so fair
As my delightful beauty bright, dear Ann of Aberdare.

Through lonely lanes, and lowland lawns, where dawns delightful day,
Like some kind dove in 'Brahman grove, I mourn my love's delay,
Let no young swain, who ploughs the plain, make thee a chain of care,
But be thro' life my willing wife, dear Ann of Aberdare.

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II.

LOVE SONG.

Air—"Caerphilly March."

He.

Oh! Lucy, my dear love, why do you inconstant prove!
Oh! why have you deserted, and left me broken-hearted,
Tell me now, why and how, if your vow is not in vain,
Oh, why have you afflicted and oppressed me with pain?
I was constant, kind and free, and intended so to be,
And wished to be wedded, and in lasting bonds united.—
Be the star banished far that brought war on the way,
And left your swain desponding until this dawning day.
I hope you'll now return to the man you made to mourn,
And for ever be united, and the cause of grief dissolved;
Be it so, don't say no—banish woe, 'tis your foe—
Let it not be flying like a feather to and fro.
Let none other now intrude, I disdain a rival rude,
Then let our peace be lasting, and our efforts still uniting,
Dear delight, beauty bright, what is right, day and night,
Let us still be ready to maintain it with our might.

She.

I hear you complain, silly swain; why, so soon,
Attempt to prove my ruin, whilst another you're pursuing?
Better part hand and heart—I dread the dart of disdain—
Than ever feel the pain of a rival in my reign.
Some young men will deceive, and their tender lovers leave,
The whole of their intention, is to satisfy their passion,
Then distress, nothing less, will oppress them, and, with pain,
The damsel thus deserted, unmarried must remain;
Oh! may I to the end, have the counsel of a friend,
A true and faithful lover, who would share my pain and plea
sure—

Both.

Dawn the day, lead the way, no dismay can us stay,
If we will in alliance, with humility obey,
Then let wealth or poverty our allotted portion be—
A numerous offspring rising, on our efforts still depending,
'Twill demand heart and hand, to command this our band
Whilst we are still in being and living in the land.

NATHAN DYFED.

Merthyr Tydfil.

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MARGINAL NOTES ON LIBRARY BOOKS.

But for some shocking instances of bad grammar and an almost entire absence of human interest, Mr. Beresford Hope's latest novel, *The Brandreths*, would be a fairish performance. It is the history, a very small-beery one, of a widower who married a widow, buried her, and was tempted to marry again. He happens to be a politician, one of a class who find greatness thrust upon them. In the particulars of his doings in the House, and for his party, we have something of *vraisemblance*, something which gives the author the appearance of having once entertained the notion of attempting a portraiture of some of the more familiar of the public men of the present day. Sir Eustace Brandreth, who is the hero of the story, is afflicted with a not very interesting form of hypochondria, in which there is a tinge of mysticism. We defy anybody to understand his politics or his metaphysics sufficiently to ascribe to either a definite aim or an individuality which would render them useful or ornamental to the owner. Lady Brandreth, whose mind is also awry, insists upon catching small-pox, as a means, we suppose, of translation to a better sphere, the reasons given in the novel for her conduct being wholly insufficient. She makes a *post-mortem* appearance to her husband at some place on the continent, at a most inconvenient juncture in his affairs, for he is just then turning over in his mind whether he ought not to marry the young, beautiful, high-spirited and wealthy Duchess of Merioneth, who would unquestionably have made a man of him. We do not agree with the writer of a recent critique of this book that it is so very indifferently written, and that but for the Mayfair secrets it discloses it could lay claim to no sort of merit. Personally, we have no pretensions to a knowledge of the inner life of Mayfair, not having been brought up within its holy precincts, but we can say this much of it, that so far as this work is concerned, the words of Canning's razor-grinder, slightly altered, may be quoted as aptly descriptive of the whole thing—"Secrets, God bless you, sir, I have none to tell." A

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more vapid humdrum life it would be difficult to imagine, and for our own part we could not be got to endure it for twice the money. This novel, in point of workmanship, is greatly superior to the one by the same author reviewed by us a month or two ago.

A Memoir of Annie Keary, written by her sister, is one of those books whose production and existence are justified rather by the excellence of the workmanship than by any intrinsic value of their own. Probably nine people out of ten who take up this biography will want to know who Annie Keary was, that they should be troubled with her "Life." It is so much the fashion nowadays for one nameless nobody to write the life of another nameless nobody, in order principally that Nameless Nobody number one shall in due season do a similar good turn for Nameless Nobody number two; for surely neither Nameless Nobody can be fool enough to believe that the public cares a fig for either him or his friend. We thought at first that the book we are now noticing might be one of this kind, and we long fought shy of it in consequence. When we at length mustered up courage for a plunge, we were agreeably disappointed to find, not only a book well worth the perusal, but a "Life" well worth the writing. Annie Keary was the author of some very nice tales, chiefly for children, and her sister and biographer Eliza, while almost equally accomplished in the same field, has now distinguished herself in another, where, possibly, her labours may show more permanent results. We commend this volume for possessing, not so much the higher historical value of the best class of biography, as for the charms of style which characterise nearly every chapter of its records of a gentle, blameless and useful life.

Mr. Isaacs, a tale of modern India, is a very admirable story in several respects. The author, Mr. F. Marion Crawford, is the possessor of a clear, nervous style of writing. He is, we believe, an American; a fact which, added to what struck us as a similarity of phrasing, made us at one time suspect him of the authorship of *Democracy*. "Mr. Isaacs" is the Anglicised name of a young and handsome Persian millionaire, Abdul Hafiz, who at Simla falls in love with a beautiful English girl, Kate Westonhaugh. Their acquaintance is only of a month's duration, the heroine being at the end of that time carried off by jungle fever, contracted while she and a party organised by Mr. Isaacs were shooting tiger. The local colouring is preserved in every scene with the hand of a true artist. As variants upon the love-life are introduced adventures in the bush, and a dangerous mission in which Abdul Hafiz engaged himself for the rescue of Shere Ali, the ex-Ameer of Cabul. The scene in which that personage is finally delivered from his enemies is

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probably the most powerfully written in the book. There is only one little matter in the construction of the story which English readers may find a difficulty in relishing. Abdul Hafiz at the time of his love-making is a married man, a very much married man, for he has no less than three wives. Under the Mohammedan law this is no irregularity. In fact, Mr. Isaacs was rather within his rights than beyond them, for he was legally entitled to take another wife if the circumstances warranted such a course, which the circumstances in his case did. Whether Miss Westonhaugh, had she lived, would have consented to become the fourth Mrs. Isaacs we are not told. Indeed, we are not told even that she knew there were any Mrs. Isaacs in existence at the time their husband was paying court to her. However, don't let us linger too long upon a trifle. The love for Kate Westonhaugh is, after all, but a stage in the progress to perfection of the hero, whom we leave at the end of the book in charge of Ram Lal, a delightful old mystic, whose doings and doctrines constitute one of the chiefest charms of the story. After the new American school of writers, and their sickening pretensions, it is delightfully refreshing to find in a countryman of theirs one who, like Mr. Crawford, can tell a good tale, and who has neither the impudence nor the vanity of imagining that a heap of inferior talk, and nothing else, constitutes the whole secret of his art.

Seven Years at Eton is a seemingly very matter of fact narrative of life at this first of English schools. The author, however, goes through his work very well; humorously at times, pleasantly always. Some of the stories, we fancied, were old friends, and the author is not always happy when he ventures to give an opinion upon his facts. The stalest triticism is sometimes conveyed with a profundity quite owl-like, and news of the Queen-Anne-is-dead kind is often retailed as though the occurrences were those of yesterday, and known only to the author. His old school-fellow Baring's retort as to the step between the sublime and the ridiculous, represented respectively by France and England, is, to our knowledge, older than Baring by some two hundred years; and the Frenchman's rejoinder that young Baring (we are quoting now from memory, the passage having escaped us, and it not being worth our while to stop to look for it) deserved to have been born a Parisian is another almost equally old acquaintance, slightly disguised. However, these are trifling defects in a work which may be pronounced good on the whole. The chapter concerning "Mr. Gladstone's School Days" is, probabaly, as interesting as any in the book. The Premier showed some revolutionary tendencies even at Eton, if we may believe the author, for in his school-boy

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days he perpetrated an "Ode to the Shade of Wat Tyler," in which occurs the stanza:

> Shade of him whose valiant tongue
> On high the song of freedom sung;
> Shade of him whose mighty soul
> Would pay no taxes on his poll;
> Though swift as lightning, civic sword
> Descended on thy fated head,
> The blood of England's boldest pour'd,
> And number'd Tyler with the dead.

Mr. Gladstone is greater as an orator than as a poet, if we are to judge by this specimen of him.

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OUR "RED DRAGONS" AT WESTMINSTER.

The Whitsuntide holidays, limited to one week, though made to appear by an ostentatious rhetorical flight of the Prime Minister a recess of ten days—this characteristic achievement being attained through counting Saturday and Sunday, on which days Parliament does *not* sit—having come duly to an end, the House of Commons reassembled on Monday, the 21st of May. The first object that caught the eye of the observing stranger was the hat of the member for Swansea. This fine old constitutional *chapeau*, however, had nothing in it. Mr. ——— declared it never has anything it. But as Mr. ——— is a malicious and slanderous Tory, who excuses his own lack of mental fibre by affecting to discover an absence of brains in everyone else, the remark may pass into the limbo of truculent japes. The fact is, Mr. Dillwyn was not in his hat. It was lying empty and silent upon his bench, whilst the hon. gentleman himself was completing his case against the construction of a new War Office.

There was not much apparent zeal on the part of hon. members to return to the treadmill of legislation; but somehow, as the clock reached the half-hour between four and five, members got to the House and the House got to business. It was then perceived that the Welsh members had assembled in force where other senators were too lazy to repair. Mr. Henry Richard, who is watching carefully the progress of the French filibustering expedition in Madagascar, and who, when the proper time arrives, which will be when France has pushed her infidel legions into the Evangelical flock of the Church Missionary Society, will be prepared to go forth, musket on shoulder, like a Crusader of old, to defend the faith, came down at an early hour in order to hear the latest news from the Quai D'Orsay and the Court of the Queen of Madagascar. The hon. member is essentially a logical politician. He is no truculent or pigeon-hearted sentimentalist; and though he vigorously and righteously protests on all occasions, in season and out of it, against war made for what, with withering sarcasm, he designates glory, and though he would turn the swords of the armies of the world into reaping hooks and their muskets into bean stalks, or clothes

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props, yet he would go to war with anyone who "spoiled the Egyptian" or harried the gentle savage. But there was very little to be obtained, either of information or consolation, from the Government mouthpiece on this occasion. So Mr. Richard, sighing, repaired to the lobby *buffet*, where, absorbed in sweet and bitter reflections upon the wickedness of men and the hapless ignorance of Under-Secretaries, he was on the point of gulping down a goblet of gin and water which the member for Cardiff had just ordered for himself, but which the member for Merthyr thought, in his abstraction, that he himself had drawn from the water-butt hard by. Fortunately Viscount Hinchingbrook, who was booking long odds with Viscount Emlyn on St. Blaise for the Derby, was in time to interpose between the Conscript Father of Merthyr and the beverage designated by Sir Wilfrid Lawson "the devil in solution." News of Mr. Richard's miraculous escape having reached Sir Wilfrid Lawson's ears, the hon. baronet plainly told Sir E. J. Reed that his gin and water should be cut off by a "Veto Bill" to prohibit reckless libations within three inches of the water butt.

With these and similar exciting misadventures, frustrated machinations on the part of the Wicked One, and perils fortuitously averted, the House resumed its labours and settled down to work.

But it should be pointed out, *inter alia*, that Mr. Gladstone still tarried in Wales; and that until the right hon. gentleman returned to his Parliamentary duties the session could not be fairly said to have been duly resumed. It was in the *Western Mail*, I think, that we read of a conversation between two hon. gentlemen, the spirit of which seemed to be that with the return of Mr. Gladstone to the House, the country might reasonably look out for some more Government defeats. There was much depth and profundity in the remark; for it must be confessed that a few irreclaimable and filibustering Radicals belonging to the North of England, and headed by one Storey (whereby follows a tale to be commenced and concluded in "our next"), resenting the rejection by the Conservatives of the Affirmation Bill, had formed themselves into a cabal for the purpose of securing the defeat of the Government and the disruption of the Cabinet, probably before the moon was a week older. Fortunately, whilst Mr. Gladstone was dallying at Hawarden, Sir Hussey Vivian, Mr. Dillwyn, Mr. Richard, and Sir John Jones Jenkins were organising a grand palaver of the Liberal party, with the object of stealthily stealing a march upon the Storey tellers, confounding their sophisms and defeating their knavish tricks. They may be said to have commenced their overture to the song of "Woodman, spare that Tree;" the woodman being in this instance the political iconoclast who desired to split the Cabinet, and the tree, the fine old oak

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which rears its heroic head and boldly braves the blast in the person of the Prime Minister. The movement was very cordially taken up. Of course the value of a proposal of the kind consisted in the manner of its application. Although the idea was essentially co-operative, it would have lost its value if Mr. Gladstone had been invited to meet his party in contradistinction to the other and more imposing manœuvre of the party meeting Mr. Gladstone. The whole thing worked out as neatly as the schemes of the prophets. Mr. Gladstone invited his followers to attend at the Foreign Office, in order that their views might be obtained upon the best mode of facilitating the passage of certain Bills now before Parliament. Everybody obeyed the bidding of the Prime Minister, who obtained a tumultuous reception, spoke amid *salvos* of cheers, denied that there was any crisis, which the wicked Tories had persisted in publishing to the world; and protested that the loyalty of the Liberal party was as deep and inflexible to-day as it was three years ago. Mr. Dillwyn, who is for purposes of party organisation "the eyes and ears" of the Gladstone army, and is deservedly respected by all Liberals who are not debased to the Storey-Firth level, gave a general support to all Mr. Gladstone proposed; and thus certain defection was stayed, and a possible early dissolution of Parliament averted. When the Liberal party reassembled that afternoon the clouds had all vanished from the heavens of Gladstonianism; everybody was chuckling and choking in his joy; everybody shook hands with everybody else; one vast grand grin irradiated the Ministerial benches, and there was a disposition to give fifteen months renewals on the life of the session at a reduced premium on the old policy.

Meeting a Welsh Tory member behind the Speaker's chair, Sir Walter Barttelot, who had attended a conference of the Opposition at the Carlton, which was held an hour after the Liberal congress at the Foreign Office, said it was an awful nuisance to be obliged to get up before one had read the *Times*.

"You are quite right, Barttelot," responded the Welsh Tory Baronet, "it *is* inconvenient, but the times are sadly changed."

"I alluded to the paper of that name. I always read it in bed," hurriedly interposed Sir Walter Barttlelot.

"My dear sir," continued the other, impressively, "the correction is quite superfluous, the epithet is applicable alike to the calendar and to the journal. Both change as regularly as I change my coats. I feel it acutely. We are not precisely going back, which is what I regret, but we are getting off the track of things. We are going too fast. My idea of progress is by no means slow, as you know. I would regulate its rate by that fine old British institution, the gig."

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"The gig, ah, yes, a very respectable vehicle, the gig. Have you seen one lately," inquired Sir Walter Barttlelot, seizing his friend's arm with the ready grasp of a man who had caught a pretty fancy in a museum of antiquities.

"No, I have not seen a gig for years. I believe it passed out of existence with the introduction of the property qualification and the abolition of Wellington boots."

"Ah! the Wellington boot, another old friend I have not seen for years. There used to be a great deal in a pair of Wellington boots."

"There did," mused the Welsh Tory Baronet, "I wore them, and was very fond of them. But they went out when the Court went to Balmoral. My idea is that the Court should have always continued to go to Bath."

"I'll tell you what," whispered Sir Walter, "I wish the present Government would 'go to Bath.'"

But before the Welsh Tory Baronet could quite see the joke, Viscount Emlyn, who was anxious for the unredeemed interests of higher Welsh education, came down and dragged off his coadjutor to consider the form of the question which should be addressed to the Prime Minister on the subject, and Sir Walter Barttlelot was left alone with his merry visions of the Gladstone Ministry marching out of office in a pair of Wellington boots.

Not since O'Gorman the Terrible sent his "cayard" to the member for Swansea, and the member for Cardiff advised he should go "out," and the noble lord (the member for Carnarvonshire) suggested the hon. Baronet (the member for Glamorganshire) as his "friend," failing the hon. member for Merthyr, have we had so much commotion as that which was produced by the bloodless duello between the O'Kelly, of Roscommon, and the McCoan, of Wicklow county. But Mr. McCoan bared his bosom, not to the fire iron of Mr. O'Kelly, but to the protective shield of "the House," and this protection the House was enabled to give, under pressure of a hint about the truckle bed and water pitcher of the Clock Tower in the event of the O'Kelly remaining obdurate.

During the temporary absence of Sir Charles Foster, the member for Swansea has performed the duties of conducting private Bill legislation.

A. PENDRAGON.

House of Commons, June 15th, 1883.

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LITERARY AND ART NOTES OF THE MONTH, &c.

At a meeting of the Cymmrodorion Society, presided over by Mr. J. H. Puleston, M.P., on the 12th of May, Mr. Rudler, F.G.S., formerly a Professor at Aberystwith College, delivered an interesting lecture on "Wales in the Great Ice Age." The ordinary meeting of the Society was held the same afternoon, when it was resolved that Messrs. Marchant Williams and W. C. Davies should take charge of the sectional meetings of the Society in connection with the Cardiff Eisteddfod.

Wales has been agitated to its very depths by the proposal of a pseudo "Prince of Mantua and Montferrat," the victim of some extraordinary hallucinations, to found and endow a University with three-quarters of a million of money, which he has dreamt himself into possession of. Attention was first attracted to the "fund" by a letter published in the two Welsh dailies from Major-General Jenkins, who urged his countrymen to be up and doing, with a view of securing the money,

Our contributor "I.G." figures in the *Western Mail* as the author of a series of able articles on "The Ship," the subject of the Chair poem at the forthcoming Eisteddfod at Cardiff.

A Bill has been introduced into the New York Assembly of which the following is the enacting clause:—"Any person who shall sell, loan, or give to any minor under sixteen years of age any dime novel or book of fiction, without first obtaining the written consent of the parent or guardian of such minor, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanour, punishable by imprisonment or by a fine not exceeding 50 dollars."

Mr. Henry Leslie, the well-known musician and choirmaster, addressed a general meeting of the Cymmrodorion Society, held on the 17th of May, upon the subject "Music in the Welsh Borderland." The chair was taken by Pencerdd Gwalia. The lecturer appeared to think North Wales a finer musical centre than South, forgetful, apparently, of the fact that it was South Wales which supplied the choir that beat Mr. Leslie's own in the competition for the Crystal Palace Challenge Cup.

Mr. F. W. Harris, Harris' Navigation Colliery, Quaker's Yard, has presented to the Cardiff Free Library and Museum two pictures by Allan Ramsay, one of George III. and the other of Queen Charlotte, given by the king to General Holdman, Governor-General of Canada.

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A valuable collection of minerals, the property of the late Bishop of Llandaff, has been presented to the same institution by our contributor, Mr. J. E. Ollivant, of Bournemouth.

At the opening of the Royal College of Music, recently, the Queen was pleased to confer the honour of knighthood upon the three well-known English musicians and composers, Messrs. Arthur Sullivan, George Grove, and Professor Macfarren. The fact has been much commented upon in literary and musical circles in the Principality that our countryman, Mr. Brinley Richards, has been overlooked. It would have been a peculiarly graceful act on the part of the Prince of Wales to recommend to the favourable notice of his Royal mother the man who, of all others in the kingdom, has done most to establish his Royal Highness in the affections and memories of the people. As the composer of the second of our national anthems, Mr. Brinley Richards had a special claim to Royal favour.

Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers, by the Rev. W. E. Winks, of Cardiff, has been published in New York by Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls as part of the "Standard Library." From a recent advertisement in the *New York Herald*, it would appear that an edition of 20,000 had been got ready. Of these 15,000 had been ordered before the day of publication. The next number of the *Red Dragon* will contain a review of the work, for which purpose the English publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, have just favoured us with a copy.

We understand that a number of gentlemen interested in the Principality, and descended from the Cymry, are about to re-organise and extend, in accordance with modern ideas, the Ancient Order of St. David of Wales. Meetings have already been held, and the adhesion of some of the best Welsh names in London pledged on behalf of the dignity. In accordance with the customs of other capitular orders, ladies are admitted to the honours of this truly British institution.

At the Cymmrodorion Society's meeting, in London, on the 24th of May, Mr. B. T. Williams, Q.C., County Court Judge for Glamorganshire, delivered a very able and interesting lecture on Pembrokeshire. Mr. H. G. Allen, Q.C., M.P. for the Pembroke District, presided, and there was a good attendance. Judge Williams, fearlessly out-spoken whenever the occasion demands, said among other things that the old British kings were continually engaged in wars against each other, and in their internal contests they invited the assistance of their foreign enemies. This disastrous policy placed them under the Saxon kings, and in the ninth century they styled themselves princes, and not kings. In this position was Howell Dda, celebrated for his efforts to codify and amend the laws of Wales. The lecturer said he had read the code of Howell Dda himself,

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and he regretted he could not speak of it in terms of any praise. It is merely a collection of quaint devices and customs, and of curious provisions for the punishment and compounding of crime. It throws no light upon any branch of jurisprudence. It was devoted in great part to the usages, ceremonial, and privileges of the King's Court, and establishes no principles of justice and right for the guidance of a people. As to the pugnacity of the ancient British kings there is probably but little difference of opinion. As to the code of Howell the Good—well, the doctors disagree, that is evident.

Writing on the 25th of May, the London correspondent of the *Western Mail* says:—"It is well known that the late Mr. Joseph Edwards, the celebrated Welsh sculptor, bequeathed his library and works of art to the Cymmrodorion Society, who are now about to acquire an extensive suite of rooms in which to place them. Another feature is that all the Welsh newspapers will be found there, and it is anticipated that before long this new and agreeable adjunct to Welsh life in the Metropolis will develop into a Welsh club for London. The idea is an admirable one, and merits all the success it may achieve." So say all of us.

Dr. Isambard Owen, M.A., Lecturer on Therapeutics at St. George's Hospital, and one of the editors of *Y Cymmrodor*, has just published a manual for students in Materia Medica.

Professor Rhys is at work on a new edition of Pennant's *Tour in Wales*, in three volumes. The forty-six original plates will be reproduced, and the edition will include a life of Pennant from the pen of Mr. Trevor Parkins. Mr. Humphreys, of Carnarvon, is the publisher, and already upwards of seven hundred subscribers have been secured.

Lord Aberdare has been re-elected President of the Geographical Society for another year.

At a recent meeting of the Geological Society communications were read, by Professor Judd and Mr. G. A. G. Cole, "On a Section recently exposed in Baron Hill Park, near Beaumaris;" and another "On the Rocks between the Quartz-felsite and the Cambrian Series, in the neighbourhood of Bangor," by Professor T. G. Bonney.

Notes and Queries has just published from a correspondent, W. A. L., as a bit of Folk-Lore, the statement that "during the recent month of May at Aberystwith I noticed in some of the bakers' shops that the loaves were marked with the sign of a cross, apparently formed by cutting across them with a knife previous to baking." Surely there is nothing of Folk-Lore in this. It is simply, we should imagine, the baker's way of marking his bread to prevent mistake or dishonesty during delivery.

Mr. J. Whitaker, Enfield, who is preparing a list of the

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patron saints of the chief cities of England and Wales, would be obliged if he were furnished direct with the names of the patron saints or reputed patrons of the following places in the Principality and the border counties; together with information as to where representations of them are to be found:—St. Asaph, Brecon, Cardiff, Carmarthen, St. David's, and Hereford. Some of our readers will, we are quite sure, be able to assist the gentleman.

The same appeal might be made on behalf of W. K. W. Chafy-Chafy, who wishes to know whether a portrait of Lewis Bayly, Bishop of Bangor in 1616, exists anywhere. The present bishop of the diocese informs this correspondent that there is no such portrait in the palace of Bangor, nor does Lord Anglesea, who is descended from Bishop Bayly, appear to possess any portrait of him.

As an illustration to a recent note of Prof. Skeat in *Notes and Queries* on the subject of Anglo-Saxon numerals, Dr. J. A. Picton, Sandyknowe, Wavertree, says:—After twenty the Cymric proceeds: 20, *ugain;* 30, *degarugain* (ten and twenty); 36, *un-ar-pymptheg-ar-ugain* (one and fifteen and twenty); 40, *deu-gain* (two twenties); 80, *pedwar ugain* (four twenties); 90, *deg-ar-pedwar-ugain* (ten and four twenties). "Un-ar-pymtheg-ar-ugain," and deg-ar-pedwar-ugain, are bad Welsh, are they not? Transpositions and consonantal mutations are rocks upon which the Saxon student of Cymraeg almost invariably comes to grief.

The *Saturday Review* of June 2nd, in a most able article on "Myths of the Fire Stealer," says that according to Mdlle. Bosquet, in her work on the legends of Normandy, "A messenger was needed to bring fire from heaven to earth. The wren, slight and feeble as he was, offered to accomplish this dangerous mission. His attempt was almost fatal to the bird, for in the passage the fire burned up all his plumage, and singed the light down that protected his body." In admiration of his courage, all the other birds, except the owl (which has ever since been boycotted), subscribed feathers of their own to recompense the wren. Here, as in the Australian story, the bird-Prometheus was singed. There is a similar tale in the Isle of Man, and Adalbert Kuhn makes certain that the legend is of "pure Celtic origin" (*Die Herabkunft des Feuers*, p. 109). Kuhn was unacquainted with the narrative of the Australian black-fellows, who, we may say with some certainty, are not a "Celtic people." A very interesting bit of Folk-Lore this, we think.

Connected with the same subject may be mentioned the fact that in the neighbourhood of Tenby it was until recently the custom to represent the "Bychanaf o'r Bychenid" (smallest of the small ones) by a wren carried about in a box called an Ark

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(Arch) at Christmas, or the Winter Solstice. The bearers sang a *Cwyndid* (Dirge), the burden of which was that He who was in the Ark had been rich, was now poor, but would be rich again by-and-bye. The custom is believed to be a remnant of an old solar myth of the Druids, whose Hu Gadarn became poor at this season of the year in order that humanity might be the gainer. Can any Tenby reader give us further particulars of this interesting old observance?

The Rev. Hugh Davies, curate of Glasinfryn, near Bangor, has accepted the chaplaincy of the Welsh Churchmen in Patagonia. The colony was founded seventeen years ago, and after undergoing many privations, is now prospering with a population of 1,600, of whom nearly all are Welsh-speaking Welshmen. It is in the territory of the Argentine Republic, and under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of the Falkland Islands for Church of England purposes.

In the Cambro-American newspaper, the *Drych*, of May 24th, may be found an article on the Patagonian colony attacking the *Celt* for recommending Welsh emigrants to exile themselves to a country which will bear no comparison at all to either of those Western States of which the *Celt* has recently spoken so disparagingly. According to the *Drych*, Patagonia would appear to be already so well populated as to leave little room for further emigration.

A Cardiff butcher recently discovered in the honeycombed portion of the stomach of a slaughtered cow a shilling of the reign of Charles I., which originally had on the obverse side a well-executed bust of the king, encircled by the inscription, "Carolus, D.G. Mag. Brit., Fra., Hib., Rex." (Charles, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland), and on the reverse side "Christo Avspice Regno" (I reign under the auspices of Christ). An interesting note in an article on "The Coinage of England," in Humphreys' "Coin Collectors' Manual," describes the shillings and sixpences of the reign of Charles I. as representing the king in the dress of the day, and three changes of fashion may be traced in them. He is first seen in the stiff ruff, much like that of the reigns of Elizabeth and James; then in a limber or falling one; and lastly in a simple falling collar edged with lace, as we see him in most of his portraits by Vandyke. The coin under notice belongs to the latter period. None of the pieces struck off in the Tower during this reign were dated, but the Mint marks afford sure indication of the time of issue. This coin is probably of the date 1639 or 1640, and was at one time of about equal circumference with a florin, but when found the rim had almost entirely disappeared—from the action of the stomach, very possibly—reducing it to the size of a halfpenny.

The *South Australian Register*, of April 16, records the

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death of Mr. Robert George Thomas, formerly an architect at Newport. It was he who superintended the erection of the Gothic entrance to and the mortuary chapels in the Cardiff Cemetery. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. Robert Thomas, one of the original proprietors of the *Register*.

A memorial, which it has been suggested should take the form of a statue, is to be erected to the late Mr. John Batchelor, of Cardiff, for his services to the Liberal party of the borough. Already something like £700 has been subscribed towards the object.

The *Drych* announces the death of the Rev. W. Joseph ("Y Myfyr"), a native of Llechfaen, Breconshire, on the 22nd of May, at Utica, New York, whither he had gone a little over twelve months ago to take the pastorate of a Congregational Church. Deceased was the author of three "Chair-poems," and acted as adjudicator at the Merthyr National Eisteddfod of 1881.

A fine fragment of Roman tesselated pavement, discovered in a garden at Caerwent, has been secured for the Cardiff Museum by the curator, Mr. John Storrie.

John Greenleaf Whittier, the American poet, deeply impressed with the publication of the Carlyle letters by Mr. Froude, has destroyed the major part of his correspondence extending over 50 years, lest it should be published after his death, and bring suffering to any. He has expressed a wish that all the letters he has written to friends should be treated in the same manner.

The first Cymmrodorion medal, designed by the late Joseph Edwards, has been conferred on the Rev. Wm. Rees (Gwilym Hiraethog), for distinguished services rendered to Welsh journalism and literature. A similar honour has been bestowed on the Rev. D. Silvan Evans, Llanwrin, well known as a Celtic scholar and linguist.

Mr. Lewis Morris will deliver the Inaugural Address of the Cymmrodorion Sectional Meetings at the Cardiff Eisteddfod.

Idris Vychan's treatise on "Pennillion Singing" will be issued to the members of the Cymmrodorion Society in August next. It will be accompanied by an English translation.

The Marquis of Londonderry, presiding over an Eisteddfod at Machynlleth, on the 7th of June, spoke of the proneness of the Welsh nation to music and literature. Wales was justly called the land of the muses and harmony. The Druids, according to Cæsar, committed to memory a number of verses explanatory of their mysteries, which were considered too sacred to be written. Edward I. had ordered the Druids to be exterminated, but they still saw a vein of poetry and ancient minstrelsy, and much of it was retained to this day, which they would see by the proceedings about to take place.

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DRACONIGENÆ.

A correspondent writes:—A note about Sir John Trevor (mentioned in the April number of the *Red Dragon* as a Welsh member in 1680), may, perhaps, be not out of place. His portrait, from the original at Brynkinallt, near Oswestry, is given in Yorke's *Royal Tribes of Wales*, in which his "obliquity of vision" is faithfully portrayed; and the author says in a note (alluding to his expulsion from the House of Commons), "This made the wits observe, 'That Justice was blind, and Bribery only squinted.'" Mr. Yorke also tells the oft-repeated story of the punctilious reception Sir John once accorded to his Welsh kinsman, Roderic Lloyd, Esquire, to avoid the expense of showing him hospitality. Sir John Trevor was seneschal, or high-steward of Oswestry, under the charter of James I., an office he continued to hold under the charter of Charles II., granted 1673. The following year he was mayor of the town. He always took a good deal of interest in local matters, as contemporary documents, still in possession of the Oswestry Corporation, testify.

* * *

In 1722 a book was "printed for J. Pemberton, at the Buck and Sun, against St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street," entitled "A Journey through England, in Familiar Letters from A Gentleman Here to His Friend Abroad." Part of this excursion was through Wales; and during his trip he says:—"I was invited to a Cock Match, some miles from *Glenganny*, where were about Forty Gentlemen, most of them with the names of *Owen*, *Parry*, and *Griffith*: they fought near Twenty Battels, and every Battel a Cock was killed. Their Cocks are doubtless the finest in the World; and the Gentlemen, after they were a little heated with Liquor, were as warm as the Cocks: a great deal of Bustle and Noise grew by Degrees after Dinner was over; but their Scolding was all in *Welsh*, and Civilities in English." Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," speaks of "The Welsh Main" as "usually consisting of fourteen pairs of cocks, though, sometimes, the number might be extended." He also refers to the Welshman's style of cock-fighting as being more disgraceful than any other! In the "Salopian Magazine,"

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published in 1816, we are told "the 'Welsh Main' consists, we will suppose, of sixteen pairs of cocks; of these the sixteen conquerors were pitted a second time—the eight conquerors a third time—the four conquerors a fourth time—the two conquerors the fifth time; so that thirty-one of these miserable animals are sure to be most inhumanely slaughtered." If this was a specimen of the amusements of our ancestors, no wonder sundry "beneficent characters in Wales," in 1805, became, as we are told by the newspapers of the period, "subscribers of that inestimable institution, the Royal Humane Society."

* * *

Have any readers of the *Red Dragon* heard of one Hopkins, known as "The Little Welshman," who is said to have died in Glamorganshire "of mere old age," on March 19, 1754? As the age only amounted to "seventeen years and two months," we may well imagine that the poor little fellow never really enjoyed health. We are told "he never weighed more than seventeen pounds, and for three years past not more than twelve." He had been exhibited in London. The foregoing we gather from *Bye-gones* of October, 1874. Perhaps some one connected with Glamorganshire will be able to say more about so singular a being. It was also stated that Hopkins had a sister of twelve, who resembled him in size, and bore the same marks of decay of nature.

* * *

"Weather permitting" is a highly important proviso in Welsh touring, and Bala—the place referred to in the following extract from the *Gossiping Guide to Wales*—is only a sample of the hilly districts generally:—

The weather depends on the moon as a rule,
  And I've found that the saying is true;
For at Bala it rains when the moon's at the full,
  And it rains when the moon's at the new.

When the moon's at the quarter then down comes the rain,
  At the half it's no better I ween;
When the moon's at three quarters it's at it again,
  And it rains besides mostly between!

These very clever lines, we believe, were written by a son of the Bishop of Bedford, whose interesting chapters on the Botany of Wales add a charm to the *Guide* in question.

* * *

The following epigram was once written in the visitors' book at one of the hotels at Llangollen:—

"'Tis said, O Cambria, thou hast tried in vain
  To form great Poets; and the cause is plain:
  Ap-Jones, Ap-Jenkins, and Ap-Evans sound
  Among thy sons, but no Ap-ollo's found!"

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"I wonder," writes a correspondent to the *Fireside*, "if Henry Longfellow ever heard of Thomas Longfellow, landlord of the Golden Lion Inn, Brecon, who must have made a somewhat *long* face when he saw the following lines inscribed upon a panel of his coffee-room:"—

"Tom Longfellow's name is most justly his due;
Long his neck; long his bill (which is *very* long too);
Long the time ere your horse to the stable is led;
Long before he's rubbed down—and much longer till fed:
Long indeed may you sit in a comfortless room,
Till from kitchen, long dirty, your dinner shall come;
Long the oft-told tale that your host will relate;
Long his face while complaining how long people eat;
Long may Longfellow long ere he see me again;
Long 'twill be ere I long for Tom Longfellow's Inn."

* * *

A somewhat vain old lady once asked a Welsh minister to write a verse for her tombstone, and he wrote the following:—

"Ar fore mawr yr adgyfodiad
Dygir Sinai fwyn gerbron:
A'r angylion yn syn ofynent,
Brenin anwyl! O b'le daeth hon!

* * *

There is on view in Paris, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, at the present time, a bed of rare and singular construction, which has been made to the order of an Indian prince, and is about to be sent out to him. The bedstead, which is of satin-wood with large plates of silver repoussé work, is very beautifully carved, and has cost upwards of £2,400. The most original part of this bed is the mattress, which has been fitted up as a musical box, so that directly any one lies down it plays a series of tunes selected from Gounod's operas. At the four corners of the bed are four statues, representing young girls of Greek, Spanish, Italian, and French nationality; their only ornaments being a gold snake bracelet twisted round the waist, which holds the fan they are waving over the sleeper. By an ingenious contrivance of the artist employed to cast these statues, the eyes have been made to move; and the realistic appearance of these young ladies is heightened by the addition of four wigs in four shades of colour, supposed to be typical of each nation. The arms of the Rajah are carved at the head of the bedstead, which, though in shocking bad taste, is a marvel of workmanship.

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NOTABLE MEN OF WALES.

THEOPHILUS JONES.

"Câs ni charo y wlâd a'i mago."

The writer of the following pages claims no credit for originality, having merely collected from every source within her reach whatever may be of interest relating to the subject of this sketch. His uneventful existence, passed in a quiet country town, furnishes no stirring incidents from which to weave an elaborate biography, the story of his life being that of his *History*.

More than seventy years have passed away since he walked through the country he loved so well, yet into our own time there have lived those who knew him, who have watched him fishing of a summer's evening, who have spoken of his kindliness, and who have nothing to tell that does not confirm all that has been written. His life was one of simplicity and hard work, carried out during a period of physical suffering heroically borne. He turned from the possibilities of wealth (his partner and successor amassed a large fortune, and purchased a considerable estate in the neighbourhood) to comparative poverty, in order that he might rescue from oblivion the memorials of past days, many of which would otherwise never have come down to us. The debt which the posterity of a county owes to its conscientious, careful antiquarian can hardly be over-estimated, and Brecknockshire has been peculiarly fortunate in this respect.

Theophilus Jones, the historian of Brecknockshire, was born October 18, 1759. He was the son of the Rev. Hugh Jones,* Vicar of the parishes of Llangammarch and Llywel, in that county; also a Prebendary of the Collegiate Church of Brecknock. His mother was Eleanor, elder daughter of the Rev. Theophilus Evans, Vicar of Llangammarch from 1738 to 1763, when he resigned the living in favour of his son-in-law, Mr. Hugh Jones; he was also Vicar of St. David's (Lanfaes), Brecon. Mr. Evans seems to have been a man of considerable

*Williams' *Eminent Welshmen.*

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Thos. Jones

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NOTABLE MEN OF WALES.

THEOPHILUS JONES.

[illegible] of the fol[illegible] p[illegible] claims [illegible] from [illegible] wi[illegible] [illegible] rest [illegible] [illegible] tells [illegible] story of his [illegible]

[illegible] wa[illegible] [illegible] yet [illegible] [illegible] what [illegible] have [illegible] [illegible] others [illegible] who have spoken of his [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] period of [illegible] possibilities of wealth [illegible] [illegible] comparative poverty [illegible] the memorials of past days, [illegible] otherwise [illegible] down to us. [illegible] posterity [illegible] to its [illegible] antiquarian [illegible] hardly be over-estimated, [illegible] in th[illegible] [illegible] of Brecknockshire, [illegible] 177[illegible]. H[illegible] son of [illegible] Rev. H[illegible] Jones, [illegible] parishes of Llangammarch and L[illegible] [illegible] Prebendary of the Collegiate Church of [illegible] Eleanor, [illegible] daughter [illegible] Theophilus Evans, [illegible] of Llangammarch [illegible] [illegible] resigned the living in favour of his [illegible] [illegible] Jones: he was also Vicar of [illegible] [illegible]. Mr. Evans seems to have been a man of considera[illegible]

[illegible] Williams' *Eminent Welshmen*.

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ability, and is always spoken of by his grandson with affectionate respect. Here it may be interesting to give a short account of his literary work. His first publication was in Welsh; it appeared in 1716 and was called *Drych y Prîf Oesoedd*, or a "Mirror of Ancient Times," of which a second edition was published by him in 1740. This work seems to have been very popular. It is a brief history of the ancient Britons, and several editions have subsequently been printed. In 1739 appeared his *Pwyll y Pader*, being an exposition of the "Lord's Prayer" in several sermons, which he dedicated to Sackville Gwynne, Esq., of Glanbrân, to whom he pays a proper compliment for his zeal in the encouragement and promotion of the worship of God by the erection of the very neat church of Tyr Abot. The dedicatory portion of the work concludes with a prayer to the Deity, "that as his patron had until that day lived in a mansion, situated in a rich soil and in the fat of the land, nourished and fertilized by the dew of Heaven, after a length of days spent piously and happily in this world, when his eyes were closed in death, he might be awakened by an angel of life in the realms of bliss."* Tyr Abot was his first curacy. In 1752 he published in English *A History of Modern Enthusiasm*, of which another edition was brought out in 1757. Both are now very rare. This book contained a severe attack upon all Dissenters from the Established Church, but notwithstanding the bitterness of his tone, Theophilus Jones observes that "he had perhaps as much of the milk of human kindness as any man who ever lived.† Of the value of money he knew little, books were his only treasures, and employed the greatest part of that time in which he was not engaged in the duties of his holy function, and in this character he was remarkably eminent."‡

In the year 1732 Mr. Evans discovered the mineral springs of Llanwrtyd, called *Ffynon Drewllyd* (stinking well), so valuable as a cure for scrofulous complaints. In a letter to the Editor of the *St. James' Chronicle*, in 1738, he gives an interesting account of the manner in which his attention first became attracted to these waters. In his quaint style he says: "The writer hereof being then almost worn out by a disease of many years continuance, was casually informed of this then reputed venomous spring. His curiosity led him that way, which, by the smell, he could easily find out without a guide. He sat on the brink of it a long time, dubious what to do. As

*Jones' *Brecknock*. Vol. II., p. 275.

†Mr. Wesley and Mr. Whitfield wrote a reply to this book.

‡Mr. Evans was a fellow labourer with the Rev. Griffiths Jones, vicar of Llanddowror, the founder of the first day and Sunday Schools in Wales, started in 1730, in which year Mr. Evans wrote a "Letter on Education," published by Mr. Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, who may have been induced by the example of these Welsh Clergymen to establish Sunday Schools in England.

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he was thus musing and revolving in his mind what he had best do, a frog popped out of the bottom, looked cheerfully, and, as it were, invited him to taste of the water. He then immediately concluded that the water could not have any poisonous quality, because of that creature's living so comfortably there, and took a moderate draught, about half-a-pint or more, without any concern or dread of danger. By the use of this for about two months, and by taking baths in the water every day, he became perfectly whole, though his case had been deemed incurable."*

Mr. Evans lived at Llwyn-Einon, in Llangammarch, and on his death left the little estate to Theophilus Jones, who honoured the memory of his grandfather by a peculiar attachment to the place. Here the future historian passed many of his early years, and there can be little doubt that during this period his antiquarian tastes were awakened and fostered, and that he obtained valuable materials for his history from his relative. The Rev. Theophilus Evans died September 11, 1767, aged 73, and was buried in the churchyard of Llangammarch, "near the stile, entering from the east."†

The education of Theophilus Jones was completed at Christ's College, Brecknock, which was then a large and flourishing school, attended by the sons of the surrounding county gentry, amongst whom Mr. Jones found many friends, and here began the life-long regard which existed between him and the Rev. Edward Davies, of Olveston, co. Gloucester, the learned author of *Celtic Researches*, *Mythology of the British Druids*, and other works. To him he dedicated the second volume of his history. During the time he was at Christ's College, the Head Master was the Rev. David Griffith,‡ an accomplished scholar, of whom he spoke in after years as "the respected and respectable preceptor of my youth." His parents having decided that he should become a lawyer, he was articled to Mr. Pennoyre Watkins,‖ a solicitor in large practice then living in Brecon, and having passed through this period with great credit, upon the expiration of his articles he entered the profession on his own account, and continued in it for many years, practising with equal reputation and success as a solicitor and attorney in his county town. A vacancy occurring in the Deputy Registrarship of the Archdeaconry of Brecon, he was appointed to that office, which he held until his death. To this circumstance we

*Jones' *Brecknock*. Vol. II., p. 223.

†At Cefn Bryn, in this parish, were born Thomas Howell, Bishop of Bristol, and James Howell, the traveller, author of *Epistolæ Hoelianæ*. The former died 1646, and is buried in Bristol Cathedral; the latter, who lies in the Temple Church, died 1666.

‡Grandfather of the Rev. Charles Griffith, M.A., of Glyn Celyn, Brecon.

‖Grandfather of the late Col. Ll. Vaughan Watkins, of Pennoyre, M.P. for the Borough, and Lord Lieutenant for the County of Breckn k.

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are probably indebted for the County History, which will be for ever associated with the name of Theophilus Jones. Amongst the documents committed to his care were the records of the various parishes for centuries past, in the perusal of which he must have obtained a great amount of the information he afterwards introduced into his History. There is every reason to believe that he had no natural inclination for the profession to which he had been brought up, his chief delight being in literary studies and antiquarian research, but it was not until the year 1800 or 1801 that he seriously entertained the idea of writing the history of his native county. When he made up his mind to do so, he found that it was quite impossible at the same time to carry on his other duties. He had married Mary, daughter of Rice Price, Esq., of Porth-y-Rhyd, in the county of Caermarthen. Having a small patrimony of his own, he determined, with her consent, to give up his practice, and live upon his private means, so that he might have time to prosecute his labours in compiling the history, which he succeeded in doing. He lost upwards of £400 in the undertaking. He disposed of his practice to his partner, Mr. Samuel Church, of Ffrwdgrech, reserving to himself the Deputy Registrarship, which enabled him to have access to the various deeds, wills, &c., which were so important in his researches. Having now the leisure in which to pursue the great object of his life, he spared neither time nor expense in its execution. He personally visited every parish in the county; he copied the mural and monumental inscriptions in every church (many of which have since entirely disappeared during the *restorations* of recent years); he collected the folk-lore and legends from the aged inhabitants; he availed himself of all the information that could be acquired, and industriously collected from every repository that was open to his inspection, such documents as might enlarge, illustrate, or enrich his work. His perfect acquaintance with the language of his country enabled him to employ them to the best advantage.*

Genealogy and heraldry were, however, the favourite subjects of his enquiry. His pedigrees, generally speaking, are correct. That here and there some names may have been omitted, that some errors from misinformation may have crept in is very possible, but such lapses are unavoidable. In a work of such multifarious enquiry, where the materials are to be collected from many different sources, where the families themselves to whom they more immediately relate are so often ignorant, and still more frequently inattentive, it is scarcely possible for the historian to be minutely accurate. No man, however, could take greater pains than Mr. Jones. That he, to some extent, shared the prejudices of his grandfather is shown by the very

*Rees' *South Wales.*

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slight notice he takes of John Penry,* the Martyr, and of Dr. Coke, the Wesleyan Missionary, both of them men who, from their characters and deeds, were deserving of more than a passing allusion.

Iolo Morganwg has written very bitterly on the innumerable mistakes which he says were made by Theophilus Jones, in whose defence the Rev. Thomas Price writes: "Mr. Jones, whilst preparing his work for the press, was so grievously afflicted with gout, that his left hand had to support the wrist of his flannel-bound right as he guided the pen, with the tips only of his fingers at liberty, while severe twinges of pain every now and then arrested his progress, and under such circumstances it is wonderful that the mistakes were not still more numerous." From Mr. Price,† Theophilus Jones received great assistance in his work; he was the son of his old friend the Rev. Rice Price, Vicar of Llanwrthwl, and having in the year 1805 become a student at Christ's College, he received a great deal of kindness from Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who resided, I believe, in a large and comfortable house, situate in Mount Street, Brecon, now converted into an inn known as "The George," the rooms of which are oak-panelled and lofty.

In the *Remains of Carnhuanawc* we have a pleasant glimpse of the social life of the time. After the battle of Trafalgar, several French naval officers, prisoners of war on parole, resided then and in subsequent years in Brecon. They were men of intelligence, good breeding and accomplishment, and Mr. Price frequently met them at the hospitable board of Mr. Theophilus Jones. I do not know whether music formed part of the entertainment at these gatherings, but in his early years Mr. Jones learnt the Welsh harp, the first tune he played on that instrument being the old Welsh air "Pys a Menin," (Butter and Pease.)‡

The first volume of *The History of Brecknockshire* (in 4to), comprising "The Chorography, General History, Religion, Laws, Customs, Manners, Language, and System of Agriculture used in that County," was issued from the press of Messrs. William and George North, at Brecknock, on 13th September, 1805; and the second volume, divided into two parts, containing "The Antiquities, Sepulchral Monuments and Inscriptions, Natural Curiosities, Variations of the Soil, Stratification, Mineralogy, and a copious list of rare and other Plants; also the Genealogies and Arms of the Principal Families, properly

*This is the more remarkable as John Penry was born at Cefn Brith, in the parish of Llangammarch. An ardent Church Reformer, he was executed 1594, in his 35th year, on an unfounded charge of disloyalty towards Queen Elizabeth.

†The Rev. Thos. Price, afterwards Vicar of Cvmdû, known throughout Wales by his bardic name of *Carnhuanawc*.

‡From the *Literary Remains of the Rev. Thos Price*, a delightful memoir of this great and gifted Welshman, by Miss Jane Williams (Ysgafell.)

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coloured or emblazoned, together with the Names of the Patrons and Incumbents of all the Parishes and Livings in that County," in 1809. This last the author has inscribed (as I have mentioned) with much affection to his old friend and school-fellow, Mr. Davies—"The associate of his youth, the kind correspondent and assistant of his literary pursuits, the sincere friend in mature age; and oh! may he add in trembling hope (*si modo digni erimus*), the partaker of a blissful eternity!" Mr. Jones, in the patriotic ardour of his heart, caused not only the printing of his book, but even the manufacture of the paper to be carried out in his own county, the latter being executed at the Llangenny Paper Mills. The plates of arms in the second volume were drawn by the Rev. Thomas Price, and many copies of these plates were coloured by his indefatigable hand. Most of the engraved representations of archæological remains, which illustrate that volume, were taken from original drawings made by him. He likewise prepared the ground plan of the Priory, &c. Most of the pictures of castles, towns, &c., were after drawings by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, and were engraved by J. Basire. One illustration, that of Porth Mawr, Crickhowel (the ancient home of the Brecknockshire Herberts), bears the familiar name of J. Landseer as the engraver.*

"In style of language and expression Mr. Jones is"—(I quote the remarks of a learned and esteemed friend of his, who had ample opportunities of knowing his private worth, and was well qualified to appreciate the importance of his literary labours) "for the most part plain, manly, and unaffected. It cannot, however, be denied that in some instances he has indulged too freely in that species of facetiousness which the severer critics may be inclined to treat as unworthy of the sober dignity of history. But the real fact is this: Theophilus Jones on all occasions wrote with the same freedom and honest independence as he thought and spoke. 'I might as well,' said he to a friend to whom he had shown his MS., 'endeavour to write a history in rhyme, as in what is called dignified prose, but which I call sombrous or sleep-provoking paragraphy. My disposition, and turn of thinking and speaking, must discover themselves. I should almost think myself a hypocrite to conceal them; if I am not notorious for buffoonery or imbecile attempts at wit, I shall not much care whether my readers laugh *at* me or *with* me.' As a county historian, we may venture to assert generally that he is faithful."

Bishop Burgess, in his Charge to the Chapter of St. David's at his primary visitation of the Cathedral Church on 30th July, 1811, spoke of *The History of Brecknockshire* as "a very interesting, elaborate, and useful work." Lowndes remarked

*The last survivor of the original subscribers to the History—the Rev. Hugh Bold—died in January of this year.

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"that it was a work of considerable labour and research, containing a great mass of information." Llewellyn Prichard, in his *Heroines of Welsh History*, says:—"Candour calls for the admission that, notwithstanding the errors both in taste and the mis-statements abounding in that work, the History of Brecknockshire contains much valuable information, brought together from innumerable and far-spreading sources, too difficult of access for the researches of the modern antiquarian and historian." Dr. Nicholas, in his *Annals of Wales*, published in 1872, observes:—"Theophilus Jones produced one of the most complete and methodical county histories in the English language, *The History of Brecknockshire*, a work which much requires re-publication, with notes and additions, bringing it down to the present time."*

Forty years ago Jones's History could be purchased for about £2 10s.; now it has become so rare, that when copies turn up for sale they realise from £7 to £10 10s., according to the condition they are in. Theophilus Jones intended writing a similar History of the adjoining County of Radnor, but the state of his health was such that he was unable to attempt any additional work. He was a martyr to gout, which crippled him to so great an extent, that latterly he could with difficulty walk. But notwithstanding his severe and constant sufferings, his bright cheerfulness never forsook him, and to the end he continued to write upon those subjects to which his life had been devoted, though with the exception of the following papers, contributed to the magazines of the day, his County History was the only literary work he published. He wrote an article for the second volume of the *Cambrian Register*, signed "Cymro," entitled "Cursory Remarks on Welsh Tours or Travels." The same volume contains from his pen "Remarks on the History of Monmouthshire by David Williams." On the 10th January, 1797, Mr. Jones addressed a letter to E. Williams, Strand, London, the publisher of the *Cambrian Register*, which was printed in the third volume of that periodical, which also contains a "Biographical Sketch of Howel Harris, Esq., of Trefecca," by him. A letter to Lancelot Morgan, Esq., Brecon, preserved in MS., gives a most interesting account of a *Cistvaen* (stone coffin), discovered on Ty-yn-y-llwyn Farm, in the parish of Llanfrynach, after the publication of his History. Mr. Jones conjectures that the interment took place during the early Christian era. On the 28th October, 1811, he addressed a communication to the Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. Nicholas Carlisle, giving an account of some Roman remains near Llandrindod, which was read on the 14th of the following

*Mr. G. T. Clark, in his "Land of Morgan," recently published by the Cambrian Archæological Association, says: "There is but one History of any Welsh County at all worthy of the name—Jones' Brecknock."

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month, and printed in the seventeenth volume of the *Archæologia.*

He was elected Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries 20th December, 1810, Sir H. Englefield, vice-president, in the chair. His last literary attempt was the translation of his favourite romance in the Welsh language, entitled *Gweledigaethau y Bardd Cwsg*, or, *Visions of the Sleeping Bard* (in the manner of the "Visions of Franciscode Quevedo"), by the Rev. Ellis Wynne,* which is in style one of the most beautiful works Welsh literature possesses. Mr. Jones translated it with great spirit, as well as close accuracy. Though this translation has never been published, George Borrow, author of *Wild Wales*, *The Bible in Spain*, &c., gave to the world another translation of this extraordinary production, which was published by Murray, 1860. Amongst his friends and correspondents he numbered the Rev. Richard Polwhele, of Polwhele, the learned historian of Cornwall and Devon, whose history is written upon a similar plan to that of Brecknockshire, and was published about the same time. Another friend, Mr. Wm. Williams, of Ivy Tower, Pembrokeshire, was the author of *Primitive History* (a presentation copy of this work from Mr. Williams to Theophilus Jones lies before me as I write); and "The Head of the Rock," a poem, in which he refers with enthusiasm to the inhabitants of Brecknockshire:—

"Brecon, fertile of the best of men.
Hail, Brecon, hail! with every comfort blest,
That mothers know of pious sons possess'd."

. . . . .

"The Traveller, tired and lone, partakes of Good,
Mountains are level'd to prepare his Road."†

. . . . .

"Nor in thy soil do these, fam'd Brecon, rise,
Sole treasures; other riches greet our eyes!"

. . . . .

"Distinguisht land, each spot each virtue fills,
Thy valleys patriots, saints adorn thy hills!"

Mr. Williams was maternally descended from Robert Ferrar, the martyred Bishop of St. David's.

For a description of the character of Theophilus Jones, I will quote what has been written by his friend, to whom I have before referred:—"In private life he was truly, as his friend Davies in the preface to his *Celtic Researches* has pourtrayed him, 'the generous friend and best-hearted of men.' Few, indeed, were more generally esteemed, or more sincerely regretted by those who knew him best. In his profession he was that highly estimable character, an upright, independent lawyer—zealous, as in duty bound, to protect and vindicate the

* Rector of Llanfair, Merionethshire. He was born 1670-1, died 1734. He was an excellent poet, and stands unrivalled as a Welsh prose writer. In 1701 he published a translation of Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living"

†This county introduced the newly-constructed roads into Wales—1775.

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legitimate rights and interests of his clients, but never sacrificing the convictions of his own unblemished conscience at the sordid altar of advantage. In society he was kind, affable, and good-humoured; hospitable, but unostentatious in his habits and mode of living; and considerately benevolent to the necessities of his poorer neighbours. In his religious creed he was upon the strictest principle a member of the Church of England. He embraced her tenets, not from the mere prejudice of education, but from conviction; for in this, as in all other matters, he strictly acted as he thought, but still in Christian charity towards those who conscientiously differed from him."

His last illness is supposed to have arisen from the effect of gout upon a constitution much weakened by repeated attacks of the malady. He lingered for some time, and after severe suffering died 15th January, 1812. He was buried at Llangammarch, in the same grave as his maternal grandfather, whose memory through life he held in the highest veneration. "When I am dead," he said, "let me be buried in the grave of my grandfather, and let my inscription be—'Here lies Theophilus Jones, the grandson of Theophilus Evans.'" His widow erected in the Collegiate Church of Brecknock, (where he had been educated when a boy, of which he had been for many years Chapter Clerk, and in the improvement of which he had ever taken the deepest interest,) a white and grey marble tablet to his memory, with the following inscription:—*

TO THE MEMORY
OF
THEOPHILUS JONES, Esq.,
LATE CHAPTER CLERK OF THIS COLLEGIATE CHURCH,
AND
DEPUTY REGISTRAR OF THE ARCHDEACONRY OF BRECKNOCK.
HE DIED JANUARY THE 15TH, 1812,
AGED 51.
HIS REMAINS, WITH THOSE OF HIS MATERNAL GRANDFATHER,
THEOPHILUS EVANS, CLK., LIE INTERRED IN THE CEMETERY
OF LLANGAMMARCH.
THIS MARBLE BUT RECORDS HIS NAME—THE HISTORY OF THIS, HIS LOVED,
HIS NATIVE COUNTY, WILL LONG SURVIVE AND BE
HIS MONUMENT.
THE ABOVE THEOPHILUS JONES WAS THE SON OF THE REV. HUGH JONES,
WHO WAS PREBENDARY OF BOUGHROOD,
LLANBEDR PAINSCASTLE, OF THIS COLLEGIATE CHURCH.

His library, containing a large and valuable collection of books, was sold by public auction in the town of Brecknock by Mr. Wise, of Bath, and very good prices were realised, many of the volumes being annotated by himself. The copyright of his History, with the copper plates and some MS. collections in his own writing, were purchased by Mr. George North, of Brecknock, for the sum of £255. Mr. Llewelyn, of Penllergaer, purchased a large number of his books, and these are now in

* There is some mistake as to his age, but I give the inscription as copied from the tablet.

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the library at Hendrefoilan, the seat of Mr. Dillwyn, M.P. for Swansea. The arms borne by Mr. Jones, and engraved on his book-plate, are those of Elystan Glodrydd, Prince of Ferregs, and are as follows:—Crest, a demi Lion, ramp. Sa.; Arms, 1st and 4th Sa., a Lion, ramp. regard. Or; 2nd and 3rd Arg. a Chevron Sa. between 3 boars' heads couped of the second, crined Or, impaling his wife's—Az. a Lion ramp. regard. Arg.; Motto, "Câs ni charo y wlâd a'i mago."

Theophilus Jones possessed a MS. copy of Aneurin's "Gododin." Its date appears to be about the year 1200. It is a small 4to of thirty-eight pages written upon vellum, and the lines are filled to the margin, irrespective of the metre. Capital letters, ornamented and coloured alternately red and green, are used only at the beginning of the paragraphs. The names of Gwilym Tew and of Rhys Nannor, who flourished 1440-1470, are inserted on one of the pages as severally owners of the MS., and the style of their penmanship appears to be more modern by at least two centuries than that of the book itself. Mr. Jones attached to this MS. the following note:—"This copy Mr. Davies, of Olveston, supposes to be that mentioned by Lhuyd, and said to have been lost out of the Hengwrt Library. It was given me by Mr. Thomas Bacon, who bought it from a person at Aberdâr." It afterwards became the most valued possession of the Rev. Thomas Price (Carnhuanawc), on whose death it was purchased by Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., of Middle Hill, co. Worcester.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Theophilus Jones removed to Llandovery, where she resided until her decease on July 22, 1828. She was buried in the chancel of Mothvey Church, Caermarthenshire, near her own relatives.

The engraving accompanying this paper is from a photograph of a sketch of Mr. Jones taken by the Rev. T. Price, underneath which the latter has written:—"An excellent likeness, taken a short time before his death by me, T. Price." The negative belongs to Mr. Joseph Joseph, F.S.A., Brecon, to whose kindness in supplying me with all the hitherto unpublished facts mentioned in this article, and in allowing me unlimited reference to his unique and valuable library, I am deeply indebted.

Brecon. GWENLLIAN E. F. MORGAN.

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A STORY OF A WELSH SPA.

By "Gwynllwyn."

CHAPTER IV.

I was up and out by eight the next morning. The Pump Room, which adjoined the new part of the Grove, was a sight before breakfast. Crowds of people were hurrying in and out, and thronging around the counter, over which glasses of fragrant saline and still more fragrant sulphur were handed. The room was odoriferous with the smell of this nectar, of which I then took my first and last glass. Sturdy old Welsh farmers, and their brisk chattering, old wives, were sipping the delightful beverages, and gossipping over their tumblers with the utmost enjoyment. Welsh and English conversation was rife; altogether the place was evidently the established lounge of the Wells visitors in general.

The young ladies were all to the fore. Miss Mostyn was supposed to be drinking the waters, but as she rarely appeared before breakfast at all, and never took anything afterwards, I doubt her having derived much benefit from them. Miss Wynn and Miss Morris had also been ordered one glass of saline daily. But, judging from the following conversation I heard between them on this particular morning, when they received their tumblers, I suspect that their health was not materially affected by over-indulgence in the mineral springs.

"Miss Morris, I really think it's nastier than ever to-day! And I am *sure* it's sulphur and not saline they've given me, in which case I shall *not* drink it!"

"*I*'m sure my tumbler is not the right size," rejoined her companion dismally, taking a little sip, and making a grimace over it.

"It looks such a lot to take! And I don't believe it does me any good. I think I won't take it to-day, just to see if I feel any difference."

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"Oh, come!" said Miss Wynn, laughing, "you didn't take any at all yesterday. *I* did, so I shall have a holiday this morning. Mamma isn't locking this way, is she? Oh no! her back's turned. Then I shall depart."

"Well, *I* shall not stay looking at the horrid stuff without you, so I'll give my respected parent the slip, too," remarked Miss Wynn; and with these words the young ladies placed their tumblers on the counter, and departed with great alacrity.

Letters and breakfast arrived at 9 a.m. I sat next Mr. Gray at this meal, and we struck up a friendship, on the ground of a mutual acquaintance. He showed me all the interesting points of the Wells during the morning, including the new church, which was one of the most perfect little buildings I ever saw. It only wanted an organ and a stained east window, and even without them it never failed to gladden the eyes of those imbued with so-called "advanced views," by the capabilities it possessed (in common with few churches in Wales) for the performance of a thoroughly good service, with appropriate ritual, within its walls.

On our way back to the Grove we met the three young ladies, escorted by George Mostyn, on their way to fish in the little river winding round the valley below the Cuckoo Grove Wells Common. We joined the party, and, during the two hours which we spent together, I continued to install myself so far in the good graces of Miss Mostyn, that on my way upstairs I heard her remark in a neighbouring apartment, of which she had left the door ajar, that "the new man seemed a very good sort, and quite up to a lark," which was certainly satisfactory.

Lunch over, the "young party," as we were called, started for an expedition over the hills to see an old church—church-hunting was a favourite Cuckoo Grove amusement—and did not return till nearly dinner time. This meal was more lively than yesterday's. I sat between Mrs. Mostyn and Miss Wynn, with Miss Mostyn as my *vis-à-vis*.

The conversation ran on some tableaux vivants which were in contemplation.

"You'll help us, of course, Mr. Ashton?"

This was from Miss Mostyn, who was evidently the manageress.

"I shall be delighted," was, of course, my reply.

"Then, which will you be? The Prince in the Sleeping Beauty, or Richard Cœur de Lion with John?"

After some hesitation I chose the lion-hearted monarch as my *rôle*, greatly to the disappointment, I saw, of the fair one who was to impersonate Beauty.

It was next settled that my costume should be George Mostyn's volunteer uniform, which he generously proffered for my use. I secretly thought that could Cœur de Lion appear he

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would feel rather astonished to see himself represented in such attire. However, this idea didn't trouble any of my companions.

After dinner we sat outside the drawing-room discussing scenes and characters until the omnibus arrived, bringing the visitors who had come by the eight o'clock train, and we at once directed our attention on these interesting objects.

Two ladies alighted from the carriage, one tall and elderly, the other a girl of average height, and, as far as I could tell from the passing glance, more than average beauty. They only remained a few moments at the door, and then disappeared within.

We now continued our discussion on the tableaux, until summoned "for some music." The girls, one and all, excused themselves from singing, but in vain: Miss Mostyn, always ready to evade that painful ordeal of warbling in the centre of a semi-circle of (would-be) æsthetic admirers round the piano, declared she had "an awful cold," "was as hoarse as a raven," and "hadn't a note in her voice." However, this availed her nothing; Mr. Blair remarked, in his sententious manner:—"In that case I should recommend your coming in, and not inhaling the damp atmosphere," whilst Mr. Gray (with politeness worthy of a better cause) offered to fetch her a box of Brown's Troches, and she reluctantly entered the drawing-room.

I was asked to favour the company, but backed out of it for that evening; I sat outside, and smoked a cigar instead, which was pleasanter.

At tea the new comers appeared. They were aunt and niece, I discovered, a Mrs. Paincefort and Miss Spencer. The aunt was a nice-looking old lady, with clear brown eyes, silvery hair, and a gentle, sweet voice, which won my fancy at once.

But the niece!

I had met pretty girls and beauties enough in my time, but never had I seen one who came up to this girl. She had a lovely figure, and the tight-fitting dark green dress she wore, only relieved by white frilling at the neck and sleeves, showed off that and her face to great advantage. She was very fair, with golden hair, half of which was in a curly mass over the front of her head, whilst the rest was done in a little knot low down at the back. (I am afraid my *forte* does not lie in descriptions of coiffures. Now, Dor. could have told you all about it twice as quick, only I cannot follow her unæsthetic way of describing things. She, I suppose, would speak of Miss Spencer as "wearing her hair in a great big fringe in front, and with a washerwoman's knot behind," which I don't call an elegantly-worded account). She had small, straight features, a pink and white skin, teeth like pearls, and the most lovely dark blue eyes I ever saw. Her voice, too, was sweet and ringing as a bell

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(N.B. *Not* the Grove dinner-bell, *par example.*) Altogether, her beauty was so perfect that I was taken up with watching her all through tea.

She looked as though she were thoroughly enjoying the humour of the scene and people around her, as well she might be. I must say that, until I stayed at the Grove, I never fully realized that

> "All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players,"

for the odd specimens of humanity I met there, and the peculiar events which occurred at the hotel, might well have been transferred to the boards of a London theatre.

Miss Spencer spoke very little to her aunt, but I saw her eyes wandering round the table, whilst now and again they gleamed, and her lips quivered, with suppressed mirth at anything particularly absurd. I fear Mrs. Mostyn thought me sadly gone off in social gifts since dinner, as I was so taken up with observing the new comers that I paid little or no attention to anyone else for the rest of the evening.

Next morning a letter arrived for me from Sage which Dor had forwarded. It was short, and I was inconsistent enough to feel somewhat hurt that she took my departure more coolly than I had expected. However, my wounded feelings did not affect me so deeply as to make me wish to renew negotiations with the young lady. After much consideration I wrote her a note, saying I was obliged to break off all future communications, owing to unlooked for circumstances. This note I enclosed in a letter to Dor, charging her to post it herself, without looking at the address, on pain of my severe displeasure. By this threat I knew that, even if her share (which was by no means a small one) in that essentially feminine foible, curiosity, proved too strong for her, she would not dare to hint at her knowledge of the mysterious direction. I did not give my address to Sage, therefore I now felt secure, and at liberty to sigh for the ease which her money would have afforded me.

The day was wet, *not* an unusual occurrence at the Cuckoo Grove Wells. I spent it in coaching the different performers in the tableaux, which were to come off the following day. The men were about the most hopeless set of sticks I ever had the pleasure of seeing: they didn't seem to have an idea of acting or of making any suggestion to help Miss Mostyn and me in arranging scenery and costumes out of scanty materials. The girls were better; but, what with one thing and another, I was busy until dinner time.

I had seen nothing of Miss Spencer all day, except at breakfast and lunch. She had been in close attendance on her aunt, who was an invalid, so I heard, and she put in no appearance

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whatever at dinner, somewhat to my annoyance, as it was quite refreshing to watch her. However, fortune favoured me later on.

About eight o'clock I was standing by the hall door, watching the incessant downpour, when a light footstep descended the staircase, and approached me. I turned at the sound, and beheld Miss Spencer, clad in an ulster, and with a little dark felt hat on, evidently intending to face the elements. She glanced at the pouring rain in some dismay, then, as a last hope, turned to me.

"Is it too late to post a letter up here, do you know?"

"I'm afraid so," I replied; "indeed, I'm sure of it. I saw the boy go down with the bag some time ago now."

"Thank you," answered the girl, adding cheerily. "Oh, well, a walk will freshen me up. Can you tell me which way the post-office is?"

"I *could*, certainly," I replied; "but it's not a fit evening for you to venture out, I'm sure. Will you allow me to take your letter down?"

"Oh, dear, no, thanks," she answered, "I shan't mind it at all. I really needn't trouble you."

"It's no trouble, I assure you," said I hastily, making a rush at my hat, mackintosh, and the best excuse I could devise on the spur of the moment to prevent her taking such a wet walk.

"I'm going down there myself really. I want some stamps, so I can take your letter."

"Are you sure?" asked Miss Spencer doubtfully. I don't think she quite believed me.

"Quite sure," I answered confidently (I really *did* want them, although I had had no intention of facing the weather that evening to satisfy my need).

"Well, if you really *are* going, I should be so much obliged if you posted this," said the girl, handing me a letter, with a grateful smile.

"Certainly," I replied, and set off on my errand with all speed. It was raining so fast, and the wind was blowing so hard, that I felt additional pleasure at having saved such a lovely girl from the walk. I posted the letter, and returned home very quickly (I may add, I forgot the stamps after all).

I found Miss Spencer in the drawing-room, making friends with Miss Mostyn and Mrs. Morris.

"Mr. Ashton, where *have* you been?" said the last-mentioned lady, as I approached. (She was "looking after" me for "Lizzie," I suppose.)

"You *said* you weren't going out this evening, and after all I saw you tearing down the avenue, just now."

"I—I—altered my mind," I answered hastily, wishing

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Mrs. Morris somewhere else. However, it was too late, for Miss Spencer had caught the words.

"I'm afraid I was the cause of that," she said to me, half reproachfully. "But you *declared* you were going down for stamps."

"Well, I should have had to go some time," I said, laughing, "and it was not fit for you."

"Well, it was *very* good of you to go. Thanks so much," and the girl gave me a smile and glance which would have made twice as disagreeable a walk a trifle.

Mrs. Morris evidently disapproved of the whole proceeding, and she turned the conversation, as well as Miss Spencer, from me. The girl soon left us, saying she must go back to her aunt, and I saw her no more.

Next morning I was once more taken up with tableaux preparations. Miss Spencer and her aunt took a drive together, and I did not meet them till lunch. I sat next the girl, and we soon entered into a conversation.

"You seem very busy to-day," she observed.

"Yes," I replied, "we are getting up tableaux to an indefinite extent, and when one has no available dresses but modern costumes, no scenery and stage but tables and table cloths, and," this in a low tone for her sole benefit, "no actors but sticks, it comes rather hard on the stage manager, as I have been constituted."

Miss Spencer's eyes gleamed with fun, as, glancing at Tom Williams, sitting opposite to her, she answered gravely—

"I can *quite* understand *that* difficulty."

The young man certainly didn't look as though he had a thought beyond the cold beef and pickled onions with which his plate was loaded.

"I should think Miss Mostyn acts well?" she went on.

"She *is* awfully good; if the rest were like *her* now. I should think you like acting, Miss Spencer?" I inwardly wished we had a few tableaux together.

"I love it," was her enthusiastic reply. "It is one of my chief ambitions to go on the stage. I really think I shall one day."

"My dear Flossy," said Mrs. Paincefort, who had hitherto listened to our conversation in silence (after having thanked me for my services the previous evening), "it is fortunate your ambitions are too many and too different to be all fulfilled: otherwise, I am afraid, you would lead a strange life."

"Well, I really *should* like to be an actress, Aunt Agnes," returned the young lady, unabashed. "I would sooner be that than anything—except a sister of mercy or a great authoress."

"What an incongruous collection of wishes, Miss Spencer," I remarked, with a laugh.

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"Very," she replied; "but I'm afraid my disposition is what the nurses call *contrairy*, which accounts for it. Would you give me some butter? Thanks. May I, in return, offer you this very appetising dish of onions, if they are in your line? *Are* you in the habit of seeing them served up *au naturel* for lunch?"

"No, I certainly am not," I replied, passing on the proffered delicacy with great haste. "I suppose it's a Grove habit, pure and simple; a Celtic taste on the part of Mrs. Price, no doubt. But I wish you had come in time to help us, Miss Spencer, and we could have had some really good tableaux."

"Thanks for the implied compliment; it was meant for me, wasn't it? Well, perhaps some more will be arranged before I leave, and then I can add my valuable aid."

"I rather doubt our getting up any more," I observed gloomily. "I hear Mrs. Price cut up very rough at our using her tables and table cloths, and upsetting the dining-room arrangements. If it hadn't been for Miss Mostyn (who is her great favourite) I don't fancy she would have allowed it at all."

"What an old crabstick!" exclaimed the girl, laughing; but at this moment the party rose, and she departed with her aunt, leaving me more fascinated than ever.

I had made two discoveries about her. One was that, despite her gentle thorough-bred manner, she was full of fun and life; the other was, that her name was Flossy, short for Florence, no doubt. It suited her exactly; she was so soft and bright, and her hair was just like floss silk.

By five o'clock I had completed all my preparations, and strolled up to the lake to refresh myself. I found Flossy and her aunt near the water; and, on my proposing a row, the young lady hailed it eagerly, on which Mrs. Paincefort graciously signified her intention of joining Miss Ambridge in a stroll, thus leaving her niece and myself to unrestricted enjoyment in my favourite boat.

Flossy secured an oar, despite my remonstrances, which were utterly disregarded. I was quite unprepared to find her so skilled in its handling, and was lost in admiration at her strength and dexterity, greatly to her amusement.

"Did you expect me to be one of the weak young ladies, who can't row more than five minutes because the oar hurts their hands?" she inquired.

"Well, no; not quite," I replied. "As you said you could row a little, I was more prepared for the style most girls I know possess. Their rowing is remarkable for a good deal of laughing, incessant crab-catching, a great amount of splashing, and constant appeals to know if they're not doing it well."

"I'm sorry you *could* imagine anything so dreadful of me," said Flossy with a laugh. "I think that style of young lady

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rowing is worse than the other. I was determined not to stop at that stage when I learned."

"Have you had much practice?" I inquired.

"Well, I had one summer, two years ago. We were staying at a place on the Thames, and I and Aunt Agnes' son, who rows splendidly, were boating all day."

We talked on and on unceasingly, now and then resting on our oars, and letting the boat drift along the blue water. I never met any girl or woman so pleasant a companion as Flossy. Most girls, particularly if you know them but slightly, require such an amount of pumping to get any talk out of them, and what you do get, as a rule, is not worth the trouble; or, if they are not shy, they have usually a habit of talking so fast themselves that you can't put in a word edgeways; and they have almost all a trick of leading a *conversation* into a *flirtation*, if you give them a chance, which, let me in candour add, one usually *does*.

Now, Flossy was not given to any of these bad ways. She had plenty to say for herself, but she allowed others to talk too; and though she did humbug and make daring remarks, I should like to have seen the fellow who could go one inch beyond what she liked in the way of fun.

Our three quarters of an hour row was certainly most enjoyable, and I sighed with regret when we parted at the hall door to dress for dinner. That repast over, the room was prepared, dresses donned, and proceedings began.

It *was* an impromptu affair. The three tables were pushed together at one end of the apartment, on which the tableaux were acted. By way of a curtain, a table cloth was held up on either side to hide the stage until the scene was ready, when it was dropped for the audience to see the tableaux. They, by the way, were forced to retreat to the drawing-room between each act, for the greater convenience of the performers, this part of the proceedings naturally causing much displeasure to the dowagers.

The first scene was Cœur de Lion and John. I, in the volunteer uniform, seated on a throne (an arm-chair with a rug thrown over it), looked down on the very poor representation of John in the shape of Ernest Williams, attired in a fur cloak, scarlet knickerbockers, and hunting boots; he tried hard to look as if he didn't mind being there, but failed signally in the attempt. In spite of my forming part of the tableaux I could not resist casting a glance towards Flossy, who, looking very pretty in a white dress, and with forget-me-nots in her hair, which I had gathered, sat watching us; and before I could make up my mind whether she approved of my becoming get up, the curtain was drawn amidst loud applause.

Tableau two was Norma kneeling before the Roman chieftain,

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entreating him to return to her. Miss Mostyn did the heroine's part very well, though how on earth she managed such an appealing gaze towards Ernest Williams, was more than I could imagine. Mary, Queen of Scots, surrounded by her maids of honour, followed, and this, in which four young ladies alone appeared, went off well.

Tableau four represented the smothering of the Little Princes in the Tower. George Mostyn and Tom Williams were the murderers, whilst two little girls did the Princes. Then came Eleanor offering the "dagger or the bowl" to Fair Rosamond. Miss Morris assumed a terror-stricken and mercy-imploring aspect on her knees, whilst Miss Mostyn brandished the dagger (*alias* a carving knife) with one hand, and presented the poison with the other, in a truly dramatic manner.

The sixth and last Tableau represented the Sleeping Beauty. Miss Wynn, in a pink tulle ball dress (it was a very likely costume for a Princess to be exploring garrets in), reclined on a sofa, over which Tom Williams leaned in hunting attire. Then kneeling down, he kissed her hand (I believe there had been a lively discussion off the stage whether this part of the tableau should not be carried out in strict accordance with the legend; however, the proprieties, or, in other words, the mammas, forbade the execution of this idea, which originated and ended with the Prince), the fair sleeper arose, took his arm, and the happy pair moved slowly across the stage.

This scene at an end, the actors re-entered private life, and I at once hurried to Flossy's side to ask her how she liked it.

"I think it was great fun," she replied; "but how awfully unhappy poor Mr. Ernest Williams looked."

"Didn't he!" I ejaculated. "I was pitying him sincerely, although I can't understand anyone minding it."

"So I," began Flossy, but stopped short.

"What were you going to say?" I inquired.

"Nothing, Mr. Ashton," she answered, laughing; at least, nothing *I* ought to tell you."

"Oh, please do," I said entreatingly (I always like a girl who speaks her own mind); and I added, "I am sure it was something about me, now, wasn't it?"

"Well, it was nothing you would particularly like to hear," said Flossy decidedly, and sipping her tea with the air of one who has concluded an argument.

"I should like to hear anything *you* might say," was my eager and rather foolish reply.

"You flatterer!" exclaimed my fair companion, nothing loth, nevertheless, to receive compliments, although evidently well accustomed to them. "It would serve you right if I did tell you."

"Do then, Miss Spencer! Please enlighten my—let me put

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down your cup—please enlighten me, only if it's anything very bad, I should prefer hearing it outside, where there are fewer standers-by, and where it will be cool and refreshing for my shattered nerves."

Flossy agreed to this proposal, so, stepping through the open bow-window, we walked through the wood on to the common, despite the remarks I felt sure the respective mothers of Misses Mostyn, Morris, and Wynn were making as to "the dreadful flirts that Miss Spencer and Mr. Ashton had turned out, and the pity it was that such a girl had not a better chaperon to prevent solitary ramblings with that young man." Flossy's aunt, however, was well aware of her niece's propensities, and also of her thorough capability of taking care of herself, therefore, like a wise woman, she let her charge follow her own sweet will.

"Now, Miss Spencer," I said when we were fairly out of hearing, "tell me what you were going to say. None is near, so my wounded pride won't have an additional shock from the comments of a third person."

"No, I really think I had better not," said Flossy. "I know you would be awfully angry if I did."

"On my honour, I won't," was my reply. By this time I was resolved to have it out.

"Well!" she began slowly, but in a half amused tone, "I was going to say that I could quite imagine *your* not understanding what nervousness is, because—no, Mr. Ashton, I can't tell you, it would be horribly rude."

I began to get ruffled, I must own: it was quite clear she had nothing good to say, and yet I was bent on hearing it.

"Well, Miss Spencer, I don't think you could say anything very bad of me."

"Why? Do you think you are perfection?" asked the girl mischievously.

"I don't think there's much harm in me," I replied shortly, feeling thoroughly cross.

"Well, then, Mr. Ashton, if you *will* have it,—because you are so *abominably* conceited! There!"

"Thank you, Miss Spencer!" said I, after which a dead silence ensued.

I think Flossy half wished she had kept her opinion to herself, and yet I am sure her blue eyes must have been gleaming with mirth at snubbing me so effectually. I really *had* nothing to say. When a girl tells him to his face that he is abominably conceited, what *is* a fellow to reply? If it had been anyone else, I expect I should have walked off and never spoken to her again for giving me such a piece of her mind on such short acquaintance, however much I might have pressed her to do so. But Flossy was different. I *could*n't persuade myself that she

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was a rude forward girl, whose opinion was not worth having. I couldn't even feel convinced that she was mistaken in her judgment, for I knew others thought the same, although I might not heed *their* verdict. No! I was thoroughly out of it for once. I dare say the reader may think it highly improbable and unnatural that a pretty girl with a sweet voice should, in two days' time, have cast such a spell over me; but if anyone doubts the fact, I can only offer one explanation—you don't know Flossy!

We passed up and down the path in front of the lake for at least ten minutes without speaking. At length the silence became so painful, and at the same time so ludicrous, that Flossy, in despair, broke the awkwardness of our situation.

"Now, Mr. Ashton, please don't be dreadfully angry with me. I know it was awfully rude to say such a thing, but you made me do it."

"I am not a bit angry with you, Miss Spencer," I said in a dejected tone, coming strangely from Charlie Ashton. "But I'm awfully sorry you have such a bad opinion of me. You've made me feel utterly small."

"Now don't be foolish," said Flossy promptly. "Thinking a man has a fault is not having a bad opinion of him. As to feeling small—well—I'm going to say something rude again—it won't do you any harm."

Snub the second for me. It was awfully humiliating altogether. I had never before been so openly accused of conceit. Dor had often inveighed against it in me, but a sister counts for nobody. *They're* always ready to find fault with their brothers. I can't think *why*, unless it is that they realise the enormity of their own faults, in seeing a very diminished edition of them in their family circle.

"If it had been any other girl but you, Miss Spencer, who had made such remarks, I would never have spoken to her again!" I said after another pause.

"Flattering for me!" laughed Flossy, adding, "I must say *I'm* not the person to pick holes in anyone else. If you're conceited, I've dozens of worse faults which get me into horrid scrapes now and then."

This was very confidential, certainly, and I liked it awfully, only a disagreeable thought crossed my mind—what would Flossy say if she knew of my Sage dilemma?

I was about to murmur some disclaimer as to her faults, when Flossy continued—

"For instance, Mr. Ashton, I'm sure Mrs. Morris would consider it much less dreadful your being conceited, than for me to be telling you your faults out here at this time of night. On the strength of which," she went on laughingly, "suppose we retrace our way, only you must forgive me for being so rude. I

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really *am* sorry if I have hurt your feelings," and she looked up so anxiously and sweetly that the most offended man (which I was not) couldn't have resisted her.

"On the contrary, Miss Spencer," I said warmly, "you have done me a service in telling me of my faults in a way which no one has done for years, except my sister, and I'm afraid I didn't believe her."

"You should *always* attend to what *she* says," observed the girl. "Sisters know, or *ought* to know, their brothers far better than anyone else. I haven't any brothers myself, but Aunt Agnes' son is very much the same, so I always lecture him if I see anything amiss, and he always listens."

"I should think him a fool if he didn't," I replied briefly.

"Well, Mr. Ashton," said Flossy, laughing again, "you certainly *are* good-tempered. I should like to hear myself paying anyone a compliment after being snubbed so mercilessly ten minutes earlier! Here we are at the door," and as she spoke, we entered the hall.

Before going to hunt up her aunt, Flossy turned to me with a smile, and holding out her pretty hand said—

"We part good friends, don't we, Mr. Ashton?"

I must do the girl the justice to say that I am sure she intended me to shake her hand and not to kiss it. However, I preferred the latter course, and as no one saw or heard it, I don't think Flossy objected very strongly to the proceeding. She only blushed and laughed, and remarked that *that* was *quite* unnecessary; and, after wishing me good night, entered the drawing-room. I felt utterly unfit for society after this, so I repaired to my own room to ponder over my conversation, and to hope that she was quite clear as to her sisterly feelings towards that cousin, whom I heartily wished was not in existence.

(*To be continued.*)

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SHAKESPEARE A FREEMASON.

> Mark his condition and the event: then tell me
> If this might be a Brother!

It is said, and evidences of the truth of the statement are not wanting, that elaborate essays have been written, and most satisfactory proof given that Shakespeare must have been a lawyer, a doctor, a soldier, a sailor, an actor, a gardener, a woolstapler, a horseboy, a glover, a schoolmaster, a publican, a poacher, a tanner, a gravedigger—indeed, if a tithe of the statements made respecting him be true, he must verily have "played many parts," and "his acts" must have numbered considerably over "seven ages!"

We have in our time listened to grave attempts, made with more or less success, to show that he must have been "a Papist," "a Jew," "a spleeny Lutheran," "an ambitious Churchman," "a dissentious rogue," "a heathen philosopher," "a pagan rascal"—in brief, he has been trotted out in more characters than we "have thought to put them in," or "imagination to give them shape." Passing all these enquiries by, however, not as "unconsidered trifles," but rather as "deserving of high commendation and applause," we propose to consider within the present limits if there is fair ground for the oft-asserted statement that Shakespeare was a Freemason!—premising, for general information, that we have it not in intention to rake up and produce as evidence any "special word," "set phrase," or "certain marks" whereby his brotherhood might unquestionably be established after a fashion and in a manner unfitting for profane ears, but more by reference to such "covert allusions," "hidden meanings," "veiled teachings," and "symbolic illustrations" as may be sufficiently well understood by the initiated, if not by the general reader.

An eminent Freemason, upon the occasion of his installation as W.M. of the "Bard of Avon" Lodge, in June, 1872, in the course of an admirable address, delivered to a singularly appreciative audience, quoted several passages from the plays of the great dramatist, which, according to his judgment, had not merely a Masonic bearing, but also indicated the possession by the author of very special Masonic knowledge. It was not to be expected that "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined" within the narrow

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bounds of an after-dinner speech, any more could be done in this direction than simply to offer for acceptance a few illustrations; the aptness and the force of which, and the skill exhibited in their selection, produce in our mind a profound regret that one so gifted, so competent, so thoroughly qualified to deal exhaustively with such an interesting enquiry, should have permitted the handsome volume entitled *Shakespeare a Freemason* to be printed and published, without having given himself the trouble—nay, the gratification—of collecting and accumulating further proofs from the vast stores at his disposal; stores of wealth, which his skilled hand would have found no difficulty in arranging "in order," and with his ready pen, presenting his brethren "in due form" and "cunning manner" with much additional evidence: for "in faith he is a worthy gentleman, exceedingly well read!"

The enquiry is one in which, in our "salad days" when we were "green in judgment," some thirty years ago, we took an absorbing interest—an interest which "age has not withered nor custom staled." It possessed for us an attractive charm which has not yet entirely left us; for it is, so to speak, the lingering perfume laden with the pleasant influences of the past—*alieni temporis flores*—which has aroused us from the drowsiness engendered by years of apathy and neglect, to accept the challenge of the distinguished brother aforesaid, as conveyed by him in his most instructive and interesting book, to wit—that others should aid this enquiry with their own researches, should lend brotherly assistance to strengthen the evidences and proofs, so as to make them not merely acceptable, but also conclusive.

It is, however, not because we would attribute the fewness of the illustrations in the volume to which we refer, to the

Modesty that has not craft to colour,

or that we have any lurking feeling "in our heart of hearts" that the quotations therein given bear somewhat the same comparison with the other subject matter therein contained, as did Sir John Falstaff's "half-penny-worth of bread" to the "intolerable deal of sack" therewith associated; but because we have ventured humbly to think "our ancient skill may beguile us" into contributing some small measure of information to the researches of those who have gone before us in the enquiry, and thus it may be "thoughts speculative their unseen hopes relate" "in passages of proof." It is in such a spirit that we have collated and now offer a few illustrations and comments as simply evidences "within the scope of our opinion," in trustful confidence that no dire consequences may ensue between us and our illustrious brother, because it may be said of us in the present instance—

In one line two crafts directly meet.

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There can be very little doubt, we think, that the Great Master was intimately acquainted with, and moreover learned in "the traditions, forms, and ceremonies" which we are accustomed to associate with "Brotherhoods in Cities," but we desire to avow at starting that we are not among those who insist and declare that he must have been a Freemason simply because of the oft-quoted line in *Love's Labour Lost*—

I will visit thee at the Lodge.

To assume this would be to urge our claim unfairly, to build upon insecure foundation, for it should be remembered that the words thus used were spoken by Armado to Jaquenetta; and, while we have not the slightest objection to admit it to be quite within the limits of possibility that a Freemasons' Lodge might have been intended or thought of, it must also be borne in mind there is not a particle of evidence to show that women were frequenters of, or even admitted at all into Masonic Lodges in those days any more than in our own. One feels more justified in calmly settling down in the conviction that Armado had other intentions in visiting the lodge than the study of the liberal arts, but this interpretation he might resent as an attempt on our part "to enquire too curiously," so we will say no more about it.

In precisely the same category is the passage in *Titus Andronicus*, where Saturninus, alluding to his brother Bassianus, says—

He and his lady both are at the Lodge.

But there are other references to Lodges which are not open to an objection of this nature, for example—

The Lodge in a Warren,

alluded to by Benedick in *Much Ado About Nothing;* again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Justice Shallow accuses Sir John Falstaff thus—

Knight, you have beaten my men,
Killed my deer, and broken open my Lodge.

And yet once again, in the same play, when Mistress Quickly issues her directions—

The several chairs of order look you scour,

it is by no means an unfair interpretation that she meant the chairs of the Master and Wardens of the Lodge, which, peradventure, might have been holden at the sign of "The Garter!"

Let us pass on, however, to show how intimate must have been the bard's acquaintance with the administration of a lodge. In *Taming of the Shrew*, Biondello, in a conversation with Vincentio, makes use of the expression "My old Worshipful Master;" and scattered through other plays are frequent

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references to "Worthy Masters," "Potent Masters," "Good Masters," "Elder Masters of known honour," and so on.

The allusion to "Warden's Pies" in *The Winter's Tale* is suggestive of pleasant intimacy with the Junior Warden, if not during work, at any rate in his call from labour to refreshment!

"Chaplains" are rather hardly dealt with in *Henry VIII.* as "Teachers of divers and dangerous opinions which are heresies."

The only reference to "a Treasurer" will be found in *Antony and Cleopatra*, but we are given "a master Secretary" in *Henry VIII.*, and an allusion to those "who play the Scribe" in *Titus Andronicus.*

Deacons, Masters of Ceremonies, and Organists do not appear to have earned for themselves the privilege of having their names enshrined in any play: perchance as officers they did not exist. If they did, we may feel assured that they were not only "Officers fit for the place," but also "Officers of great worth."

We find in *Pericles* mention made of "A Sojourner;" and in *Henry VIII.* we find "Pursuivants;" while in *Twelfth Night*, *King Lear*, *Timon of Athens*, and other plays we discover "A Steward." In this last play we find also a passage which can only refer to Inner Guards—

> Employed to guard sure their Master.

And to conclude the office of Tyler must of a surety be meant in *Othello*, for to whom but a Tyler could Montano speak when he says—

> Guard the door without.

Touching lodge observances, &c., it would be easy to multiply illustrations. Let us take two or three at random. For example, what more complimentary remark could be made to a skilled Master of a Lodge than

> You have made good work, you and your apron men.

Or again,

> You have made fair hands, you and your crafts.

both quotations being taken from *Coriolanus.*

On the other hand, what can be more suggestive of an incompetent Master of a Lodge than the observation of Justice Shallow in *Henry IV.*—

> He is not his craft's Master, he does not do right.

In *Much Ado about Nothing* there is a delicious snub to those who are given to the performance or non-performance of their duties "by virtue of their office!" Are there no Dogberrys to be found in these latter days?

What more natural and pertinent enquiry from a Master, say

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to an unpunctual, unprepared junior warden than we chance upon in *Julius Cæsar*—

> Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

How widely different was the estimation in which Masons were held in the old days as compared with our own times may be learned from a line in *Henry VI.*—

> The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Turn to *The Tempest*, and see how differently Prospero thought and spoke—

> Mark but the badges of these men,
> Then say if they be true.

And touching these same badges it is curious and extremely interesting to note how apt and correspondent is the description often given in *Measure for Measure*

> Lambskins, too, to signify that Craft
> Being richer than innocency, stands
> For the facing.

Passing other references to "Aprons, Rules, and Hammers," it will be profitable to examine well the references to Masonic emblems, showing as they do not only a thorough knowledge of the symbolic teachings conveyed, but an equally thorough appreciation of their lessons, which are strengthened and enforced with singular effect and beauty of expression. Turn to *Antony and Cleopatra.* What can be finer, clearer, or more in harmony with Masonic interpretation than Antony's reply to Octavia—

> I have not kept my square: but that to come
> Shall all be done by rule.

In the same play we learn how the brethren should dwell together in unity—

> Should square between themselves
> And cement their divisions.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, observe how Leontes evidently attaches the same meaning to the word when he says—

> O that I had ever squared me to thy counsel.

And in *Measure for Measure* occurs the beautiful reproof given by the Duke to Barnadine, as one who

> Apprehends no further than this world,
> And squarest thy life according.

We could almost be content to rest our claim to consider the Great Magician one of the brotherhood, upon these last evidences; but we proceed, even although in our next illustration we find ourselves sadly admonished by learning that even Masons are sometimes not above taking advantage of each other, for does not Trinculo, in *The Tempest*, pleasantly justify theft by his droll remark—

> We steal by line and level.

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But let us endeavour to deal with the vexed question of oaths, about which we have heard and read so much of late. How striking are the words of Suffolk in *Henry VI.*—

> A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue.

And again in the *Comedy of Errors*, where we read—

> It is a branch and parcel of my oath,
> A charitable duty of my order.

In *Measure for Measure* we not only obtain the following brief reference to the secret!

> It is a mystery!

but we are darkly and impressively warned—

> 'Tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips.

And in *King John* occur the following lines, which we are satisfied to quote without comment or remark of any kind—

> And whisper one another in the ear,
> And he that speaks doth grip the hearer's wrist.

Let us ask next if we can learn aught respecting the different grades and steps in the Order. Take two quotations. In *Henry VI.* we read—

> Thou wast installed in that high degree.

Again, in *Twelfth Night*—

> He's in the third degree.

In *Henry V.* we find a quaint passage—

> Singing Masons building roofs of gold,

from which it would seem that our ancient brethren were accustomed to sing while at labour. Times are changed somewhat in this respect also. Our modern brethren take to their work sadly and decorously, and reserve their singing for refreshment.

But once more. Shall we make the attempt to discover any idea as to what the brotherhood was, then as now? It is our desire that the world should be rightly informed as to the true meaning of the mystic tie? Then turn again to *Antony and Cleopatra*, and let Agrippa be our spokesman—

> To hold you in perpetual amity,
> To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
> With an unslipping knot.

Do we desire that candidates for admission into the Order should learn beforehand the fashion of their welcome? Let us turn this time to *Julius Cæsar*, and let Brutus speak for us—

> Our hearts
> Of brother's temper, do receive you in
> With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

But we may, perhaps, be asked which, if any, of the prominent characters in Shakespeare's plays may with fair reason be

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adjudged to be of the brotherhood. Shall they reply themselves? Will their own testimony be held sufficient? With whom commence? Surely, with Prospero, "the great," the potent Master—

> Rapt in secret studies,
> In the liberal arts without a parallel.

The Duke in *Measure for Measure*, avows himself thus—

> I am a brother of gracious order.

Richard II. says of himself—

> I am sworn brother.

Whether or not Othello was a Freemason seems to be an open question; but we think we can claim Brabantio as one upon his own admission—

> Mine's not an idle case, the Duke himself
> Or any of my brothers.

Glendower, in *Henry IV.*, would appear to have been not merely a brother, but a Welsh brother, with strong Gladstonian proclivities. For example, when he enquires,

> Shall we divide our right
> According to the threefold order?

Benedick unmistakably was a Mason—we unhesitatingly pin our faith to him, for does not Beatrice, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, say of him—

> He hath every month a new sworn brother.

He was, doubtless, one of the most jovial members of a most popular and thriving lodge, to which we confess we should ourselves much like to have been attached.

If we desire to represent how genial, how thoroughly hospitable a brother can be, what better representative can we select than Bardolph in *Henry V.* List to his promise—

> I will bestow a breakfast on you, friends,
> And we'll be all sworn brothers.

Our old friend Pistol, in the same play, was scarcely behind in this hospitable feeling; indeed, he just steps in and supplies what was wanting in his brother's kind invitation, when he says—

> And liquor likewise will I give to them,
> And friendship shall combine with brotherhood.

But we have stretched our cable to its limits, and must now turn for a little while from the Operative Masonry of the past to the Speculative Masonry of the present, and it is here we venture to think is best discovered the fulness and perfectness of the Great Master's knowledge; it is here we obtain our most beautiful and touching illustrations.

We will suppose, in the first instance, the moral virtues ask for recognition. With very little search we are able to clothe a

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model Mason with them, and present him not merely "bearing the badge of Faith," but "keeping it firm and inviolable"—"strong as a tower in Hope"—and "bound by Charity"—

> For charity itself fulfils the law,
> And who can sever love from charity?

Next in order would come the principles upon which the Order is said to be founded, and in like manner we find them also noticed. Brotherly love: by the injunction, "Use your brothers brotherly." Relief: "Wherever sorrow is." And "Truth: "To the end."

> For truth can never be confirmed enough,
> Though doubts did ever sleep.

And yet once more the truly Masonic utterance,

> I will find
> Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
> Within the centre.

A rapid reference to the cardinal virtues is all we can allow ourselves. A true Mason will ever "let his own discretion be his tutor"—"will acquire a temperance"—"endure out of the fortitude of his soul"—and "will be just and fear not." And of him may be said in truth—

> His life is paralleled
> E'en with the stroke and line of his great justice.

And lastly, we will endeavour to see whether the Great Master in any way recognised "Virtue, Honour, and Mercy" as being the distinguishing characteristics of a Freemason. There are those, no doubt, who agree with Bevis in *Henry VI.* that

> Virtue is not regarded in handicraftsmen.

But we prefer to hold otherwise, and desire in conclusion to place on record our firm belief that there are good and true representatives of the Ancient Brotherhood of whom it can be righteously said as regarding their daily lives and practice, that they "show Virtue her own feature," "hold Honour far more dear than life," and regard Mercy as "Nobility's true badge"—that there are those who can add conscientiously—

> My Virtue is my privilege.
> Mine Honour is my life.
> I render deeds of Mercy.

And to whom do the well-known, oft-repeated, beautiful lines which follow appeal with more eloquence and force than to a Freemason? to whom are they more familiar? to whom do they convey the like meaning or the same teaching?

> The quality of Mercy is not strained,
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

And thus for the moment our enquiry must end. The presentation, as a whole, is not an unfair or misleading one;

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and if in some few instances a bearing has been given to passages and expressions which may not possibly stand the test of severe critical analysis, yet enough is left, more than enough, fully to establish our claim. It has been explained how it came about the present examination was undertaken—more in light pleasantry than in sober seriousness: let it be sufficient to add that it was commenced with a pleasure, lasting to the end, which is reached with reluctance and regret. So much has been left unsaid that might have been well said—so much said that might have been far better said—so many points of interest scantily touched—so many left untouched altogether; still the object sought will be attained, if a gleam of pleasure has been conveyed to a single reader—if a grain of information has been imparted—or a thought communicated in harmony with the intention.

Swansea. E. J. M.

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LEAVES FROM A CRIMINAL NOTE BOOK.

(*With Original Illustrations.*)

III.

SINS HETEROCLITICAL.

I agree most heartily with that fine old moralist, Sir Thomas Browne, that "of sins heteroclitical, and such as want either name or precedent, there is ofttimes a sin even in their histories." Such sins you will not find historied here. Sufficient for you and for me that I have had to listen to their recital. It was an experience which I would give worlds to have foregone. Under one of these tales of disgust, sickening to the point of horror, I remember feeling an intense desire to rush out into the street and kiss the dust before the hoofs of the scavenger's hack as an animal of infinitely higher rank and nobler kindred and calling than myself. The tale, in other forms, was repeated again and again in my ears, and like stains of ink upon paper have its impressions clung to my memory. Time may erase them, but not without leaving the mark of his knife.

Let us change a subject which I only introduced here because it was connected with one of my very earliest experiences, and I have been anxious to get a disagreeable matter off my hands as speedily as possible. This, therefore, is necessarily a short leaf.

IV.

POLICE RECRUITS.

Of policemen I shall have a good deal to say in the course of these jottings. The great recruiting ground for this class of people with us was Pembrokeshire, of which county it used to be a tradition, that you could never throw a stone into a hedge but up would start a policeman. We got them chiefly, I think, because of their uniformly excellent physique—great broad-

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chested, fresh-faced fellows, whom a little drill converted into the genuine article. Obliged to comb and brush the hair, shave, and clean their accoutrements daily, and to practise themselves in the keeping of a regular journal, the endorsing of summonses, hunting out information in reference to offenders wanted in other districts, and so on, they soon showed signs of smartening up both in body and mind. They generally lost the old awkward, doddipol slouch of gait and rusticity of manner in about twelve months after joining, sometimes in less. At the end of that time they were drafted off into the various districts converging upon the one where they were taken on, which was presided over by the Chief-Constable in person.

Early steps in police life

It was interesting very often to watch the early steps of these men in police life. There were at least two quarters of our town where a recruit (as the novice was called) would inevitably have had his eyes blackened and his ribs well roasted if he were to venture through alone. They were inhabited principally by Irish, who would have instantly despoiled their country woman, commemorated by Tom Moore, of those rich and rare gems that she wore had she showed herself in the streets without a strong escort. Times are so changed. Nothing like the ancient simplicity has been known in our parts since Sergeant Bouncer left the Three Cranes District, which he boasted having civilised to such an extent, that he used to hang his patent lever watch outside the station door to enable the public to tell the time of day. These rowdy, thieving quarters of our town, I shall, for reference sake, and particularly for that of clearness, name respectively the Potters' field and the Cedars.

Nothing pleased the recruit better than the chance of stopping a fight or arresting a thief, and nothing pleased the roughs so much as to see him trying it on. Round went the signal: "He's a young 'un. All serene"—and great snakes, you should see the licking the poor peeler would get in a jiffey. This the fellows called his first milling, and unless our recruit not only took the thrashing in good part, but paid his footing afterwards, he was reckoned not worth a hang. I never knew but one coming well out of it. He was particularly big, powerful, and gamey, and he managed to give the mob play enough

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until assistance came, when, as a matter of course, there was a stampede. When P.C. X.117 brought in his man in triumph, and showed honourable wounds received in the fight, his comrades of the mess were wild with delight.

P.C. X.117 brought in his man in triumph, and showed honourable wounds received in the fight.

To give these demons their due, it must be admitted the fault was not always theirs as a mob. It is astonishing the difference there is in handling a mass of people. I knew a constable whose life averaged about three more or less violent assaults a month. He was an old soldier, and of the breed of the bantam. In a street row he would so effectually set spectators and everybody else by the ears, that it was no uncommon thing to see the principals in the fight leave off pummelling each other, and by mutual agreement pitching into the peacemaker; the crowd taking sides against the weakest, as crowds almost invariably do. Generally speaking the recruit's besetting sin was imperiousness. With the bright buttoned blue coat on he thought the world and all of himself. He brooked no opposition to his official word, no matter how trifling the occasion; hence his trouble and punishment. Now a British mob will only submit to be ordered about by those who know how to do it. The old stager boasts this as one of the fine strokes which his experience enables him to make whenever occasion requires. The method is very simple on the face of it. He has only to keep his temper, to set the mobocracy on good terms with itself, and his work is over. Should any particularly obstreperous individual require attention after this, plenty of assistance will be forthcoming, and the most the officer will be called upon to do is to walk after the fellow to the station, just to see that his late companions and sympathisers do not knock the life out of him on the way.

Every man receives on joining a complete kit, uniform, helmet, belts, a staff, handcuffs, lantern, &c., and also a "Manual of Instructions" how to do his duty. The "Manual" I saw was a particularly stupid affair, in which nothing was set down that any policeman ever thought of practically carrying

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out—a mere mass of antiquated absurdity, not much better than a Lord's Mayor's Show, or a Feast of Fools at Christmas. It must have been drawn up by a martinet of the stamp we see made fun of in a pantomime, and would, if literally obeyed, be often productive of some such ridiculous result as that which attends the stage policeman when Clown and Pantaloon get hold of him. If I thought it would interest you I would give a *résumé* of its contents, but it would be neither amusing nor instructive, and I therefore won't attempt the task.

V.

DETECTIVES AND THEIR WORK.

The highest form of police art is, no doubt, the detective. No amount of training can make a man a good detective, clever though he may be in other respects. Like poets, detectives are born, not made. On nine occasions out of ten, the case which appears to the common eye to have been smartly worked up is really nothing of the kind; while on the other hand, it not unfrequently happens that results which look small in themselves have been attained only after an expenditure of great labour and profound skill. Common thefts are most awkward things to deal with very often. In some of the simpler forms information of loss is given to the police, and they go round the pawnbrokers with a description of the article, by which means they are able either to track the thief who has pledged it, or lie in wait for him until he puts in an appearance. In country towns the pawnshop is the great receiving place for stolen articles of almost all kinds, and it is through the keepers of such establishments that ninety-nine felonies out of every hundred are brought home to the perpetrators. The keepers are Jews almost to a man, and although I do not charge them, as a race, with invariably dishonest dealing, I must say that in the whole course of my experience I rarely met with an instance where the boundary line was not shaved as closely as it was possible.

At mine Uncles.

Jews, by a kind of freemasonry, are known among thieves as great buyers of poultry, and the police, acting upon this knowledge,

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have been able to trace many a hen-roost robbery which would otherwise have escaped unpunished. The poultry thieves among us were for the most part navvies; although ironworkers were at one time very fond of the pastime. A stolen goose or hen when not sold, would, after its neck was wrung, be bled, wrapped up in clay, and baked, much after the manner of an Otaheitan pig, in the furnace ashpit or some glowing Ætna of a cinder tip at the works. A loaf or two of shop-bread (locally designated "starvers"), with stolen potatoes roasted in their jackets, washed down *ad lib.* with beer clubbed for by the company, made a capital spread, to which all of the confraternity were welcome.

Dick William Shôn was one day taken up for having thus dealt with a prime goose. His brother, who was not altogether right in the head, one of those unfortunates described as having "gone in with the bread and come out with the cakes," watched his departure handcuffed between two policemen, and drew half the town after him by his lamentations.

"Good-bye, Dick?" said a friend to soothe the sorrow of the prisoner as the procession passed. "Remember me to the people on the farm" (in the prison).

"Aye, Rockyn lad," remarked the party addressed, with the most doleful of whines. "I'm off, you see, and I don't know in the world what for. Indeed, indeed, I don't, so there now."

"Be of good heart, my boy," responded his friend in the most provokingly cool of consolatory tones, "you won't be long before finding out"—and the mob roared.

I forget, now, what the fine was, but the offender's brother was heard, not long afterwards, declaring upon his soul that all poor Dick did was to "cut her head off with a shovel, but he had to pay just the same."

I was on the subject of detectives. Once or twice I came across the genuine article in the rough. One was a signalman, and the other a sergeant of police. The former rendered excellent service in breaking up a gang of railway thieves. The latter displayed real genius in a more trifling affair which I will briefly narrate.

VI.

A POLICEMAN WHO INVENTED A CLUE.

A man one night complained at the station that his eldest

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lad had been that afternoon robbed of half-a-sovereign on his way to the shop for some butter for household use. The youngster could give no fuller description of the thief than that he was a boy a little older than himself, and very ragged. The father thought no more of the affair, concluding that the police might just as well drag the bottom of the sea or search the nearest hayrick for a needle as try to recover the money or get at the robber. To his surprise the sergeant who had heard the story called upon him next morning with the spoiler, and with the greater part of his spoil. The former was shortly afterwards sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment and five years' detention in a Reformatory. His capture was very cleverly effected, although all the public knew of the affair was that, "from information received," the lad had been taken into custody. But the facts were these: The Sergeant having fixed his eye upon a certain lad as the *probable* offender, met in the very nick of time a couple of his companions, one of whom he drew aside, and held colloquy with in fashion following:—

"Alfie," said the Sergeant, in an insinuating tone, "little Jack Moggins has been 'clecking' about you to-day. He said you got all the money from him that he stole off that little boy in the street, who had the plate in his hand going to the shop for butter."

"O! there's a lie, s' help me tater, there now," returned Alfie, in disgust. "I didn't get half the bunts; only a penn'orth of kisses altogether, and Jack's been spending some of it not a minute ago at the shop of Flimby the fishman. There's a lie, wasn't it! Why, here's Tom Jinks, who's been with me all the time, as knows better. Look 'ere, Sergeant, I axed Jack for a shilling of it, and he said as he'd give me a flip in the eye if I went on like that, although it was I as held the nipper whilst Jack got the quid from him."

"Ah! get out, mun," put in Tim. "It wasn't a quid at all; on'y half uv one."

"But Jack," rejoined the Sergeant, "says you Tim ran up agenst the boy, and nearly knocked 'im over, so as he and Alfie could have time to slip it out of the way."

"That's right enough, that is," assented Master Jinks. "But I shouldn't have done it, blowed if I should, if we thought as Johnnie wouldn't have parted like a trump."

Of course all the rest was easy, and it is necessary only to add that while the eldest and more daring of these associates in crime received the heavy punishment already specified, the other two escaped with nothing worse than a sound birching.

You will have seen that the secret of this detective's success was the facility, or rather the accuracy, indeed it might have

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been both combined, with which he *invented* the clue which resulted as particularised. Every fact in his part of the con-

A policeman who invented a clue.

versation was hypothetical only. Others wait for the clue to come to them, so that nothing may be left them to do but mechanically to follow it up.

VII.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION.

In dealing with offenders of all classes, but young ones more particularly, the police have a system of inquisition terrible almost as Torquemada's. We'll take the young ones first. These generally hunt in couples or in gangs. You rarely find a shop broken into or a pocket picked but there is sure to have been more than one in the swim. The practice in such a case is to pitch upon a suspected youngster, run him in, tell him that his companions have "clecked," and await the result. If this is not immediately satisfactory he is subjected to a rigid cross-examination, first by one and then by another official. He is often thrust into the messroom, where the men are as fond of children as sailors are of monkeys, there to be fed, warmed, sung to, with a concertina or banjo accompaniment, and his whole nature so softened down that in a moment of apparently careless chat he returns the kind communicativeness of his guardians with a full confession. If this does not draw him he is threatened with the dark cell, and starvation or a birching previous to being put to bed with the rats. One or other of these methods seldom fails to be effectual.

As regards adults, the regimen is varied. So far as mere words are concerned they are threatened never. It would not do. A magisterial censure would be pretty sure to follow; adults being so much more likely to "split." The effect of kindness is, however, often, and cross-examination always resorted to. The judges, I know, are down like a thousand of bricks

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upon every *divulged* instance of the application of this kind of screw, but as a body they may be said to know next to nothing of the practical working up of a case. Whether such conduct be reprehensible or the contrary, it is true, nevertheless, that if it were not "tried on," half the offenders in the country would escape punishment; would never be brought to trial, in fact, and there would be no necessity for half the present number of magistrates and judges, in consequence.

VIII.

THE GREAT CARLES ROBBERY.

The police, as you will have seen, believe that all is fair in love and law. All sorts of tricks are tried in order to bring about, first the offender's arrest, and then his confession. Attached to the force is a regular army of spies, whose allegiance and co-operation are secured, not by pay, but merely by the turning of a blind eye to little matters which, if an officer liked to "show nasty," as the saying goes, he might convert into fruitful sources of trouble for the objects of his displeasure. An invaluable ally is the publican whose house is the favoured resort of prostitutes and thieves. The "custom" of these creatures enabled a spy of this sort whom I once knew to live in a country house and keep a carriage and pair, which he drove in state to church on Sunday, with a footman in livery behind him, and on week days, night and morning, from and to the gin-reeking, sin-soddened shanty, wherein he stood and served for sixteen or seventeen hours at a stretch. Another such a tool in police hands is the better sort—there are degrees even here, I

Official favouritism is the secret

assure you—of brothel keeper. Shani Shirgare (Carmarthen Jenny), of the Cedars, in our town, has been known to boast, in particularly mellow moments, that she has committed

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a hundred and fifty robberies without once "getting copped." Why the immunity, and whence? Not on the score of good looks, surely, for uglier ogress was never nick-named woman. Official favouritism is the secret, but whole hogsheads of her favourite beer could not expand her into communicativeness on the point. She says it is all her luck and cleverness, and blames others for their bungling. When playing her game of brag, never has she been heard saying how many scores of girls, yet in their novitiate, she has ruined and sent to penal servitude, sacrificing them so that she might escape. Never does she let out that she is in the confidence of the police, and is constantly consulted by the inferior officers as to the antecedents of every stranger within the gates of that horrid neighbourhood. Never has she told of the trusts she has betrayed, or of the energy with which she has worked to discover every thief who has not shared the swag with her. Never; but all these things are well known, just the same. She draws the line at all this. There are others besides Shani who drive a like trade. Who does not remember what Mr. Larry O'Lorne, the keeper of the "Marquis of Granby," in our town, did in one of the biggest brothel robberies on local record? Everybody knew old Billy Carles; rich freeholder, owner of mineral property, receiver of royalties. Might have been member for the borough, and a leader of society, had he chosen. But, like many other old fools, he wasted his substance in riotous living. One night, coming home from Hillfield Fair, where he had effected several heavy sales, he was inveigled into a low public-house, and thence into a lower den still, where he was eased of four hundred pounds in gold and notes.

There was a terrible to do over it. Lizzie Betts, the girl who had robbed him, pleaded guilty at the Assizes, but refused to tell what had become of the money. She was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude and five years' police supervision. After serving four she obtained a ticket of leave, and then made straight for her old haunts. Larry O'Lorne she found without difficulty.

"Mr. Lorne," she said, "I want to see you in private on very particular business."

Liz had been decently brought up, and was a well-spoken girl, and pretty.

"I want no truck with characters of your sort," replied O'Lorne, assuming as stiff an attitude as that of the Marquis on his signpost. "If you have anything to say to *me*, my girl, out with it before the company."

Larry's customers, a bar full, applauded.

"Do you mean to let everybody into the secret, then?" she asked, firing up.

"There's no secrets between you and me, Liz," he responded in the coolest and blandest of tones.

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"Well, since there isn't, perhaps you won't mind handing over that £400 I left with you before they sent me to Pentonville?" she retorted.

But Larry, who knew all along what was coming, had prepared himself. There was a well-feigned air of injured virtue about him as he said:—

"Young woman, take care what you say. Another word of that sort and I'll give you into custody for trying to extort money. You will then serve the rest of your seven years, remember."

"Curse you, she screamed, "do you mean to say you won't give me the half, anyhow?"

"I tell you I've nothing to give, so you'd better shut up, and be off."

She saw in an instant that Larry held a trump hand. Her manner changed into one of object appeal as she asked him to "shell out with a sov., and she'd cry quits." She was shoeless, tired, footsore, half-starved, and ill, she went on. Would he not hand over a bob to pay her night's lodging. Well, a tanner then to keep her from dying in the gutter?

She, white in the face and foaming at the lips, flung the money with a dreadful oath at his head.

The hardened brute, deaf to each demand, now took her by the arm, and led her to the front door, saying, "Liz, my gel, I don't want you in my house at all; but as you say you are so devilish hard up, here's the price of a pint for you. Take that, and hook it. Another word to me about Bill Carles's coin and I'll have you locked up, safe as houses."

He thrust the threepence into her hand, but she, white in the face and foaming at the lips, flung the money with a dreadful oath at his head, and left him, never to trouble him more. He throve well upon the spoils. She died the death of a dog in the workhouse. Such is honour among thieves, and so true is it that ill-gotten gains bring no good to the getter.

But I was in the midst of some detective stories, was I not?

MERLIN

(*To be continued.*)

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THE PIONEERS OF THE WELSH IRON INDUSTRY.

It is a little over one hundred years ago, in May, 1782, when a messenger came from Wales into the neighbourhood of Stourbridge with great news. One Mr. Bacon had started an ironworks near a village called Merthyr, and he wanted a lot of men. There was a good deal of gossip caused by this. A recruiting sergeant coming into an English village to enlist lads for glory could not have made a greater ferment. Merthyr was "far down in Wales," and Wales to many seemed as distant as America. "You have to go," said the messenger, "to Gloucester in a boat, and then trust to the channel and work round as far as Cardiff, and then it is a couple of days' journey up the mountains."

There was, I repeat, a good deal of ferment, and no little hesitation, but at last the requisite number of hands was got, and away they went, bidding sorrowful farewells—many of them knowing "it may be for years or it may be for ever." It would not do, they thought, to take their household gods with them, but the pets—Bill's dog, and Tom's cat—could not be left behind. The Lees carried between them a wicker cage in which was a shining blackbird. Let us look at them a moment, for they were the pioneers of our old English residents, the Homfrays, Hemuses, Lees, Browns, Turleys, Wilds, Millwards, and they are worthy of more than a passing notice. Powerful men, all of them, trained to labour from youth, and full of hope and of determination. They are going as settlers amongst strange people, who speak a different language, and who may resent the incoming of strangers. Well, let them. The strangers are not only strong, but God-fearing men, and they take sturdily to the boat which tediously carries them down to Worcester.

So tedious was the journey that when Worcester was reached one or two of the men wanted to go back home again, but Homfray, the leader, would not hear of it, and his hand being hard, and his voice strong, they gave in. Gloucester was at length reached, and at that place a barge was hired and down the Severn they went, hugging the coast wherever they could. But somehow or other when night came on the barge drifted out into mid channel, and to their horror on came a storm.

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Now every one wished himself back at the village of Stewpovey, where most of them came from! How fiercely they looked at Homfray, who had led them into this trouble. Presently, however, the storm abated, and they found themselves under Penarth Head, and there was not much difficulty after that in landing at Cardiff. Very small, very insignificant was Cardiff then; a few streets clustering about the Castle, and only a little life there when the boat came once a week from Bristol. At Cardiff, waggons were hired and up the wayfarers toiled through the valley, reaching Merthyr at last.

One of the old pioneers, pipe in mouth and grandson on knee, used in his declining days to tell the wondering listeners his experience of the voyage, and the journey through Merthyr to Cyfarthfa. It was a small place, he said, was Merthyr; just a village like; small houses, fields, and gardens on one side or the other. The houses were thatched, and as the strangers rode by in their waggons their heads were on a level with the eaves. The old inhabitants used to think a two-storied house extravagance. What was the use of mounting upstairs to go to bed?

On reaching Merthyr the wanderers lodged where they could. The "Star" was the principal inn, the "Crown" was a thatched house. At the "Boot," Ben Brown, being short of funds, sold his dog for ninepence. It was like parting with his own flesh and blood! Then with the morning they were up, and in consultation with Bacon, who had contracted with Homfray to build a forge. The work was done as quickly as possible, for the American war was raging, and guns were needed. In due time the forge was got ready. Every man, woman, and child from the village came up to the opening. Shonny Cwmglo was there with his wonderful harp. Shonny could play every tune, although he had never learned a note, and he played away till he was a hundred, or ever the silver strings were loosed, and, his feeble hands falling from the strings, he laid him down and died. The boys and girls danced, and the men and women raised their voices in gladness when the forge was started.

A species of delirium seized upon everybody, and the harper played like the fiddler of Prague, increasing the madness. Homfray seizing Hemus's new hat, a wonderful thing, threw it under the hammer, and his own followed like magic. Alehouses did a great trade that day and night. Robert Peel's policemen and "Bruce" were all in the far-off future at that time. Many of the pioneers died at a brave old age, long before policemen came into existence.

For several years Bacon and the Homfrays worked well together, but one day there was a falling out, and a fight, and the friendship was never renewed on the old lines. Homfray did not care to go back again with the Browns and the Wilds, who were now getting settled. Some of them had fallen in

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love with the dark-eyed daughters of the village; and courting had been so pleasant to a few that others had followed. The broken English of the maidens was so pretty, and their eyes had such a fire in them. Many a girl, though, had to be won by fierce fighting, for the boys of the village had no love for the strangers. On Saturdays, when strangers and villagers met, drank, and fought, the village constable discreetly kept out of the way. Things have changed since then.

To understand the story of the starting of Penydarran we must turn back a page or two of the book of history. Homfray passing by the ravine on the right of the roadway as you ascend from Merthyr to Dowlais, was struck with its adaptability for the site of an ironworks, and rented it for £3 a year. He and two other Homfrays were joined by a Londoner, named Forman, who held some kind of office at the Tower, and had saved a lot of money. Then together they built a furnace, and went along swimmingly. In 1796 they built furnace No. 2, and brought another lot of men from Staffordshire. In that year they fairly eclipsed even Dowlais itself; for while Dowlais turned out 2,100 tons in the year, Penydarran could show a make of 4,100 tons, or nearly double. Penydarran was regarded as the more important centre in every way. We have only to turn to the rate books to see that while Penydarran was rated at £3,000, Dowlais was only rated at £2,000, and Plymouth at £750. By 1803 Penydarran made fifty tons of bar iron weekly. It is to John Davies, father of Mr D. Davies, J.P., of Galon Uchaf, and of the Morriston Tin-plate Works, that is due the honour of rolling the first bar. The son afterwards rose to be the owner of the works. What Penydarran accomplished in after days and how under Trevethick its owners started the first locomotive that ever ran, must be left for another paper.

EDITOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

GLENLLWYN.

Back from the busy haunts of men,
Between the hills that skirt the town,
I know a little shady glen,
'Tis where a babbling brook comes down.

The fern-clad Garth o'ertops the scene,
The green woods hide the peaceful nook;
And troutlets often glide between
The rocks that peep from out that brook.

There honeysuckles climb the trees,
And blue-bells deck the sylvan bowers;
The meadow-sweet perfumes the breeze,
And all the slopes are bright with flowers.

And there, when at the close of day
The sunset clouds are all aglow,
The blackbird pipes his cheerful lay,
'Till silence reigns on all below.

Then when the stars begin to gleam
Llewelyn wakes his ancient lyre,
His fingers strike some stirring theme,
And every note fresh thoughts inspire.

His cot stands back behind the pines
Hard by the path that winds the hill;
The wild rose round the doorway twines,
And nestles o'er the window sill.

Last of his race, his eyes are dim,
His beard is long and white like snow;
His harp is all the world to him,
And all his world the long ago.

Hark! 'tis the march of Harlech's men,
The notes re-echo through the dell;
The men seem tramping down the glen,
Harp of the South, farewell, farewell.

Cardiff. T. KYLE.

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WELSH MEMBERS OF FORMER ADMINISTRATIONS.

III.

Sir Roger Mostyn.

Roger Mostyn, of Mostyn Flints, in the county of Flint, was a zealous supporter of the Royal cause, and for his services was raised to the baronetcy in August, 1660. His eldest son (the subject of this notice) sat in Parliament for thirty-three years. He was elected for Flintshire in 1701, for Cheshire in 1702, for Flint in 1705, for Flintshire again in 1708, once more for the Borough in 1713, and for a third time sat for the county of Flint from 1715 to 1734. It appears he vacated his seat in December, 1711, on accepting an office under Government, but the name of the post is not stated. He was appointed a Teller of the Exchequer on the 30th of November, 1714, but from this exceedingly cosy post he was "removed" on the 22nd of June, 1716. Sir Roger was also appointed Custos Rotulorum of Flintshire, and Constable of Flint Castle in January, 1715. He was re-appointed Custos Rotulorum by George II., on his accession, 1st September, 1727, but was superseded as Constable in January, 1728. The date of his death is not given.

William Watkins.

A distinguished officer in the army. He rose to the rank of Brigadier-General in January, 1710. He was appointed 18th August, 1716, Surveyor of the King's Roads, or, according to his patent, "Surveyor and Keeper of His Majesty's private roads, gates, causeys and bridges, and Guide and Conductor to His Royal Person in all his progresses." His patent, which as all patents then did, determined on the death of George I., but it was renewed 4th of January, 1728. Brigadier Watkins was also Captain of the Troop of Westminster Militia at the time of his death, 16th March, 1731.

James, Duke of Chandos.

Born 27th December, 1731, and the son of the Marquis of Carnarvon (son of the second Duke of Chandos), who died in

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the lifetime of his father, August, 1744. Lord Carnarvon married first, 22nd March, 1753, Margaret, the only daughter and heiress ("£15,000") of John Nicol, Esq., of Mitchendon House, Southgate, by whom, who died 14th August, 1768, he had no issue; and secondly, 21st June, 1777, to Anne Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Garnon, Esq., and widow of Roger Hope Elletson, Esq., Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica, by whom he had two daughters. His lordship was appointed a Lord of the Bedchamber to George, Prince of Wales, in 1753, or thereabouts, and in November, 1760, became a Lord of the Bedchamber to His Majesty. This he resigned, however, in August, 1764. From 1754 to 1768 the Marquis of Carnarvon represented the county of Radnor in the House of Commons, and on the 28th of November, 1771, he succeeded his grandfather in the Dukedom. On the 23rd January, 1771, he had been constituted Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire, and in May, 1775, he was sworn of the Privy Council. His Grace was placed in the high position of Lord Steward of His Majesty's Household, 26th December, 1783, the responsible and honourable duties of which post he continued to perform until his death, which took place 29th September, 1789. At that time he was also Ranger of Enfield Chase, High Steward of Winchester, and LL.D. His character is given as "humble, gentle, charitable, and pious." His grace, whose titles became extinct at his decease, was descended maternally from Mary, Queen Consort of France, and youngest daughter of Henry VII.

Thomas Harley.

Mr. Harley, who was a second cousin to Robert, Earl of Oxford, and the "very good friend" of Swift, was the son of Thomas Harley, Esq., of Kinsham, in the county of Hereford. He represented the county of Radnor from 1698 to 1715. Mr. Harley was appointed one of the two Joint Secretaries to the Treasury in August, 1710, and was a most useful member of the Tory Administration until October, 1714. He was sent as Envoy on a Special Mission to Holland in February, 1712, and to Hanover in 1714. He was known in the House of Commons as a ready speaker, and was arrested by order of the House on the Speaker's warrant on the 9th June, 1715, and committed to the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms, for his share in Lord Oxford's Government, but no proceedings were taken against him, and he was afterwards discharged.

Sir Thomas Wynn.

Sir Thomas's great ancestor was John Wynn, of Bodville, who fought as Royal Standard Bearer at the Battle of Norwich in 1549, and twice served the office of Sheriff of Carnarvonshire in the years 1551 and 1560. Mr. Wynn was the son of Griffith

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Wynn, Esq., of Bodvean, Carnarvonshire, by his wife Catherine, the daughter of William Vaughan, Esq., of Corsygedd, Merionethshire. He married Miss Frances Glynn, the daughter, and eventually the heiress, of John Glynn, Esq., of Glynllwon, by whom he had one son only—John, his successor in the title. In 1713 he was brought into the House of Commons for the Borough of Carnarvon, and this seat he retained for a period of 36 years, until his decease. On the accession of George I. he was appointed one of the Equerries in Waiting to the Prince of Wales, and on the 19th of October, 1724, the Prince constituted him one of the Clerks of H.R.H.'s Board of Green Cloth for the management of the affairs of his household; and when the Prince became King himself, as George II., he raised his faithful attendant to the lucrative post of one of the four Clerks of H.M.'s Board of Green Cloth, with a salary of £1,000 per annum. He likewise made him one of his Equerries (salary £300), and both posts Mr. Wynn filled up to the date of his decease. Of course, in politics Mr. Wynn was a Whig, and a supporter of Sir Robert Walpole, and so he voted for the Excise Bill in 1733. For his long services in the Household, His Majesty created him a Baronet on the 25th of October, 1742. Sir Thomas died on the 13th day of April in the year 1749.

Thomas Matthews.

Born at Llandaff in 1670. Entered the Royal Navy and became Captain in 1703, Rear-Admiral in 1727, and Vice-Admiral in 173-. He was one of the Commissioners for the Affairs of the Navy (salary £500) from 1736 to 1742. In March of that year he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, and Minister Plenipotentiary to Sardinia and the Italian States, which high command he held for two years till 1744. In 1743 he was promoted to the rank of Admiral, and in February, 1744, was raised to one of the highest ranks in the Navy—that of Rear-Admiral of Great Britain (salary, sixteen shillings a day). In October, 1745, however, he was brought before a Court Martial on a charge by Admiral Lestock, his second in command (whom he in turn charged with neglect in supporting him), of rashness in engaging the French and Spanish United Fleets on 11th February, 1744. The trial was not concluded till June, 1747, when Lestock was acquitted, but his chief was dismissed the service—a sentence that caused much dissatisfaction. In the same month he was, of course, deprived of his rank of Rear-Admiral of Great Britain. In January, 1705, he succeeded Bussy Mansel as Member for Glamorgan, and at the general election of 1747 was returned for Carmarthen. He died in October, 1751, being then an Elder Brother of the Trinity House. He was a man "of undoubted bravery."—*(Gentleman's Magazine.)*

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Sir Thomas Hanmer.

Sir John de Hanmere, Knight, was appointed Governor of Carnarvon Castle by Edward I., and assumed the name of Hanmer; from him descended Sir John Hanmer, Knight, who was created a Baronet in July, 1620 (Burke). The great grandson is the subject of this notice. Born in 1676, Mr. Thomas Hanmer was the son of William Hanmer, Esq., the second son of Sir Thomas Hanmer, second Baronet. At an early age he studied for the law, but was never called to the Bar. He entered Parliament for the Borough of Thetford (in Norfolk) in 1700, and attached himself to the Tory party. The following year, on the decease of his uncle, Major-General Sir John Hanmer, M.P., without issue, he inherited the Baronetcy. In the House Sir Thomas distinguished himself as an unflinching patriot, and his eloquence and integrity placed him in the first rank among such statesmen as Harley, Wyndham, Harcourt, Cowper, Smith, and St. John. On the ascension of Queen Anne, in 1702, Sir Thomas was elected for Flint; in 1705 he was again returned for Thetford, and in three years' time he was elected for the County of Suffolk, which important trust he sustained till his final retirement from political life in 1727. The last Parliament of Queen Anne, meeting in November, 1713, chose him for their Speaker, and he occupied the chair with great impartiality and dignity till the dissolution, consequent on Her Majesty's decease, in January, 1715. He was never sworn of the Privy Council, as it was not usual at that time to confer that honour upon Mr. Speaker; but it should be remembered that that officer was always a strong partisan, and a man of undoubted ability, and when the great men who filled the chair are taken into consideration, it will be admitted that the talents of Sir Thomas Hanmer were of a very high order, and that had the Tories continued in power he would have held some of the first posts in the Government. From 1715 to 1727, during the reign of George I., the name of the ex-Speaker will be often found in the debates of Parliament, and his oratorical powers found him ready listeners. He took his share in opposing the measures of Lord Sunderland and Mr. Walpole, but his opinions were never very Jacobitical, and his moderation was well known. On the dissolution following the death of the first George, he retired into private life, and finally died at his Suffolk seat on the 6th May, 1746, when the Baronetcy became extinct. Sir Thomas married in 1698 Isabella, Dowager Duchess of Grafton, and only daughter and heiress of Henry, Earl of Arlington, but this lady dying without issue, he married, as his second wife, and on the 23rd February, 1725, Miss Folkes, only daughter and heiress of Thomas Folkes, Esq., of Bury St. Edmunds and Barton, Suffolk, by whom also he had no issue. It has been

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remarked about him, "that he married an old woman for love, and a young one for money, and was not very fortunate in either of them." He published an illustrated edition of *Shakspeare, with Notes*, in six volumes, which, though criticised by Dr. Johnson, was well received at the time. In a contemporary work Sir Thomas is described as "a grave and worthy, but somewhat pompous, man."

Bell Jones,

Of Plasmawr, in Flintshire, was Chief Clerk and Secretary to the Board of Ordnance up to the day of his death, 26th November, 1725. He left an only daughter, Frances, who married William Lloyd, Esq., brother to Sir Edward Lloyd, Bart., and had one son, Bell Lloyd, whose eldest son, Edward Pryce Lloyd, succeeded his great uncle as Baronet, in 1795, and was created Lord Mostyn in 1831.

Sir Rowland Gwyn.

Sir Rowland was, according to Lord Macaulay, "an honest country gentleman, and a Whig." His seat was at Llanelwedd. In 1678 he became Knight of the Shire for the County of Radnor, and sat during that and the succeeding Parliament, until 1685. Charles II. conferred the honour of Knighthood upon him in 1680, but on the accession of James II. Sir Rowland retired for a while into private life. He was a zealous adherent of the Protestant Succession, and so exerted himself on behalf of William of Orange that, on that Prince's acceptance of the throne in 1689, he re-entered Parliament for Radnorshire, and accepted the post of Treasurer of His Majesty's Chamber, (ancient salary £469 9s. 0d., but with fees it amounted to about £2,000). In 1690 he was elected for Breconshire, for which he sat till 1702, when he finally retired from politics. It was Sir Rowland who, in February, 1696, proposed "the Association," by which Members of Parliament bound them selves to stand by and support King William III., and to avenge him should he fall by the hands of an assassin.

Edward Harley.

This gentleman was next brother to the great Earl of Oxford, and was born on the 7th of June, 1664. He married Sarah, the third daughter of Thomas Foley, Esq., of Witley, in the County of Worcester. In May, 1702, he received the lucrative office of one of the (two) Auditors of the Imprest, the fees of which, though varying from year to year, were always very great. Mr. Harley was a barrister by profession, and held the appointment of Recorder of Leominster for over forty years. He also sat for that Borough in the Parliament of 1700 to 1701, but he appears to have afterwards held a seat in the House, for the

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Historical Register states that on the motion for the impeachment of Lord Oxford, in 1715, "Mr. Auditor Harley made a most pathetic speech on behalf of his brother." He appears to have been a good man and charitable, for in 1725 he was chosen chairman of the Trustees of the London Charity Schools, and he augmented many small livings in Herefordshire and Monmouthshire. His death took place on the 30th of August, 1735.

Edward Hughes.

Mr. Hughes held the responsible position of Judge Advocate General and Marshal of His Majesty's Forces from September, 1715, until his death. His "salary" was a shilling a day, but it is likely that he was also paid by fees. From the nature of his employment it would appear that he was a barrister. He sat in Parliament for the pocket Borough of Saltash, in Cornwall, from 1722 to his decease, 13th January, 1734.

Philip Lloyd.

His career was indeed a short one. He was appointed an Equerry in Ordinary to George II. (salary £300 a year) in 1727, and a Captain in Ker's Regiment of Dragoons, 8th December, 1731; was M.P. for Aylesbury, from 1727 to 1734, and elected for Lostwithiel, (Cornwall) in April, 1734. He was married in February, 1735, to Miss Jane Fitzgerald, an heiress of £2,000 fortune; but died on the 18th of March following.

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WELSH POETRY IN ENGLISH DRESS.

In reading translations from Welsh verse it must have struck a great many persons that the principle on which the work is done is quite unsatisfactory, preserving, as such translations do, nothing of the metre of the original. Welsh metre is so peculiar, and so characteristic, that in many cases a translation into English metre is of no use whatever as a representation of the original. Writing us on this subject our present contributor says that some time ago he translated the favourite old Welsh hymn given below as accurately as he could in the measure of the original, and intended translating others, but had not had a convenient season. The following, he thinks, may possibly lead to other attempts of the kind. The Welsh is here printed with the English for purposes of comparison. Mr. Thomas believes, and we most cordially agree with him, that if a selection of Welsh poems could be published, based on this principle, it would do much to show English readers the intricacy and finish of much Welsh writing. For the sake of those who do not happen to be acquainted with the original, we would just call attention to its peculiar structure by italicising the rhymes and assonances of the first verse:—

Mae, *Mae*,
Yr amser hyfryd yn nes*au*,
Pan gaffo'm henaid ei ryddh*au*,
O'r *ty* o *glai* fyn'd *tua*'m *gwlad*;
Nid yma mae 'ngorphwysfa *i*,
Mae hono *fry* yn *nhy* fy *Nhad*.

We now give the whole hymn, together with its Englished version, in parallel columns, premising, however, that Mr. Thomas's excellent example will stimulate many another student of Welsh to go and do likewise:—

"Mae, mae,
Yr amser hyfryd yn nesau,
Pan gaffo'm henaid ei ryddhau,
O'r tŷ o glai fyn'd tua'm gwlad;
Nid yma mae 'ngorphwysfa i,
Mae hono fry yn nhŷ fy Nhad.

"Bob dydd
Fy nhabernacl brau o bridd
O'i sylfaen yn adfeilio sydd;
Nid yw'r dienydd hwn yn mhell;
O, f'enaid, cofia hyn bob cam,
A meddwl am adeilad gwell.

"Yr O'n
Aeth dan fy mhechod i a'm po'n,
Ni thawaf byth am dano sôn;
Ei gariad tirion fydd fy nghân,
Am iddo'm hachub i trwy ras,
A'm tynu ma's o'r gynneu dân."

Yea, yea,
More near me draws the happy day
When from this tott'ring house of clay
My soul away shall sweep, and roam
The starry paths to her own rest
That country blest, her Father's home

Soon must
This tabernacle dim, of dust
A prey become of moth and rust,
Or some wild gust shall rend it all:
Remember, soul, God's house above
Built firm by love, can never fall.

Wherein
The Lamb who bore for me my sin,
Will lead me, and my entry win:
And I therein will ever hymn
His tender love, that drew me higher
From kindling fire, closely to Him

Cardiff. T. H. THOMAS.

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FROM COWBRIDGE TO COLOGNE.

Our first acquaintance with that "exulting and abounding river," the German Rhine, was made at Cologne, having reached that "Western Rome of the Middle Ages" by way of Ostend and Aix-la-Chapelle, thus avoiding the long, tedious, and uninteresting journey by water from Rotterdam. The first glimpse of the city from a distance gave the impression of a place wholly made up of towers and spires, standing crowded like gigantic-carved chessmen on a board all too small for them. Looking down to the river from an elevated position on the railway, all those towers and spires, inverted, were sharply reflected in its mirror-like surface, giving the impression of a floating city moored in the stream, rather than of one most solidly erected on its banks. The river front, for about a mile, has along a considerable portion of it a high Roman wall, built, it is said, in the time of Augustus, with towers at intervals, and the numerous church and other towers and spires within the walls seem to lift themselves up high, as though eager to catch a view over the walls of the "Father of Waters," the very name of which, the Rhine, stirs the otherwise sluggish blood of the German like the sound of a trumpet; and it must be admitted that if anything is worth fighting for possession of the Rhine river is.

A closer acquaintance with the interior of the city does not materially remove the impression made by a far off view. It is crowded with extensive buildings, churches, monster hotels, distilleries, manufactories, to a confusing degree, and it is not at first the fact is realised that until a period comparatively recent it was walled all around, leaving no space to swell out laterally; a skyward direction was, therefore, the only available one, which accounts for the great height of the buildings.

In spite of the numerous extensive modern erections, there is so much of the ancient and mediæval element left that it outweighs everything new, not only in interest, but in fact. Cologne abounds with relics of the far past, one of its present churches—that of St. Maria, in Capitolia—having actually been built for a Roman Capitol, and in it incense was burnt to Jupiter and Venus, as it is to the Virgin at this day. Alongside of this church is the Town Hall, a veritable Roman building, but more or less modernised, which has in the outer wall of it, high up, a

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Forum, or pulpit, out of which were proclaimed to the people the decrees of the Roman Senate, and the advent of a new emperor.

The streets of Cologne are all narrow and tortuous; no pavements worth mentioning, but on each side of the principal thoroughfares are open gutters, into which all the houses drain. It follows, as a matter of course, that the stench in hot weather, such as prevailed during our visit, was most intolerable. Coleridge, the English poet, maintained that he smelt seventy-two distinct odours, which affected him so, that to relieve his feelings, he rushed into verse thus:—

> "The River Rhine 'tis well known
> Does wash the City of Cologne;
> But tell me, nymphs, what power Divine
> Can ever wash the River Rhine?"

The natives seem not to mind the smells in the least, and it has been asserted that they have a "vested interest" in preserving them, since they compel all visitors to purchase that article, the production of which is one of the chief sources of their wealth, the famous Eau de Cologne. Shops for the sale, and distilleries for the manufacture, of this spirit abound within the city to an incredible extent, each one of them maintaining that it is the only real original establishment, and that its owner is the only veritable descendant of Jean Maria Farina, the original inventor and manufacturer, all the rest being pretenders and impostors. It is said they all possess pedigrees to prove their assertions, but as pedigrees, even in Wales, have been known to be made to order, we must not resent this national weakness, though it be intended to prove the purity of a fluid other than blood, and founded on profit, rather than pride. Those claims and denunciations make it very confusing to such as desire to purchase the *real and original* article, and the landlord of the Hollandische Hotel tells a good story under this head.

An English gentleman tourist, accompanied by a long string of feminines, consulted him gravely as to which was the real *no-deception* shop. Boniface replied that there was no such shop, but that the quality of the spirit produced in the place was much alike in all. Not satisfied with this reply, the tourist and his following set off for the nearest Eau-de-Cologne establishment, and there furnished himself and the ladies with a bottle each. When this was paid for, he addressed the proprietor thus: "Now, I have purchased all I intend of you, and you can have no further interest in deceiving me, tell me honestly which is the real original shop, for I presume yours is not?" Looking very grave and serious, the shopkeeper replied, "I regret to say it is not, but I am obliged, in self-defence, to say it is. I will point out the original one to you, but you must not, on any account, make it known that I informed you." So

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saying, he led the tourist to the door, and pointed out a shop higher up on the opposite side of the road. "Thank you very much, you are an honest fellow," says the tourist, who, with his following, immediately proceeded thither, and bought a huge case of the sweet-scented spirit, to be sent direct to England, for distribution as presents amongst his friends. Elated by his own cleverness, he told his adventures to the landlord. "Let me see," said mine host, "you bought the bottles at number nine, and the case at number twenty-seven; both those shops belong to the same proprietor, and I never felt prouder of my townsmen than I do this day. That fellow is a genius." We will draw a veil, as the novelists say, over the sufferings of the crest-fallen Englishman.

First and foremost amongst the attractions of Cologne stands pre-eminently the "Dom Kirche" (Cathedral). At the time of our visit it was approaching completion, having been in the hands of builders more than six hundred years. Until recently the progress made upon it must have been very slow, and many portions of the earliest work had become decayed. Thomas Hood, our immortal humourist, fifty years ago called it a "broken promise made to God," but since then it must be confessed that the German nation, with the Prussian Royal Family at its head, has made a prodigious effort to redeem its promise, and now, excepting the finishing of one spire, the marvellous building is completed. The name of the architect, in common with all his fraternity of mediæval times, who left behind them such splendid monuments of their genius in Europe, has perished. Never, surely, in all history, is there to be found so modest a school of artists as that of the great founders of Gothic art. 'Twas theirs to serve God, and not themselves:

"Proved by the ends of being to have been:"

they worked honestly and religiously whilst it was day, and when that was passed they retired into eternal darkness.

A few figures will give some notion of the vastness of this, the most magnificent Gothic building extant, but no words or figures can possibly convey any correct idea of its wondrous beauty. The building is 500 feet long, 200 wide, and 250 high throughout. The towers and spires are 500 feet high. Like all well-proportioned structures, it does not seem to the eye at first so vast as it is, but it keeps on growing as its details are studied. The roof is sustained by 100 pillars, each 30 feet in circumference. On entering the nave, the general effect is most impressive; the tall columns lifting themselves upwards like vast trees in a forest, grouping their arches on high, like huge interlaced branches. The light above is dim and solemn, with gleams of sunshine here and there seeming to struggle inwards through the leaves. The tall, stained, modern windows along the south

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aisle, said to be the finest specimens of their kind extant, are gorgeous beyond measure, each of them appearing to be set in a border of the brightest jewels. They were presented by that King Ludwig of Bavaria who lost his throne through loving "not wisely, but too well," Lola Montez, the opera dancer. The northern windows, though not less rich, are ancient, and more subdued in colouring.

To minds trained in the simplicity of Protestant worship the scene at High Mass in Cologne Cathedral partakes more of the character of a rich pageant—having in it the best possible scenery, dresses, and music—than it does of a religious ceremony. Nothing of its kind can be richer in effect, full as it is of superb accessories in endless profusion, and almost barbaric splendour. The priests, in glittering costumes, moving mysteriously about within clouds of incense; the scarlet and purple robed choristers, the resplendent altar, with its massive gold plate, multitudinous ornaments, and blaze of light; the oak carvings of the canopies and seats; the heavy red draperies looped upwards in vast masses; the emblazoned statues of the apostles projecting outwards from the gilded columns overhead, captivate and entrance the eye, while the deep tones of the organ fill up every nook and cranny in the enormous space with harmonious thunder. We almost *feel* the gusts of organ melody sweeping down the "long drawn aisle and fretted vault," intermingled with the heavenly voices of the boy choristers; and the judgment is for a time led captive, lifted far above the earth, and tricked into a kind of sensuous swoon. It is a scene in which reason has no foothold; or the question might arise, How comes it that the ministers of the religion of Him to whom a beggar's appeal is as acceptable as an emperor's, who taught the world the majesty of suffering rather than of pomp, who was a king without a palace, or a place whereon to lay His head in safety; and whose only robe was a garment without a seam, should have conceived the idea that all this splendour was an acceptable form of homage?

We made the usual round of the seven chapels, the relics, the tombs, the monuments, and the shrines, where are shown stately figures in bronze and marble of Princes, archbishops, and grandees of every grade. The Archbishops of Cologne having been Sovereign Princes, were as warlike as they were pious, and the sword is almost as frequently emblemised on their tombs as the crozier. A few most interesting old paintings by Master Stephen are shown, representing the Martyrdom of Saints Ursula and Gereon, and the Adoration of the Magi; but the great and crowning glory of this department of the Cathedral is the Shrine of the Three Kings, as it is called, which contains the skulls that are shown as those of the Magi, or wise men of the East, the first men who adored the Saviour at Bethlehem. These are said to have been brought from Jerusalem by that greatest

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of relic collectors, the Empress Helena, mother to Constantine the Great, and, after many vicissitudes, to have found a resting-place here. How the skulls were preserved during the three hundred years which elapsed between the Crucifixion and the Empress's visit, or after the time they ceased to be of service to their owners, is nowhere explained. To the eye of faith all things are possible, and certain it is here are three mahogany-coloured skulls exhibited, and the sight of them charged for, which are believed by the faithful to have once held the brains of the favoured Shepherd Kings, whose names, it appears, were Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, who were privileged to receive the earliest announcement of the Advent of the Saviour on Earth.

The shrine itself, as a work of art, is worthy of the highest admiration without adventitious aids. It is of solid silver, gilt, and is said to weigh upwards of a ton. The gold coffin within it, in which the skulls are kept, is valued at a quarter of a million sterling. The whole is antique, curious, and magnificent enough in all conscience to claim admiration on its own merits, without the aid of risky assertions as to value or weight. It is said to have been constructed at Cologne in 1210, by order of the Emperor Otho the Fourth, called the Superb. The exterior is covered with solid silver figures of apostles and prophets, and scenes from Holy Writ, in bold *Alto Relievo*, interspersed with enormous jewels, real or imitation, of every kind and colour, some of them as large as hens' eggs, and cameos and intaglios of exquisite workmanship. Inside is a topaz as big as an orange, looking like a lump of frozen honey, and an intaglio of *Venus Vitrix*, carved on a carbuncle, which looks like a glassful of petrified Rhine wine.

But gorgeous and valuable as this shrine now is, it is far less so than it has been. The terror of the French Revolution, and the success of French arms in 1794, drove away the canons of the Cathedral from Cologne to Arnsberg, carrying with them the treasures of the Cathedral. When the relics were returned at the end of the war, a great many of the enamels, sapphires, and other almost priceless jewels, were found to be missing; and the tiaras of diamonds which surrounded the skulls had entirely disappeared. Glass imitations had taken the place of many of those, and remain there still, the rich merchants of Cologne, who are said to have made offerings of all those jewels to the shrine in times past, having apparently ceased to make such presents.

There are so many other interesting churches in Cologne that a volume, rather than a short article, would be required to do them justice; we must therefore pass them all by excepting one, which few tourists neglect to see. This is the Church of Saint Ursula and Her Eleven Thousand Virgins, and as it has special claims on the attention of all Britons who claim descent from

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the primitive British race, no Welshman should pass it by. The church, as a building, is externally plain and unattractive; nor on entering does it at first glance seem in any way remarkable; and were it not for a gaudy high altar, it might be taken for a Protestant place of worship. It proves, however, to be, on closer acquaintance, a kind of Golgotha or Chamber of Horrors amongst churches. Looking up the nave, the chancel has the appearance of being fitted up with glazed book cases, the glass being protected by trellised brass work. On a closer acquaintance you find that the cases are all filled—not with books, but with human skulls. You look down the transepts on each hand, and they are fitted up in the same manner, and filled with the same kind of contents. Then, along the outer walls of the aisles, you are shown a projecting wooden erection like a prodigious trough, having a glazed front, in which are closely packed a vast quantity of human bones; and above this, as a sort of ornament, a series of pigeon holes, each holding a human skull. Large stone cisterns stand about in the body of the church, covered by wooden hinged lids, which when opened discover still more bones. You are then shown the fact that the walls of the chancel are double, with intervals between, into which you can peep and see that they are filled with bones from floor to ceiling. The Sacristan then takes you into an adjoining apartment, which resembles a handsome vestry room, and here the exhibition becomes more grim, and almost sickening. Here are more skulls in endless array, many of them being bedizened in a fashion which quite robs them of any slight veneration which might have been felt. Long rows of them have a sort of Turkish cap resting on each, made of faded red velvet, on which is embroidered with golden thread the name of the saint it belonged to. Here again the spaces above the cabinets are filled with boxes of bones, and the centre of the apartment has glass cases like a museum, in which the most precious relics are preserved, the skull of Saint Ursula herself, of her betrothed, and of her most highly born maidens (one of them having a tuft of hair clinging to the cranium), portions of the rod with which Christ was scourged: a thorn out of the Crown of Thorns; the veritable pitcher in which water was converted into wine; and many other things too numerous to mention.

If you are not already acquainted with the Legend of Saint Ursula, you will perhaps be eager to know the meaning of this osseous and satiating exhibition. The answer is, that they are said to be the bones of that saint, and of eleven thousand virgins who were martyred here in the third century. Saint Ursula, it appears, was a Cornish Princess, who determined to make a pilgrimage to Rome, in eleven ships, taking with her what must have been a serious drain on the virginity of the period. "They

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were British maidens, Monsieur," says our guide. "We know it," was our reply. "Where out of Britain could such a number have been obtained without exhausting the stock," and we further assured him, that "even in the present degenerate days should eleven thousand virgins be required, Britain could still produce them to meet the demand."

Finally, the guide returns to the Church, and there, on the walls of the North Aisle we are introduced to a series of twenty-seven very odd looking old pictures, the figures in them having halos, like brass dinner plates, at the backs of their heads, illustrating the life and adventures of Saint Ursula and her maidens, each picture having beneath it lines explaining the contents in German and Latin, a most necessary adjunct. These inscriptions we have taken some pains to translate, and it is amusing to find that the Welsh adjective "Mawr" (great) is used as a surname to the Cornish King, the father of Saint Ursula. On the wall above the pictures appears the following introduction:—

The life of St. Ursula, and of her host of Eleven Thousand Virgins, who in A.D. 237 were slain, for that they were Christians, and thus obtained the crown of Martyrdom.

Underneath the inscriptions were as follows:—

I.

Dunawd the Great (Mawr), and Daria his Queen, having no heir, beseech the Lord to grant them one.

II.

The Lord grants them a daughter.

III.

In baptism, she is given the name of Ursula, a name which became famous throughout the world.

IV.

She was possessed of every grace and virtue, and devoted herself to a life of holy celibacy.

V.

Ambassadors are sent to Britain by the heathen king Agrippin.

VI.

Who carry rich presents to Mawr, and ask his daughter in marriage for Agrippin's son.

VII.

The Ambassadors are welcomed by King Mawr, and are greatly honoured.

VIII.

After much thought he declines their offer. They endeavour to change his mind.

IX.

An angel visits Ursula while praying, and tells her that God wills her to marry Conan, the son of Agrippin.

X

She is, however, to wait three years, by which time Conan will become a Christian, in the meanwhile, she is to collect a Virgin Host.

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XI.

The Ambassadors are informed of this, and depart rejoicing.

XII.

They pay homage to their idols by whom they are guided in all their actions.

XIII.

Agrippin, impatient and blinded by his false religion, rejects the arrangement, but his heart is softened by God.

XIV.

Conan entreats his father, and seeks to depart, making preparations therefor.

XV.

Dunawd orders eleven large ships to be made to convey the Virgin Host.

XVI.

They embark on the sea, glorifying God, and sail hither and thither.

XVII.

Ursula takes leave of her parents, and departs on her voyage.

XVIII.

The ships with the Virgins reach the Town of Thiel, and are received there with great honour by the Christians.

XIX.

They arrive at Cologne, and are received there by Bishop Aquilin, who urges them to continue their journey to Rome.

XX.

They are received at Basle by Pantalus, and at Rome by the Pope Cyriacus, who hospitably entertains them.

XXI.

Where they are baptized and become pure as doves, and are instructed in the true belief.

XXII.

On returning Cyriacus accompanies them on their road. Pantalus receives them with much honour.

XXIII.

They continue their journey from Basle to Mayence, and there Conan meets his betrothed.

XXIV.

Conan receives baptism and the name of Aetherius, a name that has become famous throughout the world.

XXV.

Leaving Mayence they reach Cologne, where it has been ordained they are all to be martyred and receive their crowns.

XXVI.

Aetherius is slain. Ursula, by means of an arrow, has the same fate.

XXVII.

Lo! the fatal place where all the brave Virgins won death for themselves and crowns of glory.

So much for the story as told by the pictures. There are different versions of the legend extant very difficult to reconcile with each other. One of them asserts that the virgins were slain by the Huns; but to admit this would be to upset the chronology, since the Huns were not at Cologne until the fifth century. A French writer has maintained that the entire legend is founded on a mistake. That Ursula and her maid

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were the only persons martyred, and that the maid's name being Undecimilla, has led to the error, having been translated as Undece-*millia* (11,000). This ingenious explanation does not, however, assist in the least in accounting for the heaps of crania, tibiæ, and fibulæ in the church of Saint Ursula.

There is another charnel-house church at Cologne called Saint Gereon's, where the bones of six thousand male saints are exhibited as a sort of set-off to Saint Ursula and her females.

A visit to the Exchange in search of English news upset our notions as to the seriousness of business matters in Germany rather violently. The place resembled a gigantic *café* rather than a commercial establishment, there being billiard and coffee tables standing about, and every person had a long pendant pipe hanging out of his mouth, which was never removed, as habit enabled them to talk and to expectorate without doing so. Even the waiters smoked, and the cloud was dense, the odour thereof rank in the extreme. English newspapers seemed to enjoy the place of honour in the establishment, and *Punch* was a great favourite. The German *Punch* (*Kladderadatsh*) caricatured the English most mercilessly, on the ground of our supposed friendship for the French.

One other sight we commend to the tourist before leaving Cologne, which is, that he should cross the bridge of boats after dark (and the darker the better) to the village of Deutz, on the opposite bank, and witness the effect of the city lights on the surface of the moving river. They appear literally like a flights of rockets, perpetually renewing themselves. The long line of white and red lights along the bridge, the reflections of which seem to struggle against being carried away, and multiplying as though in a broken mirror, is a sight both fascinating and surprising. Looking up the stream suddenly from the vicinity of the remotest Tower of the city, called Bayenthurm, comes a flash of light, followed by the booming sound of a small cannon, in answer to which a section of the bridge is seen to open and float round at right angles, leaving a broad gap free. Through the darkness, studded over with red lights, comes a "Schnell," or Express steamboat, with immense speed, and rushes through the gap down stream, vomiting smoke and sparks into the night air. The plying of a windlass restores the section of the bridge to its place rapidly; in the meanwhile the steamboat takes a long curve to bring her bows up stream, to enable her to stop and land her passengers on the opposite bank under the city walls.

The city derives its name from the Romans, who planted a colony (colonia) here, under the command of Marcus Agrippa, fifty-seven years before the Christian era began, as an outpost against the Franks, who disputed with them the possession of Gaul. Since then it has passed through many vicissitudes,

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having been sacked and partially destroyed by the Huns in early, and by the French in latter, days; but it springs up again out of its ashes, renews its youth, and preserves its nationality unimpaired. That the people of Cologne are a cognate race to the English is apparent by merely reading their shop signs. The little shop we bought a railway guide at had over its door "Boekhandlung" (bookseller), and the salute on entering was "Gut Morgen" (good morning). In the "Hote Strasse" (High-street) is a "Baier Brauery" (beer brewery) and "Brod Bakkery" (bread bakery). The people, mostly yellow-haired, slow and methodical, are much less self-assertive than the English, and, consequently, less rough in manner. The peasant women who flocked to the market, carrying heavy loads of vegetables and grapes and other produce on their heads, are dull and overworked in aspect. They are all dressed alike, in ample white head-dresses, which cover the shoulders, blue cotton gowns, and wooden shoes. The city girls wear nothing on their heads, but have their hair plaited and coiled with a gilt paper knife stabbed through it. The better classes dress like the French.

Saint Athan. JOHN HOWELLS.

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WELSH CHARACTER SKETCHES.

THE OLD CHAIRMAN OF EISTEDDFODAU.

Those conversant with the history of Eisteddfodau know that some of the highest in the Principality have, in their time, taken the honoured position of chairman at an eisteddfod. Ivor Hael and Rice ap Thomas may be mentioned among other distinguished occupants of the eisteddfodic chair. Many of the early gatherings were in connection with their residences, for in those days you had no Temperance or Drill Halls, and certainly, no engine sheds. One could only dream then of such a magnificent engine-house as that of Cardiff, of the famous

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Palace of Glass due to the genius of Paxton, and let it be said also the bard Talhaiarn, his most excellent secretary.

These were of the future. The house of the lord of the district was the largest in the parish, and the only one where any number of people could assemble, and the people accordingly there assembled, on all and every occasion, when so invited or commanded. There, too, the harper had his sanctum, or several sanctums, if we may take one of the poems of Iolo Goch into court to prove it. The lords and princes were the first chairmen of Eisteddfodau then, and there were the baronial hall, sitting in state, drinking out of the hirlas horn, which have been made familiar.

But these were not my chairmen. My chairmen were those of nearly half a century ago, when Eisteddfodau were held in little public-houses all over the country, their principal objects being the social gathering, and the *cwrw da*. If held in a chapel, the custom was to get the Rev. Hwyl Jones, the minister, to take the chair, and that gentleman did the honours with remarkable ability, considering that he had to forget the gravity of his Sunday character, and keep his audience in good humour. That, again, was not my chairman.

My chairman, the one I have now in my mind's eye, was a good old squire, in one of the Welsh valleys, who had been a working-man, and was not ashamed to own it, and knew all a working-man's trials and temptations, and the nature and scope of his enjoyments. He was a short, burly man, red of face and rotund of stomach, with a disposition to stop various times going up hills, and to put his hand behind to the small of his back and wheeze.

"Yes," he would say, "that's a reminder of my early days." He had been a collier.

Coming from chapel on Sunday mornings, it was questionable who had the greater honour, he or the Rev. Hwyl. What shaking of hands! He knew them all—the Mari Sions and Sarah Joneses, heavy of tread and ample of shoulder. They had been girls when he was a boy, and he knew their husbands, the Wills and Johns, and their children, too, as well as the salient events of their histories, who went down with the measles and who was at school.

This was our chairman, and pleasant it was to see him take the chair in the big pew of the chapel, and lead off the fun. An unwonted air of gravity would overspread his face in the competitions upon sacred subjects; but he would make up for it when there was a discreet opening for a laugh, or a joke. And he could laugh! And his jokes! how pungent! None of those which are difficult to understand; literary problems; refined subtleties of wit; but readily seen, and heartily appreciated. From the moment of his taking the chair until his retiring there was no

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cessation of interest. All was bustle and animation. The competitors trooped up or came up singly, and went back again, honoured, or, if not, then with a kind word from him of encouragement—"Next time, boy." And the little maids he would chuck under the chin, and the men in miniature pat on the heads. Nay, more; when two excelled, and there was only one prize, he would supplement it from his own pocket, and this would bring up the bards with impromptu englynion, so abounding with praise that the kind old face would get redder and beam with greater glow. And when all the prizes had been given, the last notes of music heard, just before the final scramble and rush which always used to accompany our old eisteddfodau, the Rev. Hwyl Jones, in his best form, would propose a vote of thanks to the chairman, so fervent, so deserved, that the audience would become excited. Then this vote would be seconded and applauded, and our chairman rise to respond. It was then he shone; and what if there was a tremor in his voice and a dimness about the eye, as he spoke of the many meetings he had presided at, and feared that he should not see many Eisteddfodau again—the strength of his affection was shown rather than the weakness of his nature. It was momentary though; another minute, by the chapel door, a shower of "farwellwchs" about, his voice was as hearty and his laugh as jovial as ever.

In some respects we are retracing history. The nobles of the land again preside, and the gathering is huge and national. Our small eisteddfodau have, in many districts, faded away; but among the old, those to whom the years come more quickly, and whose happiness is chiefly in memories that never live again, the remembrance of the old chairman is treasured, and is always green.

AP ADDA

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BY THE SEA.

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, oh Sea!
But the tender sound of a voice that is gone
Will never return to me."—*Tennyson.*

How differently sounds the music of the sea in our ears as time and circumstances shadow or influence our lives! What joy fills our hearts when, young and happy, we stand, with all we love beside us, listening to the roar of the waves, or watching them break at our feet. We ask no questions of the wild wide waters, we hear no echoing voices of the past amidst the ever-sounding music. "At the sea," then, implies infinite joy; but as years pass, we look upon the ocean with far different feelings. We are asking questions then of the waters, as we gaze far forward to the horizon's rim; we still watch the waves roll up and break, but their music has a sadder sound. Once that point, where the sky and ocean blend and mingle their light, looked like the dawn of a coming happiness. Now it is death and life—the reach of the mortal to immortality.

It was thinking thus that I sat in the spring time on the beach. I had been somewhat over-done with work, and had come down to the sea for rest. After all, there is nothing like work—it is the Heaven-bestowed compensation for the loss of our Eden. If you suffer, occupy yourself, work, fill up the silent hours, though it may seem hard at first to substitute the grating wheel of working life for its old lost melodies—though it may not console, it will enable you to endure.

Then, how work sweetens rest. The leisure hours, snatched from a busy life, bring a charm the idle cannot know. True, the sphere of woman's work is limited, but it is widening. To the rich and the happy that is but tidings to smile over, but to the poor and the suffering it means ground to till, instead of a desert to die in. So I sat in a silent hour, thinking slow idle thoughts, and feeling for the moment as though I should like to turn away from the busy world and stay for ever by the sea, watching the waves and the ripples, and the long lines of light, and the white-sailed ships coming like fairy messengers from brighter worlds, and the far, far horizon where heaven and

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earth, at least, *seem to meet.* I had sat dreaming thus, day after day, and every day—with careless interest at first, deepening almost to curiosity. I had noticed a young girl, who wandered slowly along the beach, and down near the waves. *Her* folded hands told of no happy leisure; their close clasp, and a look in her eyes that was not despair, but a great grief deepening down to it, were palpable as utterance; and I wondered what phase of the old, old story was darkening that young life. She was wasting—that was quite clear. The blow, impending, had not fallen. When a white-winged ship came over the horizon, then her eyes would brighten awhile, and I could fancy her murmuring, "I am looking for you with my hungry eyes; come, come."* Once a swallow—a single, stray bird—fluttered slowly over the waves. I could see how she was stirred by the sight of that solitary wanderer. Then I knew that her heart was in distant lands, that she was watching and waiting, but fearfully—oh! how fearfully!

Sometimes an old servant would come down, and gently chide her for staying there so long; then she would get up, and move away with slow lingering steps, as though she were moving farther from her hopes. So she went, and came, and watched; she read letters often—letters written on that flimsy paper whose very rustle has a sound of far away. She read these letters again and again, and would put them to her lips, with such a deep and craving love, that I longed to speak some word of comfort to the sad and lonely girl, and at last, one day, when she sat down near me, moved by a quick, sudden impulse, I said—

"You are watching for someone whom you love very much."

The address was somewhat abrupt, but I do not think it sounded so to her. We had sat near together so many days, attracted apparently by some secret sympathy, and the truth of what I said was so evident, she twisted her hands a little tighter together, looked at me, and answered—

"Yes."

Then, as though all rushed over her with double force, she bent down her head, and burst into uncontrollable sobs and tears.

"Poor child," I said, "poor child," and I went nearer to her, and, as she grew quieter, took her hand and shook it softly. My heart was full of sympathy, and words at such moments are so weak.

"You must forgive me, dear," I said at last, "for intruding on your grief."

"You are very kind," she said, looking up with a tearful smile; "I am better for it, and you do not seem like a stranger; I know who you are; I have read your books, and I used to

* Arrah-na-Pogue.

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like them so much, but I can't do anything now. The suspense is so dreadful, so dreadful."

"He whom you love is far away," I said.

"Yes, and ill, suffering so much, and I love him so."

Again I stroked the hand that now clung to mine.

"You are very kind," she said, "but you have not seen him, do not know him, so young, so full of life and beauty, with such a glory of intellect, fettered by illness and weakness, though even that does not dull his spirit. It is not for myself I grieve, but for him, for him."

O, light of woman's love, quenchless evermore!

"He is away," said the girl, "in Italy; he went alone, for he longed to throw aside his invalidism, and feel free for a little time; for whenever he has seemed to be well and brightest, then he has been always stricken;" and again the twisted fingers, the piteous eyes, and the quivering mouth told how she felt, for him—for him!

"And it has been so now," she continued. "He caught cold after he got there, was attacked with rheumatic fever, and then he gave in. Then he wrote to Aunt Ella, who loves him more than I do, and who had parted from him in an agony of fear deeper than mine, 'Come to me.' His proud patience had broken down; it would have yielded sooner, but he knew she had made some sacrifices for him, and feared it would not be easy for her to undertake so expensive a journey."

"Ill and alone," I sighed.

"Yes, but all were kind to him. That strange peculiar grace made itself felt even amongst strangers. They all became his friends. Aunt Ella says that all in the great hotel where he is staying have cared for him day and night, but he longed for her. You think," she continued eagerly, "that I am partial; but, indeed, he is one in a thousand. On Christmas-day he wrote to Aunt Ella."

"He is not your brother?" I asked.

"No," she said, while a faint blush stole over her cheeks, "we are distant cousins, and Aunt Ella is only our cousin."

"Poor child, and you love him?"

"Yes—but—but not as you mean. At least I loved, I love him—I could not help it. You could not hear him sing so magnificently, speak so eloquently, watch his noble patience, and not love him. It is hemorrhage from the lungs, and no one knows what Aunt Ella, who idolises him, has suffered."

"And the Christmas-day letter?" I said, trying to spare her.

"I think," she said, "considering how he was stricken and suffering, it was more eloquent than many sermons. Unable to move anything but his hands, ministered to by strangers, enduring acute pain, he wrote to Aunt Ella not to come if it

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entailed much sacrifice, and while it was evident how he longed for her, he endeavoured to make her feel as easy as possible if she could not come. He ended his note thus:—'Thanks on this happy Christmas morning for your letter and sweet-songed present. Do you know, being here alone and having Mrs.—— giving me my breakfast, I was so glad of that Christmas present. I told her who it was who sent it, and of all your goodness to me.' And when he wrote this he was so ill, so suffering, and yet there is not a murmur in its pages. The next account was written by a stranger. He had lost even the use of his hands."

"But he is better now," I asked.

"Yes, he is better now, but it is a terrible suspense, and no one, unless it be Aunt Ella, thinks I shall ever see him again."

Just then a ship, all white-winged, glided past, far out at sea.

"I can scarcely tell you," she said, "how I feel when I see the ships come and go. They fill my soul with such a strange yearning."

"I trust," I said, "he may yet return to acknowledge all your love."

"You saw that swallow the other day?" she asked; "it is a sign of mild weather when the swallows come, and it gave me hope that he too would come with the birds. Ah," she said, starting up, "there is the postman—I hope for a letter."

Watching, waiting, hoping, fearing, suffering—with now and then a gleam of light—so life glides away.

A few days afterwards we met again; it was to be our good-bye, for I was leaving for town.

"Tell me something more about your cousin and Aunt Ella," I said, "he has not been always an invalid."

"Oh no, but his life has been sad, though not without bright hours, and his nature is so sunny, he has made the most of the brightness."

"Your love and Aunt Ella's," I said, "would give warmth to any life, such love is rare to find."

"Mine—oh no, mine was nothing to him; but—but I could not help it. He is so thoughtful, so kind to all. I love him—I love him with all my heart, but he did not, he does not love me."

"You think not, perhaps."

"I am sure."

"He loved some one else."

"Yes—"

"And she—?"

"Loved him in a way, was proud of him, deeply flattered, and not incapable of appreciating him, but while I would have died for him, she reasoned on her love, weighed it in the balance. His health was precarious, his means small, so she

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gave him loving words, and having put the summer flowers he gathered for her in her hair, before the snowdrops were up she had taken another love, and soon after she was married. He said nothing, but he suffered."

"And Aunt Ella, what said she?"

"Not much, but her heart ached for her darling, the darling for whom she would have died. He came to her an orphan child, and she loved him beyond measure."

"And when the old love married, he learned the value of a truer love?"

"No, not in the sense you mean; but he liked to have me with him, that was enough for me. You wonder now, you would not do so, if you knew him. I am content to love him—Ah, me! Would that my love could save him."

It was Autumn, and again I was by the sea, sitting on the beach, watching the busy scene of sea-side idleness, sitting in the midst of a joyous crowd, among them, but not of them, not that I esteemed them lightly, or held them in any misanthropic scorn, far from it; but my days had passed, the joy bells of my heart were all rung out, and only requiems sounded there. So I watched them from a distance, feeling a dim reflection of their gladness, just as we feel in looking on a picture that pleases us, but has no influence on our lives. Thus, as I rested on the shingles, lulled by that old monotonous roar and cheered as I ever am by the solemn vastness of the sea, with its far illimitable sweep, its unfathomed depths, my attention was caught by a young man who stood upon the beach listening to the band, which was an exceptionally good one. My own soul felt a reproach as I looked at his face. What a luminous light shone from the eyes that looked as though they had once flashed with the quickest fire of youth! He seemed delicate, but not an invalid; his step was firm, his appearance full of life, and yet there was an unusual expression on that proud, handsome, intellectual face. That this was not my fancy I felt satisfied by a little incident.

The man who usually collected the money for the band, and who seemed rather superior to his class, passed before him.

"You are very fond of music, sir," he said, as he acknowledged the gratuity.

"Why do you think so?" asked the young man with a smile.

"Sir, because you look so happy under its influence."

So, that radiant look had touched the bandsman also.

Then an expression, half tender, half amused, crept over the young man's face, and following his eyes I saw that he was watching a lady who was evidently seeking some one. He moved forward until she saw him—then, what a flash of loving light and pride lit her eyes: but I thought he looked on her with

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just a shade of sad tenderness, and I could fancy he was thinking of the time those loving eyes would look for him in vain.

She passed her hand lightly through his arm, and they came nearer the sea, and then I saw my young friend of the spring, she who had watched and waited. She started up, and at the same moment saw me, and coming forward with extended hand, drew me nearer to where he stood, pointing him out with proud idolatry.

"He has come," she said, "better, so much better."

I joined them, and I too was fascinated by that soft eloquence, that strange earnestness, that humorous smile.

"You will never guess what I have been doing this morning," he said.

"What have you been doing?"

"I have been having a gallop on the downs, I felt an irresistible desire for it, and was afraid to tell you, knowing you you would be anxious—and now," he added, "I want you all to come and look at that beautiful engraving of the dead Elaine floating down the stream."

. . . . .

One month later and I saw the girlish form again upon the beach alone. I did not need to ask, the still despair told all. There was no restlessness now: the folded hands lay listless. The glory had gone from her life.

W. W.

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OUR "SUNDAYS OUT."

No. 1.

THE LLANTHONY VALLEY.

The advent of spring produces different effects upon variously constituted people. Tennyson tells us that at this season, "the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." More prosaic persons speak of the influence of spring as lying mainly in the direction of so-called influenza, and some even consider a course of spring medicine a necessary accompaniment of the vernal season. As to ourselves, spring awakens in our minds thoughts of mountains and valleys we have often explored, of long tramps through quiet lanes and along the banks of clear cold mountain brooks, of toilsome clambering over rock and boulder, with an ever growing weight of geological specimens, and of quiet pipes smoked in the company of wild Welsh mountain sheep on the broad-backed hills of South Wales. It also recalls many a pitiable arrival at a comfortless country inn, drenched to the skin, plastered with mud, footsore and hungry, as only he can be who has spent a long day on, say, the Fan Brecheiniog, with nothing more succulent than a geological hammer to sustain nature. However, the little miseries of the pedestrian are not serious permanent calamities, and when the attractions of the country draw us, we must obey.

Thus it happens that, towards the end of a busily occupied week, we sometimes think with aversion of spending the weekly day of rest in the vitiated atmosphere of town, feel doubtful whether the message the Rev. —— will deliver from the pulpit will be profitable to us, decide upon seeing how things look in the great temple outside, and to let bird and flower, fern and tree, hill and valley, sunshine and cloud preach to us an occasional discourse. This, of course, is what some good folks consider to be mortal sin, but it lies very lightly on our conscience. We quarrel with no other man's ideas, but finding by

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experience that an occasional Sunday spent in quiet observance of the beauties of nature, and in free discussion of very varied subjects with a sympathetic friend or two, helps us to a clearer grasp of the great problems of existence than any other mode of spending the day would, we simply ask those who object to our plan to admit that for us it may be right.

Gentle reader, do you know the Llanthony Valley? If not, then we hesitate to ask you to make its acquaintance, for we, who have known and loved it long, would almost wish to keep it sacred to ourselves, and the few who love it already. To us the lonely valley, shut in by the Black Mountain and the Ffwddog, traversed by the Honddu, is a refuge from the world, a quiet resting place, where peace reigns supreme. Here nature in her most tranquil mood has sketched a panorama, whose distances are broad wastes of green, brown and purple, seen through a glaze of blue; whose mid-distances are exquisite combinations of foliage, field and stream; and whose typical foreground is a hedgerow of the vigorous shoots of the bird cherry, with its upright spikes of pure white flowers, growing in a green bank full of delicate ferns and aglow with blue bells, primrose, cowslip, starwort, strawberry, and a wreath of other flowers. This is the general view of the valley on a fine spring day; but time and ability would fail us to describe the haunts of the marsh ranunculus and wild crocus in the bottoms; the views from the rustic bridges over the Honddu; the home of the spleenwort and the brittle bladder fern, where the mountain streamlet drips from the mossy rock; or the protean changes which the whole valley undergoes with every change of season or weather. If you have a mind in sympathy with nature in her highest forms of somewhat melancholy beauty, go and study it for yourself; if not, we can only beg of you to pic-nic elsewhere, and leave your empty bottles and scraps of paper to decorate more common place resorts.

On the eve of our "Sunday out" we stood near the little station of Llanfihangel, and watching the seething masses of black cloud over the valley, questioned whether the wisest course would not be to give up our expedition and take the next train homewards. But our clothes being unspoilable, and having a rooted objection to being frightened by weather, we started walking briskly in order to reach Llanthony Abbey before the downpour, and in a short time were abreast of the Hatteras Hill with its grand landslip, under which the hamlet of Cwmyoy stands, grouped around its little church. We remembered some very rough clambering over great blocks of old red sandstone in the landslip gorge, bestowed a passing thought on those curious efforts of the village sculptor's art, the gravestones in Cwmyoy-churchyard, looked back on the tame lower part of the valley, and on towards the characteristic upper part

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commencing here, and hurried on. As the light was dying out in the west, we opened the gate of the Abbey courtyard, and soon found ourselves in the vaulted kitchen of the inn, where a blazing fire greeted us, and the familiar scene evoked a flood of pleasant memories.

What a charm there is about that old kitchen, erewhile the "something in 'um" of the Abbey. But we could only glance around, and exchange friendly greetings with host and hostess, for the latter was occupied in folding piles of clean household linen, and we were in the way. So we went up a narrow stone stair to another room, had tea, and sat down to pipes and the Visitors' Book for the evening. Why should a Visitors' Book, full of poor jokes and inanities of all sorts, written in a desperate attempt to while away a rainy hour, exercise such fascination as it undoubtedly does on most people? From the Llanthony Visitors' Book we cull two extracts only. One is by the self-elected Bard of the Abbey:—

"There was once a Dominican Friar,
Who'd some trouble in lighting his fire.
The wood it was green,
So he used kerozene.
(Mournful pause.)
He is gone where the firewood is drier."

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The other is in prose, and we will not quote in full. It was a suggestion to Christian visitors that they should call upon a poor blind old cottager in the valley, and read to him from the Bible he loved so well, and ended by stating that his favourite story was that of "Jonah and the Whale." We puzzled for a long time over the problem why this story above all others should be specially consolatory to the dweller in the Llanthony Valley, and finally gave it up, and went to bed.

It is a curious experience to go to your bedroom by a narrow corkscrew stone staircase, and to sleep in the tower of a ruined church, and as we blew out our candle we hoped to have a visit from some portly Abbot or veiled nun, or that at least the brother who might happen to have charge of the cellar keys, would bring us a beaker of rare old Malmsey as a sleeping draught. But we went asleep without seeing the ghost of even a departed bell-rope, and the first disturbing element was the crowing of cocks, the cackling of hens, and the many other cheerful sounds with which the denizens of a farm-yard herald the advent of the morn.

Breakfast over, the sky was still overcast and threatening, and after watching the rolling mist on the mountain tops for a while, we turned into the kitchen to have a chat with our old friend, the hostess. Asking her if visitors had been numerous of late, she told us that she had another guest, a lady from a distance, whose husband was lying dangerously ill at the monastery four miles further up the valley, and that the good people there would not allow her to see him. The kind-hearted woman was greatly distressed, and very indignant at what she held to be their brutality, and we could not help sharing her feelings. However, as we could do nothing to help the poor lady, we started to stroll up the valley, drinking in its beauty, varied with every turn in the lane. The tender green of spring, and the glory of the flowers on bank, in hedgerow and orchard, was fresh and unsullied by either dust or smoke, and the pure invigorating air was full of the music of the birds. Everything seemed full of life, even to a great white goose that flew over our heads, and circled in the air around a farm house, with outstretched neck, and an insolent, self-asserting croak, as if to call attention to its strength of wing at a season when we believe geese do not often fly. Sauntering up the lane, with its bird cherry, hazel and hawthorn hedges, past an occasional white-washed cottage, surrounded by its bright orchard in full bloom, or small farm house with solid looking dull old red sand-stone walls, its eaves and woodwork painted dark brick red, always seeing through a screen of fresh green leaf the deep blue hill which divides the valley into a fork at Capel-y-ffin, we at last hear the bell of the monastery church calling those whose

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tastes might lie that way to morning service. We quicken our pace and soon see the barn-like building of old red sandstone which does duty as the monastery church. Passing a young couple bound in the same direction, and whose fancy we suspect to be guilty of "lightly turning to thoughts of love," we silently wish them joy, and push on to Capel-y-ffin. Here the valley divides into two branches, and we have left the county of Monmouth and are in Brecknockshire. Down in the bottom of the valley are two little chapels, one for adherents of the Established Church, and the other, we believe, for Baptists. So close are they together, in the still valley, that we should fancy it necessary to hold service at different times, in order to avoid disturbing each other. A little way up the hill, to the left, is the Monastery, and as we look over the valley, with its houses scattered far apart from each other, and think of the handful of people who inhabit it, we take a mental census of the religious accommodation provided at the Capel-y-ffin end, and are filled with amazement.

We turn up the hill-side and arrive at a gateway in a hedge with a locked door, on which a crown, across the words "Jesus only," and a text are painted in red. The boundary hedge of the monastery grounds runs up to a dingle filled with trees and from which a streamlet emerges, and above the feathery foliage rises the red gable of the church. We try the door, and finding it locked, are about resigning ourselves to an out-door service, when our young friends arrive, and we proceed with them further up the lane, reach an open gate, and for the first time see the range of rambling buildings which form the monastery. Fortunately, church and monastery have so much the appearance of good farm buildings as not to jar in any way upon their surroundings.

The near end of the church looks as if it were intended some day to add to it and supply Capel-y-ffin with a small cathedral, and the entrance appears to be through a very rough wooden porch. This we enter and are again met by a closed door. Pushing this, and finding it does not yield, we hesitate a while, then knock gently and are at last admitted. We find ourselves in an outer part of the building, shut off from the chancel by a plain wooden screen or gate, now open. At the gorgeous high altar inside a splendidly vestured priest is officiating, assisted by youthful acolytes. In one part of the church, on the left hand, is the altar to the Virgin, approached by a few steps and surrounded by a railing; in front of us, on the other side, is another small altar, with a good many flowers, in pots, and the rough walls are decorated by a poor picture or two. The floor is furnished with low-seated, high back, rush bottomed chairs, on which we sit. The change from the bright light outside to the dim church, with its candles, is striking, but that from

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the pure fresh air of the valley to the heavy incense laden atmosphere inside is still more so. We look at the congregation and find in front an "outside sister," in the uniform of the monastery, a lady or two, whom we take to be visitors, and some twenty inhabitants of the valley, with that stolid, patient, uninterested look which seems to be the natural result of the struggle for existence (by agricultural pursuits on a small scale).

By the time we have taken in our surroundings the service comes to an end, and we are told to shift our chairs to face the Lady Chapel (or altar) for the sermon. We do so, and as we got seated, Father Ignatius entered, clad in the severest of black monastic garbs, and followed by four bare-footed acolytes or choir boys, chubby, sun-burnt, close cropped, well fed, happy-looking little fellows, clad in white and red, with red skull caps stuck on the back of their heads. The Rev. Father seats himself on a chair on the altar platform, three of the acolytes nestle around him on the altar steps, the fourth sitting apart, and the whole group forms a charmingly bright picture.

Reading his text and commencing his sermon seated, as the preacher warms with his subject he rises, and approaches the rail, speaking always with an unfeigned intense earnestness, and an eloquence produced by a directness of thought and expression, which is, perhaps, the rarest and best qualification for any speaker who has a message to deliver to his fellow-man. His action was perfectly natural and unstrained, and the whole discourse gave one the idea of being quite extempore. As for the language, it was, for such an audience, perfect in the homeliness of every simile used, and the unmistakable character of the by no means infrequent sarcasm.

And the message? Starting with the nature of the Deity, he expounded His greatness in a manner so felicitous, and with an eloquence so natural, as it has seldom been our good fortune to hear. The point that the God who rules the universe, of which our earth forms so utterly insignificant a part, who sets for the suns of the milky way, with their attendant planets, their appointed path, is also the God who paints the lovely forget-me-not, and bids us call him "Father," was put effectively, plainly, and eloquently. That the duty of man was not the mere following of pigs, or handling filthy pieces of money, but the worship of the Highest, was also conveyed in language not the less fitly chosen because of its extreme homeliness, whilst the really wasted, spiritually idle life was illustrated by a simile so trite and so telling as to be worth a verbatim report, if space allowed. But this was followed by, and mixed up with, a doctrine of such utter disregard of our fellow mortals, of such supreme contempt for all save the few faithful ones, as made our flesh creep. Preaching, said the preacher, is not meant or expected

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to do away with worldliness and frivolity in the many, but to draw the few who are willing to be saved, the rest are damned.

Looking upon the worn face of the preacher, we could not doubt his sincerity, and although we took no notes, we could probably give a faithful report of the whole of the sermon. The ideas we have given were the leading ones, naturally conducting to an appeal to his hearers ("dear people," as he called them) to prostrate themselves before God in body as well as in spirit, and to care little for their duties to their fellows as long as they worshipped God. The part which dealt with the outward irreverence of Protestant worship was effective as a piece of, perhaps, not altogether unwarranted sarcasm from the preacher's standpoint, but admitted of an equally bitter sarcastic retort from the other side of the question.

The sermon over, as discussion was not invited, and no resolution proposed, there was no opportunity for us to move an amendment, and being pressed for time, we did not remain for the after part of the service, but left the church, not sorry again to breathe the fresh air, and be acted upon by the peaceful influences of the valley. As we left, one of the people belonging to the monastery came out also. Hearing him say he was going to see the sick man, we offered to convey any message to the wife at the Abbey. He replied that he did not know whether any message had been sent that day, that he had none, and that the woman, being weak and excitable, had better go home.

We walked away, and coming to the lower door, we stopped to look again at the charming picture of the copse, crowned by the gable of the church. We read the inscription on the door again, and thought of the poor woman at the Abbey, and of what a mockery the text of invitation to the weary and heavy-laden would seem to her in her agony. And the words, "He that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" came into our minds. We looked up at the church, and felt that the Christ we had been taught of, the God-man, with His infinite sympathy with degraded humanity, His tender compassion for the sinning and the suffering ones, was not perceivable by us in the teaching we had heard there, and as again we read the motto of the monastery, "Jesus only," we wondered whether it, like many another high and noble motto, was used only as a starting point to run away from. Then we remembered a certain correspondence in the *Times*, between Mr. Charlesworth and General Booth, and called to mind Daudet's creation of Jeanne Antheman, in *L'Evangeliste*, and many another instance which rose to our recollection; and we came to the conclusion that priestly assumption is not the exclusive property of any one church, or of either sex.

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Turning our backs upon the monastery, we walked down the valley, talking of the man we had heard and his message, and regretting that such rare earnestness and eloquence of the right sort to act powerfully on great masses of men, should be wasted on a creed so narrow and exclusive. We talked of other men and their messages, of the congregation we had left, and the curious mixture of religious influences at work in this out-of-the-world corner; and as we talked, the sun broke through the clouds, and the valley took possession of us again. Some went down to the Honddu, and watched the sun flashing on the rippling water, lighting up the leafy screen of the trees, and changing every hue in the distance all around. Then we crossed the rustic bridge, got into a boggy water-lane, and had our attention divided between the flowers on its banks, the animals and birds around us, the ever-changing views of the peaceful valley and the hills which enclose it, and the prosaic difficulty of getting along without filling our boots with mud, and so we got back to the Abbey.

Looking at the west front, with its carpenters' yard and its snug dwelling-house nestling under the tower where we had slept, passing around to the south side, and opening the gate which reveals the inn door, with its green turfed court, out of which the pillars of the old nave rise, going into the coach-house with its fine vaulted roof, and passing round to the garden with its old-fashioned flowers, its currant bushes alive with the hum of the bees, and its vegetable beds, mixed up with the ruins of the Abbey, we, somehow, felt unconscious of any sense of incongruity in it all, and, certainly, felt no desire to see the old place restored and peopled by monks of any colour or of any creed. The only jarring note was the consciousness of the poor wife suffering in agony which only religious fanaticism could mete out to her, and which was inexpressibly painful to us, because certain dark passages in our own life enabled us to appreciate its weight, and this led us not to prolong our stay. We went into the old kitchen, had some bread and cheese and beer, took leave of our good hostess, and started down the valley. On our way we visited the churchyard of Llanthony, spent a few minutes among the gravestones and the nettles, and then quietly strolled off, storing up the beauty of the scene in order to recall our favourite valley when it should no longer be present to the bodily eye.

That afternoon a funeral sermon was to be preached at Llanthony, and on the road we met some of the inhabitants going to the church, and were struck by the custom of wearing hatbands on such an occasion. Amongst others, we met the clergyman who officiates at the three churches of Cwmyoy, Llanthony, and Capel-y-ffin, mounted on a stout cob, and decorated with a

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flowing hatband, and somehow this token of his sympathy with even the absurdities of humanity seemed to raise him in our esteem. Before entering upon the lower open part of the valley, below Cwmyoy, we left the road, and, lying in a field, looking up stream, we smoked a pipe silently, and had one last survey of the real Llanthony Valley, now lit up steadily by an unobscured sun for the first time on this visit. And then we walked briskly through a charming country, which, however, did not possess for us the charm of that we had left, got gradually into civilisation, had a meal amongst purely conventional surroundings, took the train home, and our "Sunday out" was over.

Cardiff. PHILORITES.

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MARGINAL NOTES ON LIBRARY BOOKS.

My Trivial Life and Misfortune we unhesitatingly pronounce to be, in several respects, the best novel that has seen the light for a considerable time past. It is written in admirable English—an article of which modern novel-writers possess but the most moderate stock, and the situations are evolved without any apparent effort, certainly without strain. In themselves commonplace, still, by the author's art, they are invested with an interest which at times is quite absorbing. Oppressively painful, happy to delirium point are the characters made by everyday accidents, or the most natural and simplest imaginable of the occurrences of this life. After the tricks and trumpery of the great herd of modern fictionmongers, it is quite refreshing to turn to pages like these, where thought and sentiment flow evenly, and the incidents are of this world, instead, as is too often the case with the professional fiction-maker, of the moon or of Bedlam. The author is a woman—a plain woman she describes herself. But her plainness is accompanied by exceptional gifts of heart and understanding. She wears a precious jewel in her head worth all the rouge and powder nature ever wasted in making woman beautiful. Hers is the leaden casket which butterflies and fools pass by. Our only regret is that she never found a Bassanio to unlock its treasures. That the writer of this really clever work is a woman we would have divined without difficulty from one very strong peculiarity in it. All her women are men, and all her men are women; the former strong-minded, unscrupulous, clever scoundrels, for the most part; the latter, with, perhaps, the single exception of Uncle Sherbrook, a pack of easy-going, led-by-the-noseable, contemptible chits, whom one has a mind to whip and put to bed at the end of every chapter almost. There is something of a mystery connected with the writing of this work which the reader may or may not feel interested in knowing. Up to the date of publication it is said the author preserved her anonymity even as against her publishers, with whom she negotiated the preliminaries through the advertising columns of the *Times*. After perusal of her book we earnestly hoped to Heaven her experiences were not actually autobiographical.

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A very natural exclamation, after reading the Rev. W. E. Winks' work, will be—"And they were all shoemakers!" We quite accept the author's statement that in all probability never has reader been introduced to so many illustrious sons of St. Crispin as in this volume of *Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers*, published by Messrs. Samson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington, Crown Buildings, Fleet Street, E.C. Among the worthies here (to use an Americanism) biographed may be found Sir Cloudesley Shovel, the cobbler boy, who became an admiral; James Lackington, shoemaker and bookseller; Samuel Bradburn, the shoemaker, who became President of the Wesleyan Conference; Wm. Gifford, who ascended from the shoemaker's stool to the editor's chair; Robert Bloomfield, the poet shoemaker, who wrote "The Farmer's Boy"; Saml. Drew, shoemaker and metaphysician; Wm. Carey, the linguist; John Pounds, philanthropist; Thos. Cooper, author of the *Purgatory of Suicides;* and a large number of other representative members of the craft who have distinguished themselves in times ancient and modern, at home and abroad. In his method of treatment Mr. Winks appears, generally speaking, to have kept an eye rather to the usefulness or the goodness of the particular life dealt with than to its literary or artistic interest, although both these are by no means left out of sight. An example or two will illustrate our meaning. A couple of lives, possessing an interest at once deeply human and deeply dramatic, are those of William Gifford and Thomas Holcroft. Mr. Winks has considered it worth while to tell the life story of Samuel Bradburn and of Samuel Drew each at greater length than Gifford's, and John Pounds at greater length than Holcroft's. Bradburn, it should be stated, was an excellent preacher. Pounds displayed an active philanthropy, which earned the commendation of the present Lord Shaftesbury. Compare, again, the lives of Richard Savage and Joseph Blacket—genuine "Sons of Sorrow" both. The latter, of whom a portrait is given, wrote a couple of poems, one called "The Conflagration" and the other "Saragossa," of which Robert Bloomfield spoke very highly. Savage, whose biography Mr. Winks himself states is one of the most romantic and melancholy in existence, is disposed of in a little over a page, while Blacket's occupies nearly six times that space. In addition to the reason already given, namely, the goodness and usefulness of the lives, the author may, possibly, have had another for treating some of the (intrinsically) less interesting lives with a greater fulness of detail. Particulars of these latter are often not very accessible to the ordinary reader, who would almost instinctively know where to lay his hand on as much as he wished to find out with respect to the others. Thus, for the story, all-absorbing in its interest, of the life of

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Wm. Gifford one would turn to the autobiography of that remarkable man, prefixed to his translation of Juvenal, in 1802; for that of Holcroft to the wonderful "Memoirs" by himself and William Hazlitt, and for that of Savage to Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets*, where all has been told of the man that really can be told. If Mr. Winks deserves a compliment more for one good trait than another in this book, it is for this: that he has shown in every single instance a firm grasp of the strong points of his subject's career; and these he has laid before us in admirably clear language, and in the fewest words possible. The illustrations, of which there are nine, give an additional value to the work, which we can honestly commend as a most useful, instructive and readable one.

Mr. James Payn's *Kit: A Memory*, is a capital novel, as most of Mr. Payn's novels unquestionably are. The, we hardly know whether to call him hero or villain of the book is such a mixture of good qualities and bad, of heroism and baseness, that he looks much more like a real man than any of the absurdities which usually pass muster as such in the pages of modern fiction. He manages to bring unhappiness of the most serious and lasting kind upon nearly all the personages with whom he comes into contact, much though he may have at some period or other in his career benefitted them in one way or the other all round. Kit Garston has a smack of Spanish blood in his veins, hence the warmth of his imagination, the brilliance of his talents, and his love of adventure—the adventure which makes an adventurer of him quite as much as the other kind of adventure, which enables him to pose as the possessor of a chivalrous nature and a daring. Purged as by fire we at last leave him a better if a sadder man, settled somewhere in South America, whither he has escaped from this country, even from Dartmoor; his exile being shared by his sister Trenna, who has all his own noble qualities without any of the alloy. Some of the incidents verge on the improbable, but that fact will not detract much from the reader's relish of the swing and go of the book, of which the interest is kept up to the very last page.

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GOSSIP FROM THE WELSH COLLEGES.

ST. DAVID'S COLLEGE, LAMPETER.

We celebrated our Degree Day on Thursday, June 28th. The day before the Examiners issued their class lists. As I have been dealing largely in statistics lately, I may go on with them, and say that out of three candidates for the B.D., one only—the Rev. H. C. W. Phillips—succeeded in obtaining it, having sent in a dissertation on "Symbolism" of unusual merit. Out of eighteen would-be B.A.'s seventeen obtained their degrees—one, Mr. David Williams, gaining a second class in classical honours, another taking his degree in the pass Classical School, the other fifteen in pass Theology. Twenty-one passed. Three failed in Moderations, four of whom took up a special classical course, two special chemistry, and one special Welsh. In Responsions, the first year examination, twenty-eight got through. At their head was Mr. W. P. Owen, the Bates Prizeman. Three of those successful were new matriculated candidates from Lampeter Grammar School. In this year the slaughter was greatest, and no less than ten—eight in college and two unmatriculated—were "ploughed," while three were unable to go through the examination. All the "Biennials"—three in the second year, and eight in the first year—succeeded in passing; and one of the former, Mr. Samuel Jones, by winning the Theology Prize, defeated the whole of the fifteen theologians who took their B.A. degree.

The Thursday opened very wet, and it was with some difficulty that the procession from the College managed to get into the Town Hall between the showers. Besides the formal conferring of the degrees, the great feature of this part of the proceedings was the report of the examiners. Mr. Watson and Mr. Wilson, the senior examiners, certainly did not err on the side of

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leniency, and those whose fate it was to hear what they said must rather have wondered how they got through after all. But in how many examinations do the men universally show thoughtfulness and readiness in the application of general principles! We are most of us "pass men," and Mr. Watson, who has had great experience with Cambridge "pass men," can hardly have found these rare and valuable qualities even among the examinees of that ancient seat of learning. After so severe a castigation, the praise that came from an examiner's lips had at least the attraction of sincerity, and they spoke of the fewness of the failures, the hardness of the work, the difficulty of our degree standard, and the progress of the College, in a way that atoned for their scathing criticisms of some features of our work. Professor Rhys then delivered his report, which I should like to give in full, so valuable and so encouraging, so sympathetic yet so discerning did it seem to us. But it is too long for the *Red Dragon*, and an abridgment would deprive it of that raciness of style and breadth of view that are so conspicuously displayed in it. Himself a Cardiganshire man, and with, perhaps, as wide an experience of Welsh character and of the difficulties of Welsh students as any one living, his speech was a real contribution to the education question that now distracts Wales. After the formal part of the work was over, 120 guests and students were entertained by the College Board to luncheon in the College Hall. Among the many speeches delivered special attention may be drawn to the important statement of policy from the Principal, and the graceful recognition of the work done by the College by Dr. R. D. Roberts.

Though the Degree Day rather monopolises our interest at this time of year, I must not forget to add that Mr. David Lloyd, our "affiliated" student at Keble College, Oxford, has won a new success by obtaining, after examination and competition, one of the Goldsmith Exhibitions of £50 a year. With his Keble Exhibition, and the College prizes I have already mentioned in addition to this, Mr. Lloyd's career shows how, even from the low standpoint of finance, the difficulties of the affiliation experiments are gradually solving themselves in practice.

Next Term begins on October 2nd, but for the best men the Scholarship Examination that commences on Sept. 26 will be the real renewal of work. There are, as usual, a good many scholarships vacant, and as the first year shows, even according to Mr. Watson, unusual promise, there will certainly be a hot competition, both among in-College men and outsiders.

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LITERARY AND ART NOTES OF THE MONTH, &c.

The Cambrian Archæological Association will meet this year at Fishguard, Pembrokeshire. The president of the year is Mr. Phillips, of Picton Castle, and the day of meeting has been fixed for Monday, August 13. The *Pembrokeshire Guardian* informs us that Miss Schawe-Protheroe, of Goodwick (a member of the society), is interesting herself in getting up a temporary museum at Fishguard for the week. A local committee has been formed for arranging excursions, of which the Rev. J. O. James, of Letterston Rectory, is the hon. secretary. Apart from the special features important to the archæologist the district is interesting to all as the scene of the French Invasion of 1797; and the coast scenery, in some portions, is fine.

The Cardiff Naturalists' Society held their annual field day on Wednesday, June 20, when about eighty members visited Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, where they were shown the premises of the Shorthorn Dairy Company, the church, castle, and other places of interest.

On the same day Sir Henry Hussey Vivian, M.P. for Glamorganshire, opened a bazaar at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, at which Madame Edith Wynne, Miss Mary Davies, Miss Mary Jane Williams, Mr. Brinley Richards, and Pencerdd Gwalia rendered excellent services in a musical way.

Mr. John Storrie, the curator at the Cardiff Museum, has in the press a volume on the Flora of South Wales.

At a recent meeting of the Archæological Institute, the Rev. J. Hirst read a paper "On the Native Levies raised by the Romans in Britain." This was a vindication of the list of native troops recruited by the Romans in Britain—and sent by them, according to custom, out of the country to act as auxiliaries to the legions on foreign service—which was first given by Dr. de Vit, a Roman archæologist of some note. The author showed conclusively that the small list of one cohort of foot soldiers and one wing of horse, technically styled *Britannica*, which is the utmost hitherto admitted by English writers on the subject, such as Camden, R. Smith, and Sadler, was utterly inadequate, and, moreover, misleading, as they embodied in their total of native levies troops which, according to Hübner,

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McCaul, C. Bruce, Rhys, T. Watkin, and De Vit, were raised amongst a continental race of Britons, the existence of which is admitted by the late Dr. Guest in his posthumous work, "Origines Celticæ." The paper, moreover, treated of the probable total of British levies and of the position they occupied in the latter age of the Empire. Here the authority of Lingard and of the Saxon chroniclers was called in question, and a vivid picture was drawn of the effect of the ruthless pressgangs of the Romans and of the change wrought in the habits of the natives by the enervating influence of Roman civilisation.

According to the *South Wales Daily News*, "a recent gift to the growing art collection of the town of Cardiff is of special interest as being the work of and presented by a local artist, who has done very much to forward the love and encouragement of art here. The oil painting referred to, entitled 'Stormy Weather,' is by Captain Short, R.C.A., and has been lately hung upon the walls of the Museum. It is about the size of the work by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., recently added, but in subject is in strong contrast."

Mr. John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia) gave his annual harp concert at St. James's Hall, London, on Saturday, June 23. The programme consisted, to a large extent, of his own compositions and arrangements. Among the artistes who appeared were Madames Edith Wynne, Rose Hersee and Henriquez, the Misses Santley and Hope Glenn, and Mr. Lewis Thomas and Mr. Santley.

The first volume of Transactions of the National Eisteddfod Association, now ready, contains a report of the annual meeting at Denbigh, the text of the adjudication on the essays sent to Denbigh in competition for the prize of fifty guineas offered for the best continuation of Stephens's *Literature of the Kymry*, and the papers read before the Cymmrodorion at their sectional meetings at Denbigh. The volume has been edited by Mr. Marchant Williams, B.A.

In the July number of the *Contemporary Review* there are two short poems by Mr. Lewis Morris, and an article against the Ilbert Bill, written by Mr. L. P. Pugh, M.P., entitled, "Idealistic Legislation in India."

The way in which English bibliomaniacs combine business with pleasure receives forcible illustration from the *Academy's* statement that the second-hand book trade have long credited Mr. Halliwell with having bought a volume of Shakespeare's quartos in Glasgow for five shillings, and afterwards made £750 out of it, by cutting it up. The deal is said to be the most successful ever made in either the amateur or the professional trade.

Writing the *Academy* of June 30, Herr Ernst Windisch, of Leipzig, asks, in the interests of English scholarship and Celtic

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philology, whether it is really true that the Ashburnham MSS. are to go to America. From the Dublin *Gaelic Journal*, and other sources, the writer gathered that this collection contains several excellent Irish MSS., partly with rare texts, which ought to remain in the United Kingdom.

One of the principal features of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* for July is the concluding paper of Dr. Osborn's review of the Marquess of Bute's *Translation of the Reformed Roman Breviary.*

In his report as one of the examiners of St. David's College, Lampeter, Professor Rhys has just said of one of the candidates who had made a special study of Celtic philology and ethnology that he displayed unusual aptitude for those studies, and that the careful guidance which he had enjoyed had enabled him to form on Celtic questions of great difficulty views free from the errors incorporated with them in the text-books he was obliged to use.

Apropos of this and of some remarks subsequently made by the learned Professor with reference to the importance of such studies to a candidate for the ministry, we learn that the College authorities have now made special provision for the study of Welsh literature as an integral part of the Degree Course.

The balance sheet of the Denbigh Eisteddfod, recently published, shows the takings of £3,115 3s. 7d. to have been exceeded by the expenditure by £200. To make up the loss, the guarantors, 140 in number, will be called upon to contribute £2 each.

At a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, held on Thursday, June 14th, Dr. William Smith in the chair, the Rev. W. C. Lukis exhibited and explained plans made by him of the stone circles at Avebury, Winterbourn Basset, and Stanton Drew, and of the cromlechs at Castell Corrig and Maesyfelin, near Cardiff, and others in South Wales. As to Avebury, Mr. Lukis is convinced that no avenue towards Beckhampton, as described by Stukeley, can ever have existed.

According to the *Musical World*, Mr. John Thomas (harpist to Her Majesty the Queen) announces a concert tour, organised under his direction, for the months of August and September, for which he has secured the co-operation of Madame Edith Wynne (soprano), Miss Delia Harris (contralto), Mr. W. H. Cummings (tenor), Mr. Lewis Thomas (basso), and Miss Bessie Waugh (pianist). All these *artistes*, excepting, perhaps, Miss Delia Harris, the new contralto, are universally known in English musical circles. Some, however, have won special distinction in Wales—for instance, Madame Edith Wynne (Eos Cymru) and Mr. John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia); while the Celtic Lewis Thomas and the erudite W. H. Cummings have also been for years past associated with Welsh Eisteddfodau

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Mr. Whitley Stokes has contributed a long list of emendations of the *Saltair na Rann* to the Academy. He prefaces the whole with the statement that Celtic philology has during the last thirty years made great strides forward; but it is not yet advanced enough to give a critical text or a complete version of the 162 Middle-Irish poems recently published in the "Anecdota Oxoniensis," under the title of *Saltair na Rann* ("The Psalter of the Quatrains"). The difficulty is partly due to the obscurity of some of the subjects, partly to the antiquity of the language (which is about eight hundred years old), partly to the licence which the stringency of his rules as to rhyme compelled the author to allow himself in matters of grammar, but chiefly to the occasional carelessness or ignorance of the twelfth-century copyist. Though the text which he has given us is generally accurate and intelligible, of the 8,392 lines about 450 are more or less corrupt. In these he has managed to commit every crime of which an Irish scribe, as such, could be guilty.

The Royal Cambrian Academy of Art will hold its second summer exhibition at Rhyl from July 23 to September 15.

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OUR "RED DRAGONS" AT WESTMINSTER.

The Parliamentary interest of the month, from a Welsh point of view, has been centred less in the House of Commons than in its Lobby. The Lobby is the ante-chamber of high politics. It is the rendezvous of intrigue. Here the "wire-pullers" exercise their peculiar talents and conspiracies are brought to fruition. The House witnesses their success or their failure. The *habitués* of the Lobby, who are not of the elect, hold their tenure by a license. Every man preys upon his fellow. There is no such thing as friendship in competitive politics. The conditions of Parliamentary life render sincere friendship impossible. The House itself resembles a jar of Egyptian snakes, which are for ever climbing to the top over one another's shoulders. The *habitués* of the Lobby are divided between men who are members of the House, and men who follow the profession of journalism—men who have adopted a certain shibboleth, fuglemen of certain movements and the disciples or apostles of many social and political gospels. The scene is usually a busy one, and to the intelligent stranger invariably means a great deal. It is not a place for "loafers." It is far from being an amusing place. Every man who is there may be regarded as a man with an object. He is either a journalist in search of intelligence, a wire-pulling Tory desirous of seeing one of the Tory whips; a Birmingham Caucusmonger anxious for a word with Mr. Chamberlain; a professional crotchet-monger, labouring to secure precedence for the Bill in which his employers are especially interested. The Lobby is always a kaleidoscope of "isms." Now it is a deputation of pale-faced descendants of Father Mathew, who have no concern with Imperial politics; for whom patriotism is a meaningless expression; and with whom the sole end and aim of Parliament is to make local option a stern and statutable reality. The Local Optionists are followed by the Sunday Closers; the Sunday Closers by the Scotch Vetoists; the Scotch Vetoists by a deputation of fanatics, who oppose compulsory vaccination in favour of free trade in small-pox; the free traders in small-pox by a deputation of the "Shrieking Sisterhood," led on by Mrs. Josephine Butler, to abolish the C. D. Acts; and the Shrieking Sisterhood

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by the strong-minded maidens of the Woman's Suffrage League, clamorous for political enfranchisement. Anon it is a deputation of Educational Reformers; of policemen in search of a better scale of pensions; of dockyardsmen desirous of making known their grievances to Mr. Puleston, who is a recognised authority upon naval wrongs and how to redress them; of farmers seeking relief from their landlords, and of landlords asking to be delivered from their tenants. There are black men from Afric's golden strand; brown men from the Orient; tawny Colonists from the Antipodes; all with petitions in their hands and injuries rankling in their hearts. There are eavesdroppers, who prey upon the plotters; and there are detectives from Scotland Yard, who spread nets for the capture of both. Members having their interests to serve, seek out those who have the power to serve them. There are the private secretaries of Under-Secretaries of State; there are toadies in search of sinecures; and there are promoters of bubble companies, who want the names of respectable legislators to bait their lines with glittering autographs. The Lobby is a little world, in which the lights and shadows reflect in epitome those of the greater world without; in which honest men are jostled by rogues; publicans by Pharisees; philanthropists by humbugs. It is framed in a setting of chicanery and duplicity. Its background and its foreground are studded with secret rebels and professional patriots, while the atmosphere of the picture is compounded of a great deal of individual ambition, of much cant, and very little heroism. There has never been a Parliament in which "one idead" men have found so many seats. The Lobby has, therefore, never been so much sought after or frequented by crotchet-mongers and their creatures.

I started by saying that the Parliamentary interest of the month, from a Welsh point of view, has been centred less in the House of Commons than in its Lobby. The meaning hereof is that the mind has sought in the Lobby for that knowledge which it could not obtain in the House. Just now the chief topic of interest for the Welsh members is Welsh Higher Education. In the House nothing was to be learned, but in the Lobby much might be gleaned. Mr. Mundella, it became known, had handed to Mr. Henry Richard the draft of the Bill to provide the Principality with Intermediate Education. The hon. and venerable member for Merthyr was made the repository of this extraordinary confidence not without much good reason. He understood the subject, and his well-known sympathies with higher education enabled him to approach it with an intelligent enthusiasm. Thus when it became known that the senior member for Merthyr had been entrusted with the draft of Mr. Mundella's little Bill, everybody interested in Wales sought out Mr. Richard, and plied him with

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pressing and curious questions. But whilst placing his Bill in the hands of the member for Merthyr, the Vice-President of the Council also accompanied the act with a condition. This condition was that Mr. Richard should not reveal to a living soul the contents of the measure. "Read it," said Mr. Mundella, "study it closely, intently; make any suggestions you like; I will read them all, without, of course, pledging myself to accept any; but take heed, my trusty friend, to rivet the secret to thy soul with bands of steel." Mr. Henry Richard accepted the Bill, with the conditions which accompanied it. Mr. Mundella, it appears, had been rapped over his official knuckles in the House for having given to a toady journalist a *precis* of some State document, and Mr. Mundella, smarting from the flagellation, swore by the holy poker never to tell a secret to a pressman again as long as he held office. So when he imposed upon Mr. Richard his terrible Bill, and his more terrible injunction to secrecy, he whispered to him, "Beware of the press-gang." It was, I believe, the *Western Mail* which first made known to the Principality and the Welsh "Red Dragons" at Westminster that Mr. Richard was to have the Bill. The intimation had a magical effect, since it at once lifted Mr. Henry Richard into a position of the utmost interest. He was the repository in advance of a Government Bill. His venerable head concealed the contents of that magical measure. A dozen men, eager to be the first to acquaint their friends in Wales with the nature of the Government proposals, at once "went for" the senior member for Merthyr. He was adjured, cajoled, threatened, bullied to speak what he knew; but he repulsed the wheedler and the assailer alike. His bosom was adamantine; his lips were hermetically sealed. Nothing was to be got out of him—nothing was got out of him. Mr. Mundella, hearing of the inviolability of Mr. Richard's secret, rubbed his hands, and spoke approvingly of the cloistered reticence of the hon. gentleman. True, scientific politics is largely composed of the art of concealing the thoughts. Mr. Richard has shown himself to possess the first quality of a Prime Minister.

But in all these pretty and pleasant intrigues to Boycott the Press, and preserve inviolable the golden secret shared by Mr. Mundella and Mr. Richard, the conspirators counted without their leader. On Monday evening Mr. Gladstone went down to the House in a murtherous humour. The wicked Tories, by their arts of obstruction, had driven Government business into a block. The way must be cleared. It was the slaughter of the Sunderland innocents over again. Amongst the slaughtered was the Irish Sunday Closing Bill; amongst the victims reserved for future sacrifice was the Welsh Intermediate Education Bill. Mr. Henry Richard, who was nursing his thumbs complacently down to this part of the tragedy, sprang like an electric body

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from the earth, and darted a withering look at the Prime Minister, which, as I am credibly informed, scorched the Hyperian curls of Sir John Jones Jenkins, and singed the whiskers of the Judge-Advocate-General. Mr. Dillwyn, who had been wrestling with his thoughts, seated doubled up in his familiar corner just below the Treasury Bench, felt the stimulus of Mr. Richard's wrath. Viscount Emlyn, who had been conning the House, from one of those remarkable convolutions of body called "an attitude," for which the noble Viscount is the envy of his imitators, the Radical *jeunesse doree*, gave expression to his emotion by the loud cracking of his thumbs, sounds which, waking up Mr. Warton, caused that gentleman to drop his snuff-box, to the noisy discomfiture of his neighbours and to the alarm of Mr. Dodds, the parent of the Bill dealing with Boiler Explosions.

The senior member for Merthyr was the first to break the fatal spell, and he gasped out a protest against the abandonment of the Welsh Education Bill—a protest which Sir Hussey Vivian seconded by a demand for a Saturday sitting to save this measure. Mr. Dillwyn joined in this appeal, and Viscount Emlyn, with a twinkle of conscious humour, urged that at least "the Bill should be printed," a suggestion which Mr. Puleston received with cries of "Hear, hear," and Mr. Mundella with alarmed shouts of "No, no." The fight (as Count Fosco said) was hot whilst it lasted, but we are told that underlying every tragedy is a vein of comedy. A *reductio ad absurdum* was reached when, amid the general execration of the sanguinary deed, the husky accents of the twittering Mr. Warton were heard, commending the Government for what he called its "reasonable statement." After this the Welsh members held a Druids' Council in the Tea Room, and the House very properly and very fitly gave itself over to the Corrupt Practices, for which the Attorney-General had provided a Bill, as the most natural thing to do after the display of Corrupt Practices, for which, as Sir Hussey Vivian quaintly, pleasantly, and good-humouredly remarked, their authors will have to make atonement at the General Election.

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DRACONIGENÆ.

A correspondent writes:—"If the housewife would obtain good bread, and prevent the effects of witchcraft on her kneading trough" (writes "Gypt" in *Bye-gones*), "she should trace the form of the cross on the flour whilst the process of bread-making is going on." The writer of these lines, who is one of the most observant of our Welsh antiquaries, adds:—"This is now-a-days generally practised. The paper from which it is extracted is published in the *Oswestry Advertiser* for August 16, 1882. "W.A.L." (whose note on this custom as observed in Aberystwyth you canvassed in the *Red Dragon* of July) is a well-known and able antiquary, who never writes at random; besides, if the cross is only used by the Aberystwyth bakers, to distinguish their own bread, how is it Mr. Jones's bread never gets mixed with Mr. Williams's? And why do they not, like bakers elsewhere, stamp their initials on the dough?—[Mr. Jones's bread, marked with a cross, does not, we would suggest, get mixed with Mr. Williams's, because the latter is marked, say, with a circle formed by a dab from the bottom of a cup. Bakers elsewhere do not all stamp their initials on the dough. We knew one living at a very long distance indeed from Aberystwyth, in a large way of business, whose mark was a cross made with a three-pronged fork.]

***

We are indebted to the same source for the following:—"Since the subject of Death Bed and Funeral Customs has been noticed in the *Red Dragon*, I have been referring to some of the back volumes of *Bye-gones*, and find in the year 1873 a statement to the effect that a woman residing in the county of Monmouth, then living, stated that her mother 'possessed a deep pewter plate, about the circumference of an ordinary dinner plate, which was frequently borrowed by the poorer neighbours—filled with salt—and placed upon the chest of the deceased after the body had been laid out.'" Another correspondent said that in some parts of Wales this was done to "prevent the swelling of the body;" and a third narrated a statement he had seen, that in 1803, at a farmhouse called Southern Pills, in the parish of Lawrenny, Pembroke, the

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nurse had snatched the pillow from under the head of a dying woman, but does not say why. A chapter on Welsh Funeral Customs would be interesting to your readers."

* * *

The Rector of Merthyr, speaking publicly of "Brutus," whose biography and portrait appeared in the *Red Dragon* for May, states that but for the circumstance of the language he wrote in being comparatively unknown out of Wales, "Brutus" would have gained as great a distinction as that attained by Thackeray.

* * *

"And what do you think of the air of Llandrindod?" said the Rev. K. J. to A——, the great Manchester manufacturer. "Delightful," was the reply given, after a full-drawn inspiration of the odour of wild thyme and honeysuckle, and with a sly twinkle of the eye adding, "There is nothing in it!" He was right,—no sulphur, no drainage, no smoke,—nothing in it but health, an unmarketable commodity which the Manchester manufacturer may not have thought of.

* * *

With reference to the tradition that King John lay concealed in one of the country houses in the Vale of Glamorgan, prior to his signing Magna Charta, Mr. George Thomas, Ely, to whom we appealed on the subject at page 578 of our first volume, now writes:—"I can only say that history tells us that John affixed his Seal to the Charter at Runnymede, near Windsor, June 19th, 1215, and that he died at Newark Castle, in Nottinghamshire, on the 18th of October, 1216. On the 28th and 29th of May, 1210, King John was himself at Swansea, and the Royal troops were garrisoned at Cardiff. At Swansea he enforced homage, and levied a tribute. He also took twenty-eight hostages from there, and granted a charter to the burgesses, freeing them from certain tolls. In 1212 he hanged these hostages. In *Chronological Gleanings from Memoranda in Iolo MSS.*, &c., A.D. 1216, we learn that John, King of England, having escaped to Wales, concealed himself for six months at Boverton Place under the assumed name of Gerald Fitzalan. In *Historical Notes on Ewenny Abbey*, it is said that some years ago the Seal of Isabel, daughter of William, Earl of Gloucester, together with her titles, was found in the Abbey. She had for her dower the Lordship of Glamorgan, and was married to Prince John, youngest son of Henry II., in 1200. When her husband became King he obtained a divorce. Proceedings were taken to compel him to give up the estates he received with his wife, but it was not without much delay, and with very bad grace, that he did

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so. About January, 1214, Isabel married Geoffrey Fitz Peter, Earl of Essex and Gloucester. She was styled Countess of Gloucester and Essex. Her third husband was Hubert De Burgh. She died childless in 1217, and the estates passed to the son of her eldest sister, Mabel, who alone left issue. When John fell into trouble with the barons he wandered into Wales to seek out Isabel, who, seeing his forlorn condition, took compassion on him, and sheltered him at her place at Boverton for several months, under the assumed name of Alan Fitz Gerald (or Gerald Fitz Alan). "On the same page," continues Mr. Thomas, "under the heading 'Merthyr Riots,' a correspondent states that he has a bayonet which was wrested from Donald Black, one of the soldiers killed at these riots. I beg to say that Donald Black, of the 93rd Highlanders, was not killed at the Merthyr riots in June, 1831. This man had a cast in one of his eyes. I saw him at the assize at Cardiff in July, after the riot. I heard him saying in the street, after he had given evidence in the hall, that he could not swear that it was Richard Lewis (Dick Penderin) who had wounded him with the bayonet." And yet poor Dick was hanged!

* * *

In an article entitled "Reverend Fathers of the Turf," in a recent issue of the *St. James's Gazette*, the writer says:—"Let us pass from him to 'Parson Nanney Wynn,' otherwise the Reverend John Nanney, of Belmont, Denbighshire, &c., whose family, originally Wynns, took the name of Nanney. He died on the 21st of March, 1838, aged seventy-four, having bred horses and run them for many years—sometimes, if not generally, in the name of his brother, Sir W. Wynn. Space forbids a long notice of him and his horses; but he was quite an institution in Cheshire and Shropshire, and the neighbouring counties, at race-meetings. The best thing he ever did in his own estimation, probably, was when, in 1826, he managed to beat the redoubtable Memnon, winner of the St. Leger the year before, with Signorina for the Manchester Gold Cup, and asked triumphantly, 'What d'ye think of the old Welsh parson and his Welsh mare now?' He could not compare as breeder or owner with the Reverend Mr. Hewgill or the Reverend Mr. Goodricke, or, as a judge of racing, perhaps with 'Parson Harvey;' nor did he affect the great 'classical' races; but he bred and ran some very fair animals, and did good service to the turf."

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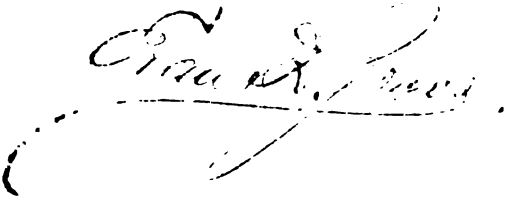

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NOTABLE MEN OF WALES.

MAJOR EVAN ROWLAND JONES.

There is always a certain amount of interest attaching to the life of one who obeys the natural human instinct to burst the "invidious" bars that bound his cradle, and to assert the individual's rightful claim to be, not a provincial taking colour from some narrow locality, but a man among men. The story of such a life will be a delineation of the conquest of mind over matter. It will describe a heart resolved, if necessary, to face loneliness and despair, and, dashing away the traitor tear, to fight bravely towards the light; it must depict a will struggling against adverse fortune, bending and moulding circumstances like a potter's vessel, or seeking new ones more to its tastes or more adapted to carry out its plans. There is laudable ambition in all that, and the verdict pronounced on such endeavours will be in accordance with the motives of action, which are estimated in their turn by consideration of the means employed to compass the end in view. If the following sketch fail to present a character deserving admiration and esteem, it will be the fault of the writer, not of the subject.

Evan Rowland Jones was born September 30th, 1840, at Penlan Farm, close by the present railway station (not then in existence) of Tregaron, in Cardiganshire. His father, William Jones, was sprung from the Johnes family, of Hafod Ychtryd, one of whom, Colonel Johnes, translator of "Froissart's Chronicles," is well known as patron of art and lover of literature. Mary Rowland, his mother, was a lineal descendant of a brother of that great reformer and revered man, Daniel Rowland, of Llangeitho.

The little town of Tregaron is situated at the mouth of the Berwyn, a stream which, rising by Llwyn Berwyn, forces its way down between two precipitous craggy hillsides, one of which is called Craig-y-Finlan, and the other Craig Pant Sheriff, the latter taking its name from a Sheriff of notorious celebrity in the neighbourhood. The town is bounded on the west by this valley and the Tregaron mountains. On the north is Cors Deify, a stretch of some four miles of peatland reaching to

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Pontrhydfendigaid and Ystradmeurig. The green-capped tops of Mynydd Bach rise to westward, and south are the rich meadows of the Teify valley. The place boasts of weekly and monthly markets, and a few yearly fairs. The rendezvous of gossips and idlers is the bridge over the river, which is usually crowded on a summer evening, the subjects of discussion being varied—family scandal, the peat harvest, and politics—our statesmen being criticised with racy familiarity, admiration, and contempt. Close by the bridge rises the square church-tower from a hillock thickly covered with gravestones. The prospect on the whole is interesting enough.

Evan's father died when the child was only four years old. At the age of eleven we find the boy discussing insoluble metaphysical problems with his teacher, Mr. William Jones, now of New York, who was startled one day by Evan asking him "Whether the will was not something springing out of the senses rather than an individual attribute of the mind." Mr. Jones remarked, many years afterwards, with regard to this incident: "Show me a boy who asked such a question, and I shall show you a philosopher, no matter if he is not six feet high." Major Jones is somewhat below medium size. A few of the many anecdotes told about the lad may be recorded here. He once quarrelled with the policeman's son at the village school playground, thrashed him, and his big brother who interfered after him. But presently he thought it prudent to take to his heels when the second reinforcement came up in the shape of the policeman himself, and when hard pressed he leaped into the river and made good his escape. A boy asked him one day—"Evan, how is it your ball bounds better than anybody else's?" "Ah!" Evan replied, "I always put toasted cheese in mine." The boy went home brimful of the secret, sat up late that night winding yarn round the toasted cheese. Next morning, however, he came to Evan with a perplexed air, and confidentially informed him the ball did not bound at all well, notwithstanding the toasted cheese. An uncle, Lewis Jones, was somewhat of a sportsman. One day he was going out with his gun, and Evan was permitted to accompany him. A hare was started and lamed. "Why don't you run after her, boy?" the old man said in fun. The lad was off at the word. He was called back, but did not hear. After sighting the hare from hillock to hillock for a time, he lost it altogether. Puzzled what to do next, and puffing from the chase, he went on the top of a pile of grey stones to survey the surrounding country. To his delight puss was discovered hiding among the stones. Evan let himself fall upon it, and held it there until the old sportsman found him out.

In this part of the country, until very recently, hardly anybody dreamt of educating a child for any other profession than the

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Church. Evan, being now about thirteen years of age, was preparing to enter on the usual classical course at Ystradmeurig School, when an unexpected turn was given to his life. His mother contracted a second marriage, and the somewhat sanguine and impetuous youth, by no means pleased with the idea of living under the supervision of and in dependence on a stepfather, decided to leave his native town. A farmer from the neighbourhood, whose son and Evan were school-fellows and great friends, was going to America with his family. The boy insisted on accompanying them. Accordingly, he reached the Republic of the West in the spring of 1855, and, after working in the harvest field with his friends near Waukerhau, in Wisconsin, until the autumn, obtained a clerkship in a store at Milwaukee. The next seven years were for the young emigrant years of constant and unremitting work. Every minute that could be spared from the duties of his calling was devoted to study and self-improvement, and in case daylight were denied he would read into the small hours of darkness. The expectations entertained on leaving home had, doubtless, been rather rudely disappointed; but he seems to have himself acted on the advice offered to others in the *Emigrant's Friend*, not to repine and look back once the step of emigration has been taken. His correspondence with his sister was always spirited and cheerful. For better or for worse nearly every citizen of the United States is a politician. The subject of this sketch readily fell in with the bent of his adopted country. He was an advocate of the Anti-Slavery party. There was in Milwaukee at this time a Welsh political club, which exerted itself against the extension of slavery. The members of this organisation showed their appreciation of E. R. Jones's services in this connection as their honorary secretary by a present of a silver-mounted revolver on his departure for the field of battle in the spring of 1861. But we are anticipating. The year 1860 saw the first triumph of the abolitionists in the election of Lincoln to the presidency; for although as a politician Lincoln did not claim the right of interference with slavery in the States of the Union, every one knew that at heart he considered slavery a disgrace to his country, and he opposed its extension to the territories. His election consequently hastened the breaking out of the struggle which shrewd observers foresaw was inevitable. The Cotton States and most of the Democrats would never rest satisfied with the accomplishment of anything short of the individual independence and right of secession of each State, and along with that the right of perpetuating slavery in the States where it already existed, and of extending it into the territories. The Republicans of the North were on their part determined to preserve the Union at all costs, while the Abolitionists scrupled not to taunt Southrons with "eating their bread in the sweat

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of other men's faces." The passions thus raised could be laid again only by an appeal to arms. Hostilities commenced by the act of the South firing on Fort Sumter on April 12th, 1861. The first call for volunteers was issued on the 13th of the same month, and on the 10th of May of the same year Evan Rowland Jones enlisted "for three years of the war." The men of his company left for Madison in June, and on July 24th they were ordered into the battle-field. Not long after his arrival at the scene of conflict the young soldier, in consequence of ill health, was taken to Columbia College Hospital. The following extract, in allusion to this illness, is from the *Four Years in the Army of the Potomac*:—"My inability to cross into Virginia with my comrades was the heaviest blow my pride had ever sustained; and when carried from the ambulance into the roomy loggin of the hospital I was helpless in body and dejected in mind. . . . . During several days I improved, and then grew worse rapidly, and a protracted illness followed. Typhoid fever was the prevailing disease, and Turpentine Mixture is still fresh in my memory's taste. I have a dreamlike recollection of the turning point of my illness. My arms and legs were bandaged in mustard, and diluted brandy was administered to me every half hour, but about midnight I commenced to talk to my attendant. I had begun to rally." While convalescent he discharged the duties of bookkeeper to the hospital, in which capacity he first became acquainted with Lincoln, who had come to fetch a nurse for his own family. When sufficiently recovered the impatient soldier set off to rejoin his regiment, which was reached just in time for the campaign against Richmond, which the dilatory McClellan had at last been induced to hazard against the scoffing enemy. It would be beside our purpose to enter into the details of each battle at which Private Jones was present. He took part in the battles of Golden's Farm (where he received a slight wound in the arm), Savage's Station, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, Antietam, and Gettysburg; and the campaigns in the Wilderness, the Shenandoah Valley, and the final struggle on the Appomattox. The battle of Antietam was fought on the 17th of September, 1862. The sagacious President had for some months been waiting for a victory for the Northern arms in order to be able to issue his Emancipation Proclamation without endangering the cause of the Union. Had he done so earlier in the war, it would have been at the serious risk of losing the support of the Border States. As it was, his action in this matter turned Northern feeling in many quarters against him, while it served to weld the forces of the South more closely together. This Proclamation, together with a Conscription Act passed by the Administration, caused what were called the

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Draft Riots at New York, to quell which a detachment of soldiers was despatched from the Federal Army.

After a pleasant episode here, during which the stern discipline of the field was wisely relaxed, our soldier returned with his regiment to the main army, now lying in the Wilderness, with Grant for Commanding General. From the incidents of the campaign of this year, 1864, we select the following as worthy of reproduction and eminently representative:—

"It was now dark; our lines of infantry were moving to the left, and the division surgeon decided that the rest of the wounded must remain behind. This implied falling into the enemy's hands. The terrors of Andersonville gave momentary pith to nerveless limbs; and men weltering in blood crawled along in the friendly direction. I discovered two of my comrades—Bottsford and Ames—trying, but failing, to move. Both had mangled limbs; I first took Ames, a tall, heavy man, on my back, and implored upon teamster after teamster to take him into their waggon; but all were full. At last, half a mile on, I came upon one, a member of my own regiment, who made room for Ames. We helped him in, and I ran back for Bottsford, also a heavy man, took him upon my back, and made the best time I could for the waggon; but the train was moving. We struggled on, and finally heard the welcome voice of Jim—talking to his mules. I called out to him repeatedly, but the groans of the wounded, jolting in heavy waggons, over rough, broken roads, drowned out my voice. However, I was soon up with the teamster; but he could not stop his waggon, owing to the train behind. He took our friend by the arm and lifted him up; I helped, and Bottsford scrambled on to the hard seat of a forage waggon. We were glad."

Of Lieutenant Jones during the latter years of the war General Allan thus speaks:—

"In a severe action with the rebels, in front of Petersburg, on the 26th of March, 1865, and in the storming of the works, on the morning of April 2nd following, Lieutenant Jones distinguished himself by his coolness and daring under a terrible fire of artillery and musketry. The works were successfully assaulted, and the rebel columns forced back on their line of retreat. Following them up closely both day and night, they were brought to a stand at Little Sailor's Creek, while two companies of skirmishers were ordered out, under the command of Captain Curran and Lieutenant Jones respectively. The whole of Ewell's Corps was surrounded, and the skirmishers of the Fifth Wisconsin, pressing forward, succeeded in capturing Lieutenant-General Ewell and his staff. No small share in the credit of this affair belongs to Lieutenant Jones, who was among the foremost in leading and urging on his men. The gallantry of the Fifth Wisconsin was especially noted on this occasion,

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and particularly Company 'G' and Company 'C.' Lieutenant Jones was immediately recommended by his commanding officer for captain of Company 'A,' both the captain and first lieutenant of said company having been killed in the action of the 2nd of April. He at once entered upon the discharge of his duties as captain, receiving his commission on the 22nd of April. This action was the virtual end of the war, and the regiment, after doing duty in Danville, and in several parts of Virginia, was ordered and mustered out July 11th, 1865. Captain Jones, as a soldier, was gentlemanly, faithful, and brave; as an officer, having command of men, one who inspired confidence in his fidelity, gallantry, and truth. Strict in the matter of discipline, yet he possessed the love and admiration of his men. He was dashing and brave almost to rashness; true to his friends and true to his country in her hour of peril. Captain Jones was brevetted major for gallantry in action, and recommended to the War Department for the Congressional Medal. But, we believe, he never inquired after this valued trophy."

It is not every day one has the honour to meet with a youth of twenty-four who has risen by native resources from the obscurity of a remote country village to merited distinction as a military officer. But that is not all. When a lieutenant he was detailed as a member of a Court Martial. At an early sitting of the court two men were brought up by a provost sergeant, charged with an attempt to desert to the enemy. The prisoners, too stupid to defend themselves regularly, muttered something about being drunk, and wishing to visit some friends in the neighbourhood. The vote of the court was taken, and a verdict of guilty found against the unfortunate men. Desertion meant capital punishment, and Lieutenant Jones, convinced of the injustice of the sentence, and supported by one or two others, obtained, though quite irregularly, an adjournment of the court. He maintained that the prisoners were not guilty of desertion, and at a second sitting of the court, witnesses were called who proved his theory of the case to be correct. The men were merely punished for neglect of duty. A few days later Lieutenant Jones received an order informing him that the old court was dissolved, and a new one formed, with himself as Judge-Advocate. Though he had never received any training for the law, he held the position until the end of the war. We find him also in the intervals of active hostilities conducting a glee club, formed in his own regiment. He had imbibed a fondness for music among the Welsh hills when a child.

The war over, Major Jones, after paying a visit to this country, re-entered business at Milwaukee in the spring of the year 1866. Here, two years later, the *Milwaukee Sentinel* informs us, he was married to Miss Kate Alice Evans, of

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Genessee, by Bishop Armitage, of Wisconsin. Major Jones was as active with pen and tongue as he had been with musket and sword in defending his political views; but though twice chosen Republican candidate for legislative honours, owing to the preponderance of Democrats in the State, he was unsuccessful. General Allen, then Secretary of State, offered him a position in his department, which was accepted. During these years the special subject of his duty and thoughts was the law. However, he was not destined to enter a profession where distinction seemed certain. General Grant, under whom Major Jones had served during the latter part of the war, appointed him, in 1869, United States Consul at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

The Consular career of Mr. Jones has been marked by the same success which has followed his steps elsewhere. He has always been an advocate of a large measure of free trade, and endeavours on all occasions to foster a friendly spirit between England and America. On his departure for the latter country in 1881, Tyneside evinced its gratitude by holding public festivities in his honour. One was held at the Tunn's Head, Newcastle; and a banquet, presided over by the Mayor, was given on board the steamer. In the North of England Major Jones is well-known as a speaker who always manages to bring freshness into every subject of which he happens to be treating. The lecture on Edgar Allan Poe, given before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1879, was very highly praised by the Newcastle press. In the course of this lecture he instituted a comparison between "the weird conception and painstaking execution of the American poet and the extraordinary art products of John Martin." It is interesting to find Mr. Steadman, of New York, two years later, in his exquisite monograph on Poe, making the following remark:—"As a picture this (the City of the Sea) reminds us of Turner, and again of that sublime madman, John Martin." When lecturing he usually has some notes before him, but seldom consults them. His eager, peering countenance is fixed on the audience, whose attention is secured throughout no less by the matter and the language than by that voice which has that in it I cannot describe—sad, tender, sympathetic. The style is unique: an amalgam of the Cymric and American it might be called.

As to Major Jones's writings, they are spirited, pointed, and terse, perhaps, now and then, to obscurity in his earlier productions. *Lincoln, Stanton, and Grant*, containing the life history of those three bulwarks of the Union, and also a most reliable epitome of the Civil War was published in 1875. *The Emigrants' Friend* appeared in 1880. *Four Years in the Army of the Potomac: a Soldier's Recollections*, followed in

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1881; and in the same year was issued *Una Montgomery*, a novel whose interest is by no means lessened by its being eminently instructive and truthful. Minds divide into two kinds: the sympathetic and the analytic. Major Jones belongs to the former class, and it is only a strong sense of propriety and of the right of others which induces him to pay attention to details. "I could wish," he will say, "that I had somebody to follow me like a shadow, and transact for me all money matters, to pay cab fare for me, while I had only to jump in and out." On the contrary, he is never tired of expressing his approval of Horace Greeley's conviction that there is no more despicable being than the garret-enamoured author, who will spend his last shilling to indulge the crotchet of the moment. One cannot help wondering at the regularity with which he performs the duties inseparable from his position. The amount of work he will get through in one day is astonishing. I have sometimes called at his office when he is thus engaged. After a cordial shake of hands, and a laconic salutation, he instantly resumes work in silence. When the paragraph is finished, he will get up, take a cigarette, and ask a question *apropos* of nothing, but usually one calculated to provoke hilarity. He is very fond of a joke; but, unless in the case of an unusually assuming claim to superiority, I have not known his jokes to be hurtful to anybody. His favourite author is Emerson, who, I believe, is generally to be found by his writing-desk. Of poets he prefers Tennyson, looking on Shakespere not as a poet so much as the greatest philosopher of any age. From his Consular Reports and his conversation one would assume Major Jones to be a politician. Probably precluded by his present position, he has not taken any active part in politics in this country; but it is easy to perceive that the views advocated in the West have not been relinquished, and that a more stirring life would be more congenial to his energetic temperament. He is still young, and, probably, but on the threshold of more distinctions. In the meantime we may admire the energy, the perseverance, and the loving heart, which have obtained for our countryman a genuine record "in the sands of time."

WILLIAM JONES.

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A STORY OF A WELSH SPA.

By "Gwynllwyn."

CHAPTER V.

About a fortnight passed away uneventfully after the memorable evening of the tableaux. Flossy and I spent a good deal of our time together, and I became more fascinated than ever by her charms. It certainly needed some such attraction to keep me at the Grove, for the weather was most unfavourable; on an average it rained eight or nine hours a day, and when it did not do that, it rained all day long. However, Flossy proved herself equal to the occasion, and invented amusements in the most wonderful manner. Now and then she used to brave the elements, and go for a long walk with me, greatly to everyone else's disgust. In the course of these rambles I learnt a great deal of her life, past and present.

She was an orphan, and as far as I could gather, dependent on her aunt, with whom she had lived for years. They had no regular home, but used to wander about wherever their fancy took them. However, these facts did not concern me so long as they did not wander away from the Grove.

Flossy and I nevertheless did not always spend our time very smoothly. She several times took me up pretty sharply for things I said or did which displeased her. Whether this was her habit with all her gentlemen friends I could not tell; if it were, I only hope they took it better than I did. Once or twice I positively sulked after one of her reproofs, but this did not pay at all, for the provoking mentor immediately deserted my company for some one else's, until I recovered my temper.

One bright morning, so fine and warm as to take us quite by surprise, it was suggested that we should go to the Swiss Bridge, a spot on the river about four miles distant, and take lunch with us. The idea was eagerly adopted, "the place was not too far, and yet quite out of the Wells;" "it was a very pretty part of

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the country, and easily got at;" "a very likely place in which to find rare specimens of Welsh Flora, &c." This last remark was Mr. Blain's comment, he being a great botanist.

There were several difficulties to get over before we could start. The first of these was to conciliate Mrs. Price, who invariably objected to any plan interfering with the stereotyped Grove arrangements. Miss Mostyn at once went to coax the old lady into compliance, and was at length dismissed with the words—

"There, there, miss, you all do as you like to-day, but I can't have it again, upsetting everything, and putting all the servants out."

This obstacle removed, a grand discussion took place over the provisions required for our expedition. Tom Williams pronounced bread and cheese and beer the only necessaries; Gray thought pickled salmon and cold chicken the right thing for a pic-nic. He might as well have suggested ortolans and ices, one was about as procurable as the other at the Grove. A group of dowagers delivered a verdict in favour of sandwiches and sherry. Miss Mostyn did not care what there was, provided there were mixed biscuits and lemonade, whilst Flossy thought strawberries and cream would be delicious on such a warm day.

At length a supply of food was obtained, and at about half-past twelve, we packed it and ourselves into the Grove brake, and started on our travels.

After a half hour's drive, we crossed the little river to which we were going, and turned off the main road into a lane chiefly remarkable for mud and ruts, and which approached uncomfortably near the high bank of the stream. We soon reached a farm house, where we left the carriage, and proceeded to cross some fields and a tract of rough land, at the end of which stood the Swiss Bridge.

Why it should have been called Swiss I don't know; it was a very ordinary wooden erection, with hand-rails on either side, crossing the river, which, after the recent heavy rain, foamed and brawled along its rocky bed. A sudden curve hid the stream a little way above the bridge, whilst below it formed a deep pool, in which salmon and trout were frequent visitors. A steep path on the other side of the stream led to a farm, but we resolved to defer exploring until after lunch. We spread our repast on a flat piece of ground surrounded by convenient rocks and stones, and well shaded by trees from the summer sun.

When the meal was over everyone started for a long ramble. To my intense disgust, I was pounced upon by Miss Lawse, (the objectionable lady with black corkscrews) and Mrs. Mostyn to escort them to the top of a circular mound some way above the bridge, where we could obtain a lovely view. I could not well get out of it, and moved away with them, wishing I had

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not made such a favourable impression. Flossy gave me a sympathetic glance, but did not offer to accompany us—perhaps it *would* have been rather marked.

After admiring the view, nothing would satisfy Miss Lawse but to "step into" the neighbouring farm, to forage for old china, of which she was (so she *said*) a good judge. After an hour's gossip and bargaining with Mrs. Farmer, she purchased a cracked china tea-pot, and two cups, minus the handles, which she assured me were "quite unique." I rather doubted it myself, and thought she had wasted the hour and ten shillings which she had given for her spoils; however, I congratulated her with fervour and then escorted her to our rendezvous, regaled on the way by the story of a wonderful law suit which had taken place in Miss Lawse's family, about some money, (*not* an unusual occurrence), "Tupper *v.* Tupper," but her account was so interwoven with an ecstatic description of a china saucer connected with the law suit, or family, or something, that, like the far-famed twins, I "got completely mixed" by the time our walk and her narrative came to a conclusion.

I speedily quitted the ladies after they reached the spot where we lunched, and repaired to the bridge, where I stood a few moments gazing on the scene before me.

The sun cast bright gleams over the turbid waters and the rich foliage clustering on the banks. Here the pale green of the slender birch contrasted strongly with the deeper, darker hue of the time worn oak; further off I saw the sunbeams light up the silvery bark of the beech, and lend a richer tint to the red trunk of the gnarled Scotch fir. The distant cawing of the rooks blended with the sweet clear note of the blackbird lurking in a hazel bush hard by.

On the high bank above the bridge the light dresses of the lady explorers flitted hither and thither, whilst their merry laughter was wafted on the soft breeze beyond me to the spot where Miss Agnew, one of the party, sat, vainly trying to bring the brightness and beauty of that summer scene within the pages of her sketch book.

I was aroused from my reflections by the voice of Miss Lawse, and by the apparition of her corkscrews approaching me. I fled precipitately, and hurriedly descending a rough path to the river, leaped a channel of the stream, which forked into two branches below the pool, separated by rocks, and there stood, assured that my pursuer could not get at me.

At this moment Miss Mostyn, Flossy, and the two Williamses appeared on the other side, and on reaching the bridge, stopped there to parley with me.

"Are you thinking of suicide, Ashton?" shouted one of the squires from above.

"Or a bathe!" suggested the other.

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"One would be much the same as the other now the river is so high," I replied, adding; "suppose you try a header from the bridge?"

"No, thank you," answered Ernest, "*I*'ve no wish to perish in the deep just yet."

"Would you be drowned really?" asked Flossy, gazing into the depths below.

"You'd have an excellent chance of it, Miss Spencer," said Tom, "unless you knocked your head against the rocks first."

"How horrid it would be if one of us fell in," remarked Miss Mostyn cheerfully (she always did suggest unpleasant things in a lively manner).

"It would not be very nice certainly," said Flossy. "Suppose we go off the bridge on the strength of your suggestion."

She moved on as she spoke, and had just reached the centre of the bridge when she dropped some flowers she had been carrying.

"Oh! how provoking," she exclaimed. "There go all the things I had gathered! What *will* Mr. Blain say, for I promised him some flowers which he said were very rare. Wait one moment until I pick up these."

She stooped down, and after hastily collecting her scattered trophies, was rising again, when, whether she lost her footing, or whether Miss Mostyn moved inadvertently, I could not tell, but before anyone could help her, she had slipped and fallen beneath the rail into the foaming stream below!

Never shall I forget my horror at that moment. Miss Mostyn, so I afterwards heard, shrieked, and then implored one or both of the Williamses to "go in after her," instead of gazing terror-struck on the spot where the girl had disappeared, and whither they dared not follow. Miss Agnew, on seeing the disaster, flung down her sketch book, screamed loudly for help, and fainted away, whilst everyone near hurried to the edge of the pool; but I knew nothing of this at the time. No sooner had the first moment of horror passed than I flung off my coat and plunged into the stream, determined to save Flossy or die. I rose just in time to see her golden hair appear for a moment at the further side of the pool, and then sink again. The current was too swift and strong for me to make more than a few well-nigh powerless strokes towards the spot, when she once more rose, this time much nearer me, and close to the place where the left-hand branch of the stream flowed past the rock off which I had leaped. Aided by the current, I made my way to the narrow channel, and gained it just in time to seize the girl as the fierce river bore her into it. Holding her with one arm, I vainly tried to clutch at the bank with the other, but the stream was too strong for me, and we were borne along the channel, and whirled into another pool where the river joined

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again. Here, however, the current was not so strong, and I once more struggled towards the shore with my helpless burden. It was a hard task. No sooner did I near a bank than the relentless stream bore me away again, and I was obliged to fight once more against the current.

How long this struggle lasted I don't know, but just as I was beginning to give in a shout from the bank announced the arrival of a rope, which was at once flung out to me. Twice it floated past me, but the third time I grasped it, and a band of strong and willing helpers speedily hauled me and my charge to land.

CHAPTER VI.

The whole party thronged around us, and cries of "Get some brandy" resounded, but I was too far gone by that time to know or care much about anything. Of course there was no brandy available, but Tom Williams had a flask of whisky in his pocket, and after a strong dose had been administered to me I revived sufficiently to sit up and look around. My first thought, of course, was Flossy. A group of ladies were assembled where she lay, still as death, and with her long golden hair falling about her.

"How is she?" I asked anxiously.

Mrs. Mostyn looked up. I think she must have guessed the state of my feelings.

"She'll be better again directly," answered the lady. "We had best carry her to the farmhouse at once, and do go there yourself, Mr. Ashton, and drink some more whisky; you look dreadfully pale."

Taking no heed of these kind admonitions as regarded myself, I inquired who would help me to carry Miss Spencer.

"Any of us can do that," rejoined Gray, "but as for you doing so, Ashton, it's out of the question; you're fit for nothing, and no wonder, after such a swim."

I was about to expostulate indignantly on the folly of considering me at all the worse for my adventure, when a queer dizzy feeling came over me, and for the first, and I trust the last, time in my life I went off into a dead faint, which settled the question.

When next I opened my eyes I found myself wrapped in blankets, lying in state on a table drawn close to a blazing fire in the kitchen of the farm where we had left the carriage. A buzz of voices was on every side, and when I moved a cry was raised of "He's coming round," and someone immediately gave me the very vilest brandy I ever tasted.

For some moments I lay wondering what on earth had happened to bring me here, and at length the truth flashed on me.

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"How is she—Miss Spencer?" I asked.

"Oh, nearly all right again," was young Mostyn's reassuring and very mendacious reply, for at that moment no one present knew. However, his reply relieved my mind, and I soon felt so restored as to suggest quitting my recumbent posture, and assuming a more civilised attire than blankets.

The old farmer at once proffered the use of his son Evan's "Sunday clothes." I accepted the kind offer, and was soon seated before the fire in the said garments, talking and laughing with the rest.

"Somebody here must have rum notions of fainting," I observed; "who ever heard of being roasted at a fire, and smothered in blankets, for it?"

"That was Mrs. Jones's idea," said Mostyn; "she insisted upon it that blankets and heat were the right things for 'drowning,' and, though we assured her it was not drowning, but fainting, she declared it was all the same, and that if you were treated in that manner you would be well 'allbees,' as she said."

The laugh raised at Mrs. Jones's medical knowledge had scarcely subsided when she entered to inquire after the "young gentleman," and to say that "the young lady" was nearly well again.

"Hadn't you fellows better go out and make the most of your time?" I suggested, after awhile; "it's a pity to waste the shining hours here."

"Well, you see, there are none to waste," replied Gray; "we ordered the carriage directly you came round, and are going to the Grove as quickly as we can, to send a shut-up thing for you and Miss Spencer. Mrs. Mostyn will stay and do *chaperon*."

"It won't hurt me an atom going back with you," I protested, although well pleased with the arrangement.

My remark, however, was squashed. Everyone assured me I should be in danger of catching the proverbial "death of cold" if I drove home in an open carriage, and, after faint remonstrances, I submitted to public opinion. The brake drove round shortly afterwards, and, as soon as all the party had poured in to ask after me, they departed, leaving me to my own devices.

Old Jones quitted me to "finish carrying the hay," a rural occupation which Welsh farmers seem to enjoy amazingly, as they always manage to prolong it some three or four months after the proper time. Mrs. Jones betook herself to prepare tea "against the young lady came down." Mrs. Mostyn was with the young lady herself, and thus I sat quite alone, thinking over my adventure. I shuddered as I thought of the fearful risk we had both run. Had I been one moment later in plunging into the stream, Flossy must have been swept past me, and—drowned! As I thought of the blank life would

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have been to me had such been the case, I realised for the first time what Flossy had become to me. Albeit our acquaintance was so short, that fair-faced, golden-haired girl had secured a place in my affections whence nothing could dislodge her.

The world might call mine a love easily formed, and probably as easily lost; I cared not for anyone's opinions; my debts, my mercenary views as to matrimony, Sage herself, were forgotten in those moments when the truth dawned on me that I loved Flossy, and Flossy only. Whether she could ever return my love was another thing; that I must leave to time and Flossy herself to decide. Meantime I sat, eagerly awaiting her appearance. My heart beat fast, as, after nearly an hour, footsteps descended the creaking staircase, and the door opened. But it was only Mrs. Mostyn, after all, who entered.

"Miss Spencer will be here soon," she said; "she has recovered wonderfully, poor dear child. As soon as she comes down Mrs. Jones will bring you some tea. I had mine before, so I am just going to get a book I left at the bridge, and to pick some oak fern I saw there."

"Let me go for them, Mrs. Mostyn," I said.

Oh, *dear*, no, thanks, Mr. Ashton," replied she decidedly; "you shan't go *near* that dreadful place again. It makes me quite ill to think of it. I do hope Mrs. Paincefort won't think me very much to blame, after my undertaking to look after her niece."

"I don't see how she can," I replied; "it was a thing no one could foresee. It might just as well have been Miss Mostyn, or Williams, or anyone."

"I suppose so," said poor Mrs. Mostyn, doubtingly, "but still one dislikes such things happening under the circumstances."

I couldn't quite see what she meant; however, I agreed with her that it certainly was not pleasant, after which she took herself off. I waited anxiously for another twenty minutes, when the creaking staircase once more gave warning of an approaching visitor, and in a few moments Flossy entered, looking pale and tired, with her hair still floating loosely about her. She advanced towards me as I hastily rose from my chair. It certainly *was* provoking that I could find nothing less commonplace to say than—

"I hope you're better now?"

"Oh, I'm nearly well again, thanks," she answered brightly; then, in a lower sweeter tone than she had ever used—"Mr. Ashton, how are *you?* How could you be so—so—I don't know if I ought to call it good or wrong—as to jump in after me. You might have been drowned, and I *should* have been so wretched—only, of course, I should have been drowned, too."

"I would have risked my life a dozen times over for *you*, Miss Spencer," I answered hastily.

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The colour rose to her cheek.

"It was very—very—good of you, though," she went on. "It's no use my trying to thank you, for I can't properly; but you must take the will for the deed, won't you? And are you sure you are none the worse?"

"I; oh, I'm all right, thanks," I replied, "but do sit down near the fire, Miss Spencer; you look awfully white, and—and—please don't say any more about thanking me; it was as much for my sake as your's, so it really does not want gratitude."

"I won't say it," laughed Flossy, "but I shall think it just the same."

At this point old Jones entered.

"Well, miss, and how be you now?"

"Oh, I'm nearly all right, thanks," replied Flossy.

"I'm right glad to hear you say so, miss. Ah, you did look shocking bad, to be sure, when they brought you in, and I doubt you feel a bit queer still. *You* look right sharp, now, sir; but, if you'd both take my word, you'd have a little sup o' gin to set you up."

This kind proposal elicited a peal of laughter from both invalids. The idea of our sitting over the fire "supping gin" was too much for our gravity, and our merriment greatly astonished old Jones, who evidently regarded gin in the same light as did his wife heat and blankets. We declined his offer, however, and confined ourselves to tea. Mrs. Mostyn joined us presently, and soon afterwards a carriage from the Grove arrived, bringing enough wraps for a North Sea expedition.

We drove home very silently, and, as far as I was concerned, very happily. Of course everyone turned out to see us arrive at the Grove. Old Mrs. Price wept over Flossy, and the cook nearly knocked me down by an approving pat on the shoulder, as she told me "I was a right brave lad to go after the girl," whilst the other servants evidently regarded us in the light of a hero and heroine of romance.

Mrs. Paincefort hastened to exonerate Mrs. Mostyn in the most noble manner from any charge of carelessness, and after numerous congratulations Flossy and I retired to our respective apartments, very tired, and very thankful the day had ended so happily.

I was not much surprised to hear Mrs. Morris observe the same evening, in prophetic and somewhat disgusted tones to her daughter—

"Lizzie, my dear, this will be the climax. There will be a match made."

"I suppose so, mamma," replied Lizzie, but she didn't speak as though "the match" were a particularly pleasant subject.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

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STAR-GAZING.

I look up at a bright, transcendent star,
Suffusing with its pure and mystic light
The air of this delightful summer night,
Thro' whose expanse no dissonant noises jar;
And, gazing, feel my spirit drawn afar,—
Released awhile from life's perplexing plight
Of hope and disappointment, fret, and fright,
And led where no rude cares its peace can mar.

Ah! might I look into the virgin eyes
Of that bright other Star, so far above
The tangled paths wherein my weak steps stray!
Ah! might I, influenced by her sweet sway,
Read in her purest looks the lore of love,
And, rising, win my long-lost Paradise!

Llanberis. E. F.

THE SIXTH SENSE.

To minister to our support,
Ourselves, too, from all hurt to save,
Five guardian senses to mankind
The good Creator gave;
But to delight, to elevate,
And, as a crowning proof of love,
The sense of beauty made by Him
Was granted from above.

Endowed with this, our eyes perceive
Far more in every blooming rose
Than the mere substance and the size
Its different parts compose;
The petals have a symmetry,
With harmony the blossoms fill,
There is a pleasure in their hue,
And perfume they distil.

Yet neither colour, scent, nor form,
Can each alone enchant the heart,
But Beauty, which with common aid
They to the rose impart.

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How sweet its subtle influence!
How, gazing at that lovely flower,
We're spell-bound by a sense which feels
  Its pleasure-giving power.

Thus o'er this richly garnished earth,
Wherever fortune leads our way,
Beauty we find to gladden us
  With its endearing sway;
From the lone mountain's sunlit peak,
Down to the shady fern-clad dell,
No spot our loving eyes can seek
  But there does Beauty dwell.

We find it in the tiniest plant,
In stately trees, their dappled shades,
In purling brooks, and songs of birds,
  In still, sequestered glades;
In fish, and insects, animals,
Each breathing thing that sees and hears,
The linnet, fawn, and butterfly,
  Beauty in all appears.

Men see it more in maidens fair
With beaming eyes and brows divine,
There Beauty triumphs, there its charms
  With brightest radiance shine;
But most in one the lover sees,
No rival can compare with this,
The idol of his heart, to whom
  Idolatry is bliss.

He dreams her sweetness, form, and grace,
By heaven's finest art combined,
The fairest lily render her,
  The rose of womankind.
Perception of such Beauty oft
Seizes and tames the rudest wills,
The roughest hearts with gentleness
  And sweet emotion fills.

While often does it man inspire
To make, then prize what he has made
Delightsome gems of art, in which
  Love's labour is displayed.
Oh, Beauty! dull would be our lot
If left unlighted by thy beams,
The more we mark thee, we the more
  Of heaven catch earthly gleams.

St. Fagan's Rectory,
Cardiff.

W. DAVID.

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OUR "SUNDAYS OUT."

No. II.

ACROSS THE BLACK MOUNTAINS.

The professor and the pilot had for years been engaged in studying a series of scientific problems, which had led them into the mountains forming the great watershed of South Wales. They had spent many hungry but happy days among the giant Fans of Brecknock, and had learnt something of the beauties of those little-known rivers, the Taff (Fawr and Fechan), Hepste, Mellte, Nedd, Tawe, Wysg, Hydfer, Craig, Senni, and Tarell. What they had seen there led them to regard the work as a thing not to be finished, but to be used as an excuse for further visits to a country whose loneliness they had learnt to appreciate, and in which they began almost to feel they had acquired proprietary rights. Their work necessitated an investigation of that isolated group of mountains which lies between the Usk and the Mynow, and is drained by the Grwynes (Fawr and Fechan) and the Honddu. For many years these mountains had been the favourite resort of the pilot, but the professor as yet knew them not; so it was agreed that the former should cut out a day's walk, which should give a general survey of the country.

Thus it came about that one fine Saturday evening we found ourselves strolling through the park-like country between Abergavenny and Crickhowell. The wide valley of the Usk, with the range of mountains forming the northern crop of the Monmouthshire coalfield, was lit up in the way which best suits it by the oblique rays of a declining sun, and was lovely as ever. But walking along a turnpike road is not our especial delight, and whilst we willingly admit all the benefits which such means of communication afford, we may be allowed mildly to express our distaste for the hard gritty surface, the fenced or hedged enclosure like an elongated prison yard, and the monotonously recurring milestones. These latter lead to a timing of the pace, and may be useful to the professional "walkist."

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or to the man who takes his measured dose of constitutional exercise; but are a nuisance to those whose enjoyment of a walk is not to be expressed in foot pounds. We attribute to the evil influence of the turnpike road, that whilst we relished the charm of the noble valley, with its towering fringe of mountain, it yet left us free to get absorbed in a long discussion which had little connection with the scene around us.

From Crickhowell Bridge the Usk presents two very different aspects. Below bridge it hurries over a wide shallow stony bed, seeming to recall only the playful down-hill coursing of its bright infancy, and to have no foreboding of the ignominious mudbanks of its lower reaches, and its final assoilment in the pollution of the Bristol Channel, where it makes an unbeautiful ending. Above bridge it flows in placid strength, through rich meadows, fringed on the right bank with stately trees, and forms a long straight mirror. Before reaching Crickhowell we had watched the preparations for a glorious sunset. First, the dark clouds high up on the eastern horizon caught a faintly ruddy tinge, and then those in the west began to range themselves above the setting sun, and gradually to array themselves in splendour. When we reached the bridge the erewhile black bars of horizontal cloud had changed to fierce red, varied here and there with less dense patches, like dropping molten metal. The clouds above glowed with more subdued tones of red and orange, and here and there lighter clouds of the higher strata toned down the brilliancy by patches of fleecy white. Between the clouds the clear sky graduated from yellow to green, and from green to the quiet blue of the evening. In the tremulous water of the long mirror the whole glory of the sunset was repeated in a lower key, and the only visible signs of life were the occasional leap of a trout, the skimming flash of a swallow, and the business-like flitter of a pair of bats getting their supper close to the surface of the water. Waiting until the light faded gradually away, and the stars one by one came out in the sky, we had a little discussion anent the position of the gnat between fish, bird, and bat, which brought to mind that we had not supped, and so we walked away to our inn.

Early next morning we started off, and under a deep blue clear sky wandered up the lane leading to Llanbedr Ystradwy and the Grwyne Fechan. As we rose the broad Usk Valley opened out, whilst the great hill of Pen Cerrig Calch, capped by an outlier of carboniferous limestone and millstone grit, reminded us of a time when the valley did not exist, and its place was occupied with great beds of old red sandstone, covered by the whole thickness of the South Welsh mountain limestone and millstone grit, and probably by several thousand feet of coal measures besides. This was when the great upheaval which closed the primary epoch took place. Even admitting the

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possibility of nearly the whole of the carboniferous strata having been sheared off by the sea as South Wales gradually emerged from its waters, the scene before us spoke eloquently of the enormous work which rain and rivers have done in disintegrating and carrying away the surface of this country. Looking down on the bright stream in the valley, one could not help being struck by its apparently utter inadequacy for the work it must have accomplished; and yet, from what we had seen going on at the present time on the South Welsh hills, we felt that it was only a question of giving the Usk and its tributaries sufficient time for them to work quite as astounding feats, under conditions no more favourable than those now existing. Saluting humbly the little river in the distance, we consoled ourselves with the reflection that the mountains we loved would at any rate last out our time, and left it to work out its mission of beneficent destruction in its own untiring, careless way.

The lane, with its banks and hedges gay with the wealth of flowers, ancestral gems of our good mother Earth, brought out and worn each spring to prove to all her children that she still is young and gay; the birds flitting from tree to tree, and making the air ring with joyous notes of welcome; the glorious views over green slopes and richly wooded hollows on every hand, as we entered the Black Mountain country between its giant outposts—Pen Cerrig Calch and the Sugar Loaf—filled us with a sense of joy in mere existence which is only to be found amidst such surroundings. Following the road up the Grwyne Fechan, just far enough to have one peep into its lonely valley, wishing we had sufficient faith in our powers of endurance to venture upon a great extension of our walk, we came back, turned sharply down a steep lane, passed a few cottages and the church, got into a field, and plunged into the gorge of the Grwyne Fechan.

We suppose you have sometimes met an old friend after long years of separation, and have felt the rush of sympathetic, joyous memories as you grasped his hand. If so, you can understand the pilot's feeling as he stood under the trees, where the stream falls in clear sheets and white foam over a ledge of rock into a quiet shady pool, in which the fisherman might probably gratify his desire to kill something. But when you looked again at your old friend, you will have seen that he has altered, that he and you had grown greyer and older, had perhaps lost the elasticity of youth, and become not only wiser, but also sadder men. And after the first rush of joy, you will have felt a touch of pain, as you thought of mutual friends who were and are not. In our meeting with the Grwyne, there was no touch of sadness. We are unfortunately not Welsh scholars, but suspect its name has some allusion to the pleasant murmur

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of its waters, and the music of its welcome was as cheerful as when last we had seen it. Our old friend had not changed, was as young and bright as ever, and every element in its surroundings as soul satisfying as when first we discovered it after such a mountain walk as we in our decadence should hesitate to undertake even in a dream. In the foreground at our feet was a bright plumaged bird, hopping from stone to stone, half tempted to come to our hands, looking up at us in a friendly, impudent way, as if it had been hatched, not only before the invention of gunpowder, but even before the human race had learnt to throw stones. Then came the babbling brook, tumbling over its boulder-strewn bed, emerging from the deep shady pool, with its waterfall overhung with a canopy of trees. Above this canopy more trees, of every shade of green, rising up the hillside in a stately amphitheatre, and crowned by poplars with light copper-coloured foliage, blending harmoniously with the tender greens and browns of Pen Cerrig Calch, whose straight bold outline stood clearly, yet softly, out against the blue sky. Looking down the stream we had the companion picture, differing in detail, but similar in general character. Here the sky line is formed by the Sugar Loaf. As we stood in the deep valley and gazed up at its two noble mountain sentries, we felt that the lonely beauty of the twin streams was fitly guarded, and at least one of us knew how worthy their beauty was of its guardians.

Rejoicing once more to be out of the world, and within the precincts of the great temple, we walked along the brook to the junction of the two Grwynes, and leaving the path, struck into the woods up the Grwyne Fawr, the cadence of its waters changing with every alteration of the level of its bed. Walking through copse, across fields, or along lanes, occupied with the study of flower, or insect, or bird, we seldom got out of earshot of the stream without feeling that the sight of its reaches, glistening like polished silver in the sun, hardly made up for the loss of the cheery music which it made. We had crossed the brook by a little bridge, and were walking up a hill overlooking the valley, when we noticed a bank, having all the appearance of an old glacier moraine, and looking over the hedge to examine it more closely, we espied a maiden in the field. Only a simple country girl in a torn black dress, who had been driving a mare and her foal. Still it was so long since we had seen any specimen of the genus homo, that we gazed upon her as we should have done on some rare bird or insect. Noting that she had flaxen hair, was tall and comely, with a shapely form, did not tend to diminish our interest in her. As we watched she came on, unconscious of our presence, and suddenly stopped, covering her face with both hands. After a few seconds she looked around, seemed lost in sad

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thought for a while, then clasped her hands with straight extended arms, and walked slowly down the field. Walking with a curiously hesitating step, and a stately sad grace, she interested us so much that we did not move or betray our presence, and the pilot said quietly: "This must be the Grwyne Fawr Ophelia. Now will she sing:

> "'To-morrow is St. Valentine's Day,
> All in the morning betime,
> And I a maid at your window,
> To be your Valentine.'"

As he spoke, she began to sing, and singing went out of sight. But her song, although it had an old-world tune, had no touch of sadness in it, and we were pleased; firstly, that she was not sad, as her movements of hand and her gait had made us think, and then, that we were not near enough to see her face, for fear she might not have been pretty enough to maintain the spell she had cast over us. She had taken part of the interest of the valley away with her, and we looked for fresh objects to take her place. Finding soon several stones scratched and striated as only ice scratches, we forgot the maiden, and after these evidences of the glacial period, we got interested in various insects. These and other objects occupied us until we reached a bridge called Pont Yspig, standing near a little mill, at a point where the valley trends to the north. Stretching ourselves in the sun on the bridge parapet, in full view of the Sugar Loaf range, we talked to the miller, a grey-haired, blue eyed man, whom sixty summers had still left youthful, and decided upon our future course. Above this bridge the valley changes in character, gradually getting narrower, wilder, and lonelier as it runs up into the mountains, and the pilot utilised the halt to abuse the professor for finding so much interest in the lower part as to make it impossible for us to carry out our original programme, and push right up to the source of the river.

Continuing our walk by the mill watercourse, where the kingcap glowed in the meadow, through a rough copse with a few mountain sheep, who evidently regarded us as intruders, we came to a point where furthur progress was difficult, and taking off shoes and stockings, waded across the stream into more practicable ground. Following the brawling brook, taking note of the gradual introduction of a more decidedly mountain flora, happy to be shut in by mountains all around, we were again brought to a stand by a big steep bank with a pathless wood on top, and crossing the Grwyne, jumping from boulder to boulder, made up the hill for a lane. Going down the long leafy tunnel, its banks full of mountain plants with curious leaves, we came face to face with a very prosaic question. Since early morn in the mountain air we had feasted with eye

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and mind, and now the purely animal part of our nature began to assert itself. Away on the other side of the valley we saw a farmhouse, so crossing the river again near a little chapel, we climbed the hill, and presented ourselves as humble suppliants at its door. We soon found ourselves in a typical farmhouse kitchen, hung with flitches of bacon and market baskets, a jug of milk and a Welsh currant loaf before us, chatting with the family, who seemed in no wise put out by the incursion of a couple of hungry tramps, and we left there with minds at rest.

All young animals are, to a certain extent, pitiable; but did you ever study carefully a sheep dog pup? Of all breeds of dogs, there are few more intelligent than a sheep dog, and when grown up, he is by no means bad looking. But the pup has a piggish snout, which is painful to contemplate, and which no amount of latent intelligence can redeem. As we left the farm, one of these unfortunates followed us. He had such an evident consciousness of his own deformity, and seemed so pleased to make our acquaintance, that we patted him and stopped to laugh. Eyeing us curiously, he made up his mind that we did not belong to his lonely home, that we should go out into the world again, and the spirit of adventure prompted him to accompany us. We tried persuasion, and he pleaded with us, then we threw little stones at him, and he gazed reproachfully at us, but still came on. There was something so human in the expressions he managed to get into his ugly face, that he almost persuaded us to let him come; but we thought of his tender youth, and it being impossible to get rid of him in any other way, picked him up and carried him back to the farm. Then we went up through lane and field, and soon got out on the top of the Ffwddog, where, in compliance with a good old custom, we sat down to smoke a pipe, and had a quiet survey of the valley we soon should lose sight of. From our coign of 'vantage we could just see how it narrowed, and became barer and more lonely as it rose towards the head. And we remembered how, long ago, when first we saw the Grwyne Fawr, we had visited that part with the wild Welsh ponies and mountain sheep on its heathery slopes. Down stream, the valley lay spread out before us, solemn and peaceful, shut in on all sides. The rest was all mountain; facing us the long broad-backed hill dividing the two Grwynes, with Pen-y-Cader Fawr rising bravely out of it, down stream the Sugar Loaf and the summit of Pen Cerrig Calch, and away to the left the Skirrid Fawr, with its fantastic outline against the sky. As we sat there the sky became overcast, and every hue in the scene changed. The sage green of the distant hills turned to a rich gray blue; the patches of brown heather deepened to a purple, which was almost black; the green of the nearer hills became a richer,

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deeper sage, and the view down the valley was softened by a veil of pearly blue mist. Through invisible gaps in the canopy of clouds came great pencils of sunlight, throwing shifting patches of brightness on the dull hills below. Risking a wetting, we remained watching the transformation, constrained to admit that, beautiful as these mountains are in the clear bright sunlight, they lose nothing by the softening influence of a wet and cloudy atmosphere. Of course, we might have altered our opinion if we had got drenched, but the clouds soon disappeared, and our enjoyment was not marred.

Keeping to the top of the Ffwddog for an hour or so, we got interested in the materials used by nature to produce the grand effects of colour, varying with every change of weather and season, which such a mountain offers. The great stretches of brown heather, still speckled with the white seed capsules of last year, are shot with rich purples at all seasons. They are intersected by water courses, on which no heather grows, but where the fresh, tender green of the grass is intensified in brightness by its juxtaposition with a dark foil. Where the heather has been burnt, the old stalks are a pearly grey, tipped with black, and, between the bare stalks and great patches of growing heather, the ever-present whin, with its polished green and red leaves, and its brilliant red flowers introduces another element into the wealth of colour of the mountain top. Then there is the bracken, still in its half fledged state of yellow green, which in the autumn furnishes a tender brown, repeated in the long ripe grass of the fall. Studying the gamut of colour on the mountain in detail, we could readily understand how from the valley, where its components are fused by distance, every change of illumination would produce new and brilliant effects.

Up through the heather and whin on the Llanthony side of the Ffwddog, until we came to the top of a dingle, once known to the pilot as the home of the green spleenwort. From the top on every hand trickled little streamlets, forming here and there miniature mossy falls and pools. Under each shelf of rock in their course, a little hollow, filled with the brittle bladder fern, than which, save the oak fern, perhaps, no British species is more delicately beautiful. Further down the wide depression in the mountain side forms a deeper, narrower dingle, and the little streams unite to a foaming brook, which finds its way to the valley by a series of falls over ledges of rock alternating with quiet pools. Behind each fall a fairy cavern hung with ferns and mosses, and in every stage of the long descent a wealth of mountain plants and flowers. Sitting on the side of the dingle, looking up to a series of half-a-dozen waterfalls, seen through a gossamer-like screen of the silver birch, the pilot mournfully spoke of the absence of the green

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spleenwort. "I don't believe the green spleenwort ever grew here," said the professor; "but whether it did or not, I should be glad to spend many days searching for it unsuccessfully amid such scenes as this." And thus speaking, the professor began to recount the infusorial life and insect larvæ he had met with.

But the pilot thought of an incursion made into this dingle, years ago, by a ruthless nurseryman, who had seized every root of green spleenwort he could find, doing his work of infamy too well, and he muttered something which was not a blessing. This man had at least the excuse of gain for what he did; but there are plenty of amateur botanists who delight in clearing a rare plant out of a particular locality, and yet call themselves lovers of nature. If you know and love plants, keep the precise habitat of the rare ones you find to yourselves. Leaving our dingle regretfully, we got into the main road, and walked down the Llanthony Valley, passing on our way one splendid stretch of bird-cherry hedge; had tea at the Abbey, and again struck up the mountain on the other side. On the path leading over the Black Mountain to Pandy, we found ice-scratched stones, extending to within two hundred feet of the top, and thought of the time when the exquisitely peaceful green valley was but the bed of a great glacier, with ice perhaps a thousand feet thick, or even more; and when the Honddu emerged from under the ice, probably, far away, and, after uniting itself with many similar streams, as a turbid glacial stream. But the valley, in its present state, took hold of us too strongly for any such imaginings to last long; and after we had smoked and gazed our fill, the pilot asked the professor what he thought of our walk and the country we had seen. The professor, who had vented his enjoyment during the day mainly in quiet grunts of satisfaction, replied in the words of King Arthur:—

> "——— the island valley of Avilion,
> Where falls not any hail, nor snow, nor rain,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
> Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns,
> And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sun;
> Here could I heal me of a grievous wound."

The pilot was satisfied, and we crossed the ridge of the Black Mountain.

We had left a narrow, solemn valley, enclosed on all sides by glorious mountains, and looking out on the other side we saw a vast expanse of undulating country, cultivated everywhere, mapped out into irregular green and red patches, and stretching away into we knew not how many counties—nor cared, and we felt that, beautiful as the view might be, it was vulgar and commonplace, compared to what we had left behind. If you have ever spent an hour in some vast cathedral, when the organist has put his soul into his practice in the empty church, and have then found yourselves in the prosaic street, jostled

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by commonplace people, you will understand our feeling. Gulliver in Lilliput must have experienced another phase of our sensation. What interest could we feel in the pigmies who lived in the toy houses, and worshipped in the pasteboard church we saw down in the valley. Even the Mynon, with its great s's on the flat expanse, had no charm for us, so we turned away from the too extensive view, and walked down the mountain, mainly interested in some geological problems it presented, and in watching a sheep dog at work on its side, the shepherd signalling to him, semaphore fashion, with extended arms. As we got lower down the country began to take shape, to get closed in by the hills, and its beauty became apparent; but we felt out of sympathy with the purely English scene before us, and walked faster than we had done since the previous evening.

From Pandy station we watched a quiet orange-coloured sunset, beautiful as all Nature's handiwork is, but beautiful specially to us because it threw out into bold relief two projecting shoulders of the Black Mountain, which seemed to isolate from the outer world the country we had left, with its treasures of beauty. So we thought of Pen Cerrig Calch and the Sugar Loaf standing sentry on the one side, and the great buttress of the Black Mountain on the other, and felt thankful that our favourite country, where it is always Sabbath, contains no material treasures to tempt the cupidity of man, no inducements for filling it with tall chimneys and tip-heaps, that its conformation would preserve it from being used by a railway company anxious to get a short cut from anywhere, and that its inaccessibility would render it safe from desecration by big hotels, with trimly laid out lawns and artificial ponds, and would keep it sacred to the pedestrian and the real lover of the mountain.

PHILORITES.

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THE MYSTERY OF ST. CLEARS.

One fine day in the spring of 1816 or 1817, a chaise stopped at the White Lion Inn at St. Clears with a lady of superior appearance, but infirm, accompanied by her son. They were followed on horseback by two gentlemen and a young lady of extraordinary beauty and elegance. This was the daughter of the lady. The gentlemen were her nephews. The party excited considerable attention and interest. They took up their residence at the White Cottage. All the gentry of the place called upon the new comers. The remarkable talents, elegant accomplishments, and fascinating manners of the daughter took everyone captive. Miss Burnes—for that was her name—entered into all the society of the place, always attended by her cousins, while Mrs. Burnes and her son remained at home. The melancholy, abstracted air of the latter was no less remarkable than his habits. It was reported that he was passionately fond of chemical experiments, to which a small darkened room was devoted, close to the sitting-room which his mother always occupied. No one ever entered this dark room, and, when he left it, it was always locked up. Here he spent the day and the midnight hour, never appearing to any visitor, nor being seen out in broad daylight. A walk by moonlight or twilight was all the recreation he had. The large orders they gave the tradespeople were remarkable. They often sent into a neighbour's house to ask if they would take a saddle of mutton or a piece of beef or a turkey, for they always had more than they needed. The offer was generally accepted, and money returned for what was taken.

In the summer of this year the following advertisement appeared in the local newspaper:—

"FOUND, on the evening of the 22nd, in the vicinity of St. Clears, a pocket-book, containing a large sum in Bank of England and local notes. By describing the same and paying for the advertisement, the owner may receive it on application to A. Thompson, St. Clears."

Miss Burnes and her cousins, whose names were Thompson, had been spending the evening with one of the neighbouring families, with whom she remained for the night, while her cousins returned home with the vicar of St. Clears. In their

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path they saw a pocket-book on the ground. One of the Thompsons picked it up and examined it by moonlight. The vicar caught sight of some bank-notes in it. No reply was ever received to the advertisement, and curiosity regarding it flagged before the mystery was unravelled. At this time an old established bank at Carmarthen was suffering from a forgery committed upon it. Its notes were so well imitated that the spurious could scarcely be detected from the real, and the casual presentation of two notes of the same number alone led to the discovery. The Bank of England was subjected to the same fraud. The partners of the Carmarthen Bank were informed that strong suspicion attached to a family at St. Clears, so they paid a visit to the latter place; and as they drove past the White Cottage, they involuntarily looked towards it. Miss Burnes and her cousin were seated in the porch before the door, and the visitors thought they saw a kind of movement that indicated alarm or confusion in them.

Soon after this it was rumoured that the mysterious room was now left open, that everything in it had been taken away, and that the family were busy in the garden all night. Mrs. Burnes explained that she had induced her son to give up his pursuits as they injured his health, and that he had gone to Bath to procure medical advice, and that they intended to join him. They left in November to meet the mail in Carmarthen. Here one of those curious coincidences happened, which cannot be foreseen, and which the most adroit management could not frustrate. One of the partners of the bank was in the coach-office when the waiter of the inn came to secure two places in the Bath coach for two ladies, and presented a £10 note in payment. The partner just glanced at the note and thought he saw something peculiar in it. He examined it and declared it a forgery. He made enquiries and found that the young lady at the inn had made purchases at various shops in the town and paid in notes. It was in notes the Burnes had paid for everything at St. Clears. The partner at once obtained a warrant for the apprehension of Mrs. and Miss Burnes. Messengers were sent after the son, whom they found in a lodging-house at Bristol, with all the implements of forgery and the die of the Bank of England, the plate, and many beautifully executed notes. They were all placed in gaol.

I must pass over the imprisonment before the trial, which took place at Carmarthen. The two ladies were found guilty, and sentenced to death. The son, on his trial, requested that no witnesses might be called, that he alone was guilty, and he trusted he should be the only sufferer. This confession had the effect of commuting the sentence passed on the ladies to a year's imprisonment, and gaining a free pardon for the Thompsons.

As no notes of the Carmarthen Bank, nor implements of

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forgery connected with them, were found upon the son, the bank could not make a charge to affect his life. His counsel begged him not to accuse himself. When in prison a plan was laid for his escape, but his abstracted habits prevented its success. He seemed to have suffered from the beginning for the sake of his mother and sister, who, in return for his generosity, displayed a selfishness, want of affection, and common feeling of a shocking kind, even at the hour of his execution. He wrote a touching letter to his mother and sister just before his death. It afterwards turned out that the crutches used by Mrs. Burnes were a deception. After the lapse of several years might be seen, on the stage of the Adelphi Theatre, London, a very beautiful actress, who was no other than Miss Burnes. This profession injured her health, and she went with a family to Switzerland as governess. At the end of a year or two she became companion to the Dowager Duchess of Riversdale, at Florence; and, finally, she obtained a coronet for herself. Conway Lascelles, the very "soul of honour," who dreaded "collision with inferior minds," who had to the age of forty-five resisted the efforts of every mother and of all the lovely and elegant women by whom he was surrounded to draw him into marriage, and who had publicly declared his intention "to remain sole sovereign of his heart," united himself to a former inmate of the Carmarthen prison!

Builth. J. PHILLIPS.

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A BRECON POET.

RICHARD HALL.*

Pythagoras, "the wisest of the Greeks," believing in the pre-existence and transmigration of the soul, asserted that he recollected the principal incidents which had befallen him in previous phases of being. The tale his memory told enchanted him. And so, to some extent, with all men. Life never really is possessed of a present fulness. We either look back with fondness upon what has been, or forward with joy towards what is to be. Our two prevailing angels are Memory and Hope; yet, strange as the parodox may appear, the greater the glory and beauty which attend their presence, the darker and more fore-bidding are the shadows which they cast over the only portion of existence which is real—the present.

The pleasures of memory are never more fully exemplified than in the case of one who has led a quiet, meditative life, in the midst of beautiful scenery which he has learnt to love, and from which inexorable circumstances have ultimately driven him to do battle with the busy over-reaching mortals, who arrogantly assume to themselves the distinguishing title, "the World." His odd moments are religiously devoted to memories of his "lost love." The mountains, the brooks, the narrow fishing-paths, the leaping trout, the richly-leaved oak and elm, all come back with their old beauty and joyousness. He laughs at such trifles as time, and space, and circumstance, for he is possessed of an enchanter able to defy prison walls and bars, and which only loss of memory can steal from him. And any stray hint or accidental description of the land he loves is hailed with a strange wild delight, and becomes one more completing touch to the picture painted in his mind. It is as affording this "stray hint or accidental description" to those who have lived in and loved the neighbourhood of Brecon that Richard Hall's little volume, "A Tale of the Past, and other Poems," is chiefly valuable.

In any estimate of the productions of a minor poet, it is well, at the outset, to ask ourselves the questions, What were the

*Born 1817, died 1866. In 1850, William Rees, of Llandovery, published a volume of his verse, entitled "A Tale of the Past, and other Poems."

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author's immediate surroundings? and, What the books he chiefly read? And if to these we are able to find decided and unqualified replies, we thereby procure a key which unlocks the mystery of his works, so that we see, with unclouded vision, the steps by which the poet ascended to his own particular Paradise. This outside knowledge of the poet (if so we may term our acquaintance with his surroundings and favourite authors) becomes, of course, of less especial value to us the nearer he approximates to a great creative genius, for a true artist so idealises what he finds worthy of use that it becomes more a part of himself, a child of his own God-like imagination, than a feature of any of his actual surroundings. Richard Hall was no creative genius; he was rather a pleasant versifier, to whom a stretch of landscape, a thought gleaned from some author's writings, a peculiar turn of metre, or an ordinary personal experience was a sufficient call to bestride his Pegasus.

What, then, were Hall's immediate surroundings? A simple, yet comprehensive, reply to this would be—the features of a beautiful country. To a sensitive, poetic mind, a summer ramble round about Brecon is sufficient to provide ample matter for the frame-work of many a month of day-dreams. There are the magnificent hills, the serrated line of which is to be seen at almost every point for miles round, cutting up sharp and decided against the blue of the sky. Then there is the river Usk, with its numerous brooks leaping into it, with many wild skips and laughter-peals. Its very fickleness is enchanting. Perhaps for a long stretch, as far as the eye can reach, it pursues its way in an even, orderly manner, the very pink of an old maid; but immediately beyond this it breaks out into short rapid leaps, dancing here and jumping there with many an ill-concealed giggle at our surprise in finding that our demure old maid was of young blood, and kittenish and frisky withal. And but a few miles from Brecon lies Llangorse Lake, sleeping in its solitude, with the little church at its edge. At the quiet close of a summer's day it requires no great exercise of imagination to picture the church, thus nestling on the skirt of the lake, in the light of a faithful child lovingly watching the peaceful sleep of a tired mother. And the lake does not always sleep. We have stood before now on the church tower, and watched the approach of a storm. Everything around seemed to bear the burden of an unnatural stillness. A great leaden mass of cloud marched up from beyond the horizon, and hung sullenly over the lake like some insulted monster. A crash and a prolonged rumble, and a great skimming of white light commenced the storm, which raved and growled until it spent itself. And during all this the bosom of the lake heaved and tossed as if some great trouble was tugging to snap asunder the mother's very

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heart-strings. These are a few of the many magnificent sights and sounds in the midst of which Richard Hall lived and moved, and had his being. That they influenced his mind and imagination is seen from the abundance of his descriptive verse.

To our second question, the one concerning the books he chiefly read, we must be content to glean what reply we can from the evidences afforded by our author's published volume. And these are tolerably numerous to one possessing the faculty of reading between the lines. In the first place Eliza Cook's poems appear to have been prime favourites; for Hall, in addition to writing a handful of verses ("My Father's Portrait") in undisguised imitation of the "Old Arm-chair," also dedicated his volume to Miss Cook. Then in his "Prayer Places" commencing—

> "'Tis not in temples raised by man's weak hand
> That I address the Omnipotent in pray'r"

is traceable the influence of Moore's "The Turf shall be my Fragrant Shrine." In "Dreams" he cunningly avails himself of the following suggestion of Longfellow, "Set the imagination free, like another bottle-imp, and bid it lift for you the roofs of the city, street by street, and after a single night's observation you may sit down and write poetry and romance for the rest of your life." Here are Hall's lines—

> "During summer's eve sunset glow,
> When a calm o'er the earth reposes;
> And cool, refreshing zephyrs blow,
> Bearing with them the scent of roses;
> How sweet to sit on some wild cliff's brink,
> And gaze on the world below and——think!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "See, a beautiful child lies there,
> In sleep calm and serene;
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Behold! on that couch is lying
> A maiden, lovely and young,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Here a lonely widow sleeps,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "But who is the restless one
> That tosseth in anguish here?
> While forth from his lips bursts the smother'd groan,
> From his closed eye trickles the tear:
> Hush! 'tis one that dreameth unholy things!
> *His conscience sleeps not*, and torture it brings!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Why lieth this one so still,
> With rigid and stiffen'd limb?
> He hath paid Nature's debt,—he feareth no ill;
> The world is now nought to him;
> 'Tis past! 'tis over! and he hath fled
> To join, in their dreamless sleep, the dead."

Hall was also evidently acquainted with Erskine's "Smoking Spiritualised," once a standard publication with modern ballad-

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printers. We quote a few stanzas, just to show how greatly he was indebted to it for the imagery in his "To my Pipe:"—

"The pipe, so lily-like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak;
Thou art e'en such,—
Gone with a touch:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

"And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou beholdest the vanity
Of worldly stuff,
Gone with a puff:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

* * * * *

"And seest the ashes cast away,
Then to thyself thou mayest say,
That to the dust
Return thou must.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Here are Hall's lines:—

"A type of man, thou'rt form'd like him of clay,
The glowing fire, that doth illume thy bowl,
Is fitting emblem of that vital ray
Which animates him—the mysterious soul.

"When the last wreath of smoke doth disappear,
And with it too the kindred spark is gone;
I watch it as it circles into air
And all my thoughts assume a holier tone.

"I think then of the hour when the last breath
Of life departs, the soul doth flee away;
And, stricken by the icy hand of Death,
Man, like to thee, is nought but senseless clay!"

A love of angling is as apparent in these pages as is the author's fondness for the "meditative pipe." The following is a characteristic quotation:—

"The angler to some scene, romantic, rude,
Yet beautiful, in peaceful solitude,
Each morning wends his way and takes his stand
By well-known brooks meandering thro' the land,
With silvery eloquence, while from the stream
Ephemeral insects rise, in Sol's bright beam
To sport their brief existence; up they spring,
High in the air, on light and sportive wing,
There dance so joyously throughout the day,
But when day closes in how changed are they!
On the clear surface of the water lying,
In myriads numberless, some dead, some dying,
An easy prey unto the dappled trout,
That from the deep now eagerly springs out.
This doth the angler note, he casts his fly,
The trout once more arises, but to die!
Thus he proceeds until the day be over,
When, with well-laden creel, fill'd to the cover,
Homeward he goes, or 'neath a green-wood tree,
Whose branches form a glorious canopy,
Enjoys his frugal meal, and looks around
In contemplation quiet, deep, profound.

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He feels the health-invigorating breeze
Pass by with sweet soft murmurs thro' the trees,
He hears the song of birds, the hum of bees ;
He sees the flowerets springing from the sod,
And all combine to lift his soul to God ! "

Hall's best verses are undoubtedly those which deal with description of natural scenery. His story-telling is worthless and trivial if we except *Wild Revenge*, a very creditable versification of an old Celtic legend. *A Tale of the Past* is altogether unworthy the important position assigned to it, and shows more clearly than anything else the author's destitution of aught approaching a thorough knowledge of the subtle craft of metrical composition. And his sheer carelessness is by far too evident. What right has anyone to rush into print with such a line as this—

"Because he was one of those careless ones."

There is one other noticeably weak point about *A Tale of the Past*. After the author has finished his story, and settled the matter, one would think, for ever, he adds, with evidently a morbid fear that imagination would at once forsake every human being—

"Reader ! the youth first mentioned in my tale
Was that soul-stricken man who wildly mourn'd
His perished hopes above the young Girl's Grave !"

This is foolishness, because unnecessary. The tale is complete without it—at least, as complete as its author could make it.

We have also to regret the apologetic tone of the author's dedication. It was certainly uncalled for. His volume contains many delightful bursts of rhythm; and the language with which he often clothes his thought or sentiment is choice and fitting. And if such were not the case, matters would be placed on no better footing by any number of humble dedications to any number of more successful authors. No flowery introduction will ever compensate for the want of strength and beauty in a collection of poems. Did authors but rightly understand the matter they would refrain from handicapping themselves by any specious bemeaning of self. Quite recently one of our most spontaneous of singers sung

"I'm but a lowly gooseberry,
Hanging on my native tree,
Here i' the sunshine of the garden
(For which I humbly beg your pardon),
Just within the children's reach ;
Don't be angry with me, pray,
Mister Critic, —— did I say,
Ever say I was a peach !"

This, of course, is all pretty nonsense, and had it been written by someone else about the singer would have caused him intense mortification.

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Now and then, however, some of the fragments which go to make up Hall's volume, notwithstanding their glaring deficiencies as works of art, are rendered positively attractive by their honest revelation of the spirit of their author. Nothing but an excessive obliquity of vision could possibly cause anyone to look upon such a scrap as "To my Old Broken Pipe" as an example of even ordinary versification; yet the author's evident enjoyment at the recollection of what a companion his old pipe had been to him runs like a silver thread through the verses, rescuing them from what would otherwise have been well-merited neglect. "The Coach and Four" is a ringing, inspiriting little poem, but marred, alas! by the inartistic alliterative line,

"And now is seen, each well-known scene."

The "Song," following "A Welcome to Spring," is really good, and shows what capital work the author was capable of doing. The first stanza of "Remedy for Love" is worthy of quotation:

"Sly master Cupid, with his bows and arrows,
At human hearts delights to try his skill;
Like naughty little boys who shoot cock-sparrows,
He wings his darts around, in hopes to kill;
Though oft like theirs, uncertain is his aim,
Yet random shots sometimes bring down the game.
I heard, not long ago, the vile young Turk
Had been committing most tremendous slaughter;
And at a certain ball made dreadful work,
To belles and beaux alike refusing quarter;
Many of whom, with bleeding hearts, then found
The god had chosen well his vantage ground."

Here are the concluding verses of "Southerndown"—

"How awful, when the spirit of the storm
Darts his red lightnings on the sailor's path,
And shows in thunder-clouds his horrid form,
In whirlwinds howling out his fierce mad wrath
How many a gallant, stately vessel hath,
Then foundering, yielded to the tempest's pow'r!
How many a noble bosom ceased to breathe,
Cast mangled here upon this iron shore:
Amid those sharpen'd crags where hissing surf is tumbling o'er.

"Surge on, ye billows of the bounding deep!
Hiding afar, among your coral caves,
Ship, corses, riches, all, a mingled heap,
Tangled 'midst which the floating sea-weed waves:
Shrouding the dead in their cold ocean-graves,
Where monsters huge, uncouth, about them roll;
Though o'er their rotting forms the wild sea raves,
Its waters cannot overwhelm the soul:
There is a Power Infinite doth hold them in control!"

One of the author's most characteristic productions is the following fourteen-lined verse (standing by itself in the form of a sonnet, but deprived of any right to be called such by its

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peculiarity of rhyme). It is entitled "A Prayer for a Fine Harvest."

"Oh God; who rulest earth, and sea, and sky,
Look down on us, and let the humble pray'r,
Which every lip doth utter fervently,
Ascend to Thee thro' boundless realms of air!
'Give us our daily bread!' let not fierce rains
And winds beat down the fields of golden corn,
But let Thy bounteous hand now fill the horn
Of Plenty; making all the hills and plains
Fertile alike, so that the jocund strains,
Which harvest brings, throughout the land be borne;
And when the fruits of earth are safely stored,
Our hearts in gratitude shall bless Thy name;
And loudly shall our voices then proclaim
That God above is good and great, and *He, alone*, is Lord."

But the full earnestness and intensity of Richard Hall's nature are to be seen in his religious verse. His expressed faith is that of a poetical theist. That at one time he suffered heart-trouble on account of his inability to subscribe to the generally accepted religious dogmas is evident; but he seems ultimately to have got out into the clear light and glorious sunshine of the Father's smile. Such lines as these tell part of the tale—

"Blind Bigotry doth basely strive to brand
With infamy the man who dares to think,
And burst the bond of darkness which she binds
Around her superstitious votaries.
This fault the youth committed."

"Prayer Places" is a further revelation of the religious side of its author's nature. The reader will see for himself what fine passages it contains:—

"'Tis not in temples raised by man's weak hand
That I address the Omnipotent in pray'r,
I seek some wave-worn cave on Ocean's strand,
And kneel to him in adoration there.
The rugged cliffs that overhang my head,
The pebbly beach with beauteous shells bestrew'd
Call forth an admiration vast, and lead
My thoughts to contemplations that are good.
I gaze upon the wide, expansive sea,
Whose billows rush impetuous on the coast,
And think how mighty then that Power must be
Which can restrain their rage when tempest-tost.

"'Tis not in temples raised by man's weak hand
That I address the Omnipotent in pray'r!
On some stupendous mountain's top I stand,
And deeper, holier awe steals o'er me there:
From thence I view His wondrous works display'd,
The misty-mantled mountain,—heath-clad hill;
The fertile spreading vale,—the narrow glade,
The noble river, and the tiny rill:
All these, and more, attract my wondering sight,
And I my grateful thanks to Him express,
Who bade them spring from chaos into light
And form'd this world in all its loveliness!

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'I've roam'd the forest when the lofty trees
Were stript of all their leafy mantle green,
By the chill influence of the wintry breeze,
And round their roots not one wee flower was seen.
Again I walk'd the woods in genial Spring
And budding blossoms then bedeck'd each tree;
The pencill'd flowers fine fragrance forth did fling,
And their bright hues were beautiful to see.
Who wrought this change? Go ask the budding leaves!
These, and the flowerets springing from the sod,
Declare in language mute that ne'er deceives,—
'There is a mighty, omnipresent God!'

"At morning's dawn, when Sol, with rays of gold,
Lights up with gorgeous splendour all the sky,
In his refulgent beams do I behold
A glorious type of Heaven's high Majesty.
And oh! how sweet to contemplate, when night
Its sombre shadows o'er the earth hath driven,
The silvery moon and stars, like jewels bright,
Spangling the clear, pure, azure robe of heaven:
Then as I gaze upon each glorious world,
That far above in ether's space doth shine,
All doubting sceptic thoughts are from me hurl'd,
I *know* 'the Hand that made them is Divine.'

"I study Nature's book, its page displays
The richest and the choicest gifts of Heaven:
And fervently my grateful thanks I raise
To Him who thus so bounteously hath given.
The wild, unbounded sea, the lovely land,—
The star-gemm'd sky: each flower and green-wood tree
Show the Almighty's wonder-working hand,
And teach a moral lesson unto me.
Then what care I for fanes where stoled priest
Doth mutter forth a cold and formal pray'r?
'Midst Nature I'll commune with my own breast
And pray to God, for He is everywhere!"

Cardiff. JOHN ROGERS REES.

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LEAVES FROM A CRIMINAL NOTE BOOK.

(*With Original Illustrations.*)

IX.

GRUFFYDD, THE SON OF SHENKIN.

In the discovery of even small offences—those which do not rank as felonies, I mean—a good deal of ingenuity is sometimes displayed—ingenuity for which the police never get the slightest credit. Against this, however, may be set the fact that the police are often credited with a good deal of ingenuity never exercised, and that balances the account. I remember a policeman promoted for cleverly tracing a couple of stolen hens and apprehending the thief, although circumstances afterwards showed that the owner of the fowls, having identified them in the street, found out to whom they were sold, lay in wait for the thief, who had been described to him, and then handed the man over to the constable. Among many cases of unrewarded merit is that of Constable Gruffydd ap Shenkin (X 105), who made himself a name and a terror for the persistence with which he hunted down a certain class of offenders. Having been chased off the principal streets, the objects of his official vengeance resorted in numbers to the bye-ways of the town. One particular terrace was so infested with them that the residents, sick of their lives, sent a deputation to the superintendent to make complaint. The son of Shenkin was at once despatched on special duty there, and the result was the consecutive capture of no less than six of these pests in a night. One such capture was so cleverly effected that it deserves a word of special mention. It was known that Jenny Squench was on the war-path, and Ap Shenkin watched for her accordingly. Jenny was fly, and not to be caught by any of the ordinary methods, but, like Trochu, Shenkin had his plan. Just before she came within sighting distance he threw himself prone upon the ground, and lay there like one dead drunk, snoring sonorously and regularly withal. The degraded woman whom he had marked as his prey, on coming up spurned him with her foot, felt his pockets, and rolled him over. Finding he had nothing to be robbed of, she began

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to pity his miserable plight. He was dreadfully drunk, to be sure! Could nothing be done to bring him to? She shook him violently, and, in a low tone, said:

"Wake, man, wake! you'll catch your death of cold; get up and go home, there's a good fellah."

His only response was a deep, gurgling guttural, which she, being English, could not understand.

"Heavens alive!" was her next exclamation, "he's that drunk he don't know what to do with hisself. Shove your finger down your throat, old chappie; that'll make you sick, and you'll be better after."

Felt his pockets and rolled him over.

Of course he couldn't comprehend her, and equally, of course, she went away, leaving him to his fate. Ten minutes later he had her and her partner in crime, one on each side of him, marching to the police station, whence on the following Monday they were removed to the county gaol, there to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for the space of one calendar month. Her conviction (for the nineteenth time within the year) was as an idle and disorderly person under the Vagrant Act, 5 Geo. IV., cap. 83; his (her companion's, not the constable's) as an accessory, it being charged against him that he did aid, abet, counsel, and procure the commission of the principal offence, for doing which Jervis's Act declared him to be equally guilty, and punishable in like manner with the prime offender.

And with all his talent and energy, Ap Shenkin is still no more than a full private.

X.

THE STORY OF SIGNALMAN SAM.

I referred, some pages back, to a railway signalman who had shown some aptitude as a detective. Railway men have the

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reputation of being awful thieves, as no doubt a good many of them in reality are. Boatmen are in as bad—I may almost say worse—odour for similar proclivities. In a whole five-and-twenty mile stretch of canal, one of the most observant of our divisional magistrates declared he could find only one honest "bargee," and he, remarked the old gentleman with a wink, was a lock-keeper. As among boatmen so among railway servants, there is an occasional Abdiel—

"—faithful found,
Among the faithless, faithful only he."

In the present instance it was Sam Simkin, a signalman, a keen, shrewd fellow, who one day spoke somewhat scornfully in the presence of a traffic superintendent—awfully big pots some of these—with reference to several futile attempts made to discover a series of robberies committed just before then in a certain goods train.

You must know that nothing which is not too hot or too heavy comes amiss to a railway man. Clocks, caps, coats, coal, cats, dogs, any mortal thing that is thievable they will unhesitatingly appropriate, "convey away and carry off," as the old indictments say. For wine, spirits, and beer they have, or used to have—unless Blue Ribbonism and Sunday Closing have cured them—the most inveterate liking. A favourite mode of robbing a wine cask was to bore it with a gimlet and suck out the contents through a straw or the stem of a long pipe inserted in the orifice. The hole was always pegged up again, and a little dirt rubbed over it to restore the normal appearance. I may tell you of a number of other tricks of theirs as I go along, but let this one suffice for the present.

Our signalman was taken pretty sharply to task by his superior for a want of proper respect.

"Since you are so very clever, perhaps you wouldn't mind trying your hand at detecting some of these thieves yourself," added the Superintendent superciliously. And it is a serious thing to ruffle the dignity of a railway superintendent. No one dare do it but a director.

This was the very opportunity the signalman had laid himself out for. "Give me the chance, and I will do it in a crack," he answered, gaily as Godiva when accepting the offer of that airy ride through Coventry.

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Everything was quietly arranged. That day week, by the 3.30 down "goods" from Paddington, came a valuable cargo in a lock-up van. The old straw-sucking process was resorted to so often *en route* that nearly every one in charge of the train got drunk. The head and under guards, throwing caution to the wind, just before Junkleigh Junction was reached, knocked in a case of jewellery, and helped themselves to the trinkets without stint. They were preparing to dismount with the spoil, when from a hogshead in the far corner up jumped Sam the signalman, with the exclamation, "What a deuce of a hurry you are in, my lads; you might have had the manners to stop and say good-bye to a fellow."

Sam slapped a six-chambered revolver full in the face of the foremost.

The men, maudlin before, sobered down as if by magic. They looked each other in the face for an instant. Then, as if by mutual instinct, eye caught from eye the fire of murder, and the two desperadoes rushed with fell intent upon the spy. But Sam slapped a six-chambered revolver full in the face of the foremost of them. They saw the game was up, submitted, and—two years' hard labour at the next quarter sessions for the county, Signalman Sam being made Sub-Inspector.

XI.

THE PRINCE OF WELSH DETECTIVES

Was undoubtedly the great John Morgan, of Cwmcerdyn, who one day appeared in the English town of Marcastle, whither he had tracked the notorious Noggins—Nestor Noggins—who was wanted in various parts of Wales for forgery and embezzlement. Noggins was spotted on the street by the great John Morgan, charged with the offence specified in the warrant and run in, despite denial and threat of action for false imprisonment. Trust a Welsh detective, and a man of Morgan's experience in particular, to be frightened by any show of this

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kind, once he has taken his wolf by the ear. If it were the flimsiest case in the world, no Welsh detective would ever think of hesitating as to how he should act. Indeed, the flimsier the case the less the hesitation generally. John Morgan was much too old a hand to be deceived by protestations of innocence, let them be as loud as they might. Scoundrels could *act* so well, he told some of the bye-standers to whom the indignation of the fellow Noggins seemed to have something of reality about it.

John Morgan was a man of prompt action. After taking his prisoner to the police station he searched him, made a list of his property, of which he took possession in the usual way, showed his warrant to the Sergeant-clerk in charge, and asked to be directed to the nearest magistrate in order that he might have it properly "backed."

He searched him.

Backing a warrant is a process which may require a little explanation. The face of the document empowers execution only within the county for which the justice whose hand and seal are affixed is entitled to act. So that if a man committing a crime, say in Glamorganshire, escaped to some place in Carmarthen or Monmouth, he could not be arrested until the constable holding the warrant had visited the *locus in quo*, and gone before a magistrate, who would swear him to the genuineness of the signature on the other side; whereupon the officer would be authorised in due form to apprehend his man anywhere within the county over which the endorsor held jurisdiction. The common police practice is to arrest first, and obtain the endorsement afterwards—a not very regular proceeding, but a safe one as a rule. Let me explain.

A felon is pretty sure to be personally acquainted with all the policemen of the town he hails from, and his instinct would at once tell him what had brought any of them in his direction. So that while the legal liming of the net—as the process of endorsement might be termed—was being proceeded with the bird would be sure to take wing.

To return now to Johannis Pelagius Magnus, otherwise John Morgan the great. As I have said, he enquired his way to the nearest magistrate who would back his warrant, and he left perfectly satisfied that he knew the road. But the mischief was he never returned, nor was he ever again heard of. No such

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man, it was afterwards ascertained, ever called upon any magistrate in the town with a warrant of any kind. No such man was known in Cwmcerdyn, neither had any such warrant ever been granted there. The body of the warrant had been forged, but the signature of the Mayor attached to it was genuine, the document having been accidentally signed in blank, accidentally missed, and accidentally (it is supposed) picked up by a scoundrel, who (accidentally again, no doubt) happened to reckon a smattering of law amongst his other rascally accomplishments. The great John Morgan was subsequently identified as a person who had for two or three days been making inquiries in Marcastle as to the names and callings of some of its most respectable residents. Fixing upon poor Nestor Noggins, traveller for the well-known firm of Packthread, Yarnspinner, and Co., wholesale linen merchants, Manchester, as a person likely to be found carrying a good sum of money about with him, he resolved to victimise him. How beautifully well he succeeded I have tried to show. He got off with Noggins' gold watch and £51 10s. in hard cash, leaving Noggins furious, and the Marcastle police slobbering in silent solitude. It is a tradition with our men to this day that if you happen to mention John Morgan, the Welsh detective, to a policeman of Cwmcerdyn he will at once draw his staff upon you.

XII.

STUDY OF AN INTERIOR.

I now come to a subject to which the public have not given half enough attention, if any at all. It is really a matter of the utmost importance that the guardians of the public peace and public morals, constantly moving among temptations of the most fearful kind, should be provided with a sound moral stamina. And how are you to provide them with it? The only effort I saw made was that of a good woman, armed with Bibles and a tract or two, which the men took very civilly, and afterwards used for shaving papers. Far be from me the wish to say anything disrespectful of Bibles and tracts, but, honestly, of themselves these are not enough. They ought to come, and I think that in most cases they do come, to put the finishing touches to a moral edifice built up by other means—by early instruction in principles of virtue, and by a training of the mind to their constant and practical exercise. It is something fearful to think that the policeman, after walking about all day amid scenes and listening to language of the most revolting kind, should find himself at night with a mind piping hot with the effluvia

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of immoral association—where? In a mess room little better than the cell of the last man he has arrested, blank-walled, stuffy, and without book or picture of any kind to counteract the poison he has all day been handling. You depend upon these men for honesty, for truth telling; if you only knew it, you owe them quite as much for not committing sins when they have the chance as for bringing to justice people who have openly tripped; and what precautions do you take that they shall not swerve from the right path? You pay your police rate, I have no doubt; but that is not enough, my friend, I assure you.

Some of you practical philanthropists - not you with the tracts, do *you* keep aside, pray—here is a rare field for you, in which the work is plentiful and the labourers but few. The policeman detects crime, does he, and brings the criminal to punishment? Take it from me, that he has also been known to assist in its commission, and to hurry along the downward path the man and woman whose misfortunes were at the root of their faults. I have known him give the impetus which led to the destruction of one of the fairest as, but for an accident, she would have been one of the purest and noblest of all God's creatures. It is necessary, then, is it not, that a man so placed should be constitutionally healthy, morally as well as physically. Treat him hygienically, not medicinally, at first. It would be money well laid out were you to give him a nice, well lighted room to sit down in; a bit of a play ground, a gymnasium, a bath, bookshelves, a newspaper and magazine table, plenty of good (I don't mean expensive) pictures, draughts and chess; but no tracts. At least, not till afterwards, for without all the other things these are of no more use than a treacle plaster upon a patch of cancer.

Perhaps you would not mind taking a peep with me into one of these same mess rooms. It is the common sitting room of some twenty men, young and as full of tricks and mischief, that is to say animal spirits, as a menagerie of monkeys. The walls are perfectly bare; well, I should not say that, either, for hanging around are a number of great coats, tunics, capes, leggings, helmets, staves, handcuffs, cutlasses, and a looking glass or two. Overhead dangles a canary cage. On the mantle shelf, in shining row, are hose-pipes, cans, and lanterns, glistening fitfully through clouds of perpetually ascending incense from broth-pot or tea kettle, one or other of which is never absent from the fire. Here it is that these young fellows must spend the evenings or the mornings of every day of their official lives, unless they like to vary the monotony by going out to drink. In the town I lived I should tell you there was no library, no museum, no public reading room, no theatre, no park, no hospital—only chapels, and a few millionaires, each

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waiting to make just a few hundred thousands more before sneaking off elsewhere to spend the money and the rest of their benevolent lives; that was all.

A hand of Don

With no alternative, after coming off duty, but to go to bed, to drink, or to play, the policeman generally chooses the least of the three evils, and becomes a gambler. He might, you say, buy a book and read. Where? The only spot he could possibly read in would be his bed-room, a Black Hole of Calcutta, fœtid with the breath and hideous with the nasal bag-pipe playing of three, four, or five sleeping comrades. No; he must sit down to a hand of Don or Brag, Banker, or Nap, if he would not drink and be dismissed, or go to bed and become mad.

I was never well off enough to be able to indulge in the luxury of giving a great deal, but I believe that at one time and the other I managed to dispose of a few books, and a set or two of draught boards and men, for the mess room tables. I think also that I taught a few of the force to play, and that I took such pains with one or two that they ultimately became crack hands. I tried hard to introduce chess, but with very poor results. It was so much better, I used to tell them, to play a noble game of this kind for its own sake alone than to sit down to "skin" your friend with cheat and chance at penny Nap. But it was no use. They had not the patience—probably because they had not the time—for chess; and I was at length obliged to confess this to have been one of the certainly not many objects in life upon which I had set my heart without being able to achieve at least a respectable measure of success therein.

Whether at cards or dice the comrades of the mess *must* play for money. Sometimes they admit a man from the street to their society. A travelling showman and the "leading

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gentleman" from a perambulating penny gaff were favourites in my time. One of these was an inveterate "tosser," and inasmuch as I have promised to show you the gaming table at work, you may just as well look on while the present company are at it. Exclusive of the on-lookers, an eager ring, they number half-a-dozen; they have lost their only card pack, and the dice box is locked up in the cupboard, which they had made two or three attempts to pick, of a sergeant who is on duty. Each individual member of the circle has a pile of coppers at his elbow, with a shilling or two at the base, ready for sacrifice upon the altar of the goddess Fortune. The game is "Odd man out," but they carry it on upon lines of their own, entirely new to me. After ten minutes' play it is found that one of them has swept the board. His bankrupt comrades spring to their feet, and leave the table in disappointment and disgust. I button-hole the winner, and ask him how he did it. His being a bit of a natural philosopher may make you desirous of hearing what he said; so here goes, bad grammar and all.

MERLIN.

(*To be continued.*)

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WELSH POETRY IN ENGLISH DRESS.

THE BRITISH DRUIDS.

AN ODE BY TALIESIN WILLIAMS (AP IOLO).

Translated by THE RIGHT HON. LORD ABERDARE.

PART I.

THE DRUIDS BEFORE THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

Thou living God! whose gracious care surveys
This rolling Planet, and thy creatures' ways,
Who lov'st to bid each fear, each sorrow cease,
To bless each passing hour with smiling peace;
Inspire my venturous song! and oh! impart
The power to raise the mind, to warm the heart,
Breathe through my glowing veins thy seraph flame,
And gild with victory my lowly name!
For vain were human wisdom, vain the mind
Inspired by Genius, and by Lore refined,
Did thy reluctant hand, all-bounteous sire,
Withhold a spark of thy celestial fire!
Oh! may that spark descend! may it diffuse
A genial vigour through my faltering Muse,
And light the shadowy past, what time I trace
The mouldering records of the Druid race.
Still mid the wreck of long-revolving years,
All has not perish'd of those reverend seers,
Still lives their memory in th' undying page,
To instruct the youthful, to improve the sage.
Yes, still they live! for envy strove in vain,
And vengeful hate their glorious wreath to stain,
Nor time, nor hate, nor envy, shall efface
The simple virtues of this injured race!
Urged by ambitious hatred of the free,

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The haughty Roman braved our guardian sea,
And spread, while fire and slaughter mark'd his way,
From shore to shore his desolating sway.
But ill content with blood, he strove to sate
With dark reproaches his injurious hate,
Stung with the spotless virtues of the brave,
He pour'd his angry malice o'er their grave.
But yet, oh! messengers of peace, though weak
This voice your praises to the world may speak,
Truth's radiant torch shall shed its purest ray
To cast a lustre on my humble lay.

Swift through the trackless regions of the skies
In proud career the wingéd tempest flies;
Swift through the gloomy caverns of the night
Flash the first beams of morn's returning light;
But swifter far, oh Thought! in pictur'd train
Shoots thy bright image through the teeming brain!
Oh! may'st thou then through retrospective skies
Ply thy light pinions, till before me rise
In clear, unfaded majesty, the race
Of priestly sages that I fain would trace,
Paint on the glowing page the awful scene,
Mark the wrapt eye, the meditative mien.
E'er o'er the world the Gospel's heavenly light
Burst through the darkness of the Heathen night,
Fell from their lips, how generously free,
The golden precepts of Morality!
But yet again, oh all-pervading Thought,
Drop on my soul, with graphic visions fraught;
There rest awhile, and to my view pourtray
The superstitions of that long past day,
Spring with one bound o'er intervening years,
And face to face present those venerable seers!

On Dyffryn Goluch stands a lofty pile
(There sports the breeze, and there the sunbeams smile),
Where oft were heap'd on sacrificial fire
The pious offerings of the bardic choir,
Oft when the Druids poured their solemn lays
Assembled thousands swelled the hymns of praise,
Thousands, whose hearts with pious awe beat high,
Now cold and silent in the grave they lie!

Pause we awhile, for there the summer wind
Sports with the joyous blossoms unconfin'd,
Here every wooded knoll and valley green,
Recall the memory of the long lov'd scene;
Oft stood the Druids on this verdant sod,
And taught from God's own works to worship God!

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Who foremost of the sacred band is seen,
Of lofty gesture and commanding mien,
Mildly advancing from his aged friends
The holy Altar-stone the sage ascends?

Einigan Gawr—of all that countless host
Fair Virtue's fairest son, his country's boast,
Forth from his lips the fervid accents broke,
And thus the sage with simple grandeur spoke:—

"Ere the glad rays of heaven-descended light
Flash'd through the horrors of chaotic night,
Darkness (nor living form nor feature there)
Flung his thick mantle o'er the sunless air.
But God arose, and from his throne of flame,
Pronounc'd aloud his own eternal name,
Forth at that word with vernal radiance bright
Leapt new-born nature into Life and Light.
O! Heavenly utterance! oh melodious word!
Thou grand creative music of the Lord!
Pure song of Peace, proclaiming from on high
The blessed boon of Immortality!
Still rung that joyful voice, when all around
With richest stores fair nature deck'd the ground,
And Darkness, long sole monarch of the plain,
Winged his dull flight to night's sequestered reign.
Uprose the Sun in floods of living light,
Smiled the Young Earth with vernal freshness dight,
The radiant souls fell from above to grace
Man, first in beauty, as the first in place!
Unknown to man, by mortal ear unheard,
That awful voice, that generating Word!
Nor lives the venturous sage who dares proclaim
That high, that incommunicable Name!"

Old Tydain, father of the Muse divine,
Of soul illumined and of thoughts benign,
Advances next,—all silent stood the throng—
Of the fierce Deluge was the poet's song:—
"I saw the bursting of the Lake of Floods,
The mountains rocked and groaned the waving woods,
Foreboding horror seized the affrighted soul,
And startled Nature shook from pole to pole!
While man's hoarse shriek, and woman's feebler wail
With cries of terror load the passing gale.
On rushed the foaming surge! its torrent wide
Plunged headlong down the mountain's rugged side,
From peaceful vale to ocean's distant strand,
Roared through a thousand channels o'er the land.
Then perished all! The beautiful and brave,

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The rich, the poor, the tyrant, and the slave,
In vain bewailed each oft repeated sin;
The whelming fate roll'd on with ceaseless din.
And human courage then and human power
Sunk midst the horrors of that fearful hour,
No strength could rescue, and no skill could save
The shrieking victim from the entombing wave.
On swept the surge—but now no more replied
The voice that once rose wildly o'er the tide.
In hollow murmurs like the wind's dull moan,
From grasping wretches burst the smother'd groan,
And all was hushed—save when the dashing sea
Pour'd its dark stream along in lonely majesty!
But God, in just compassion for the good,
Sav'd righteous Dwyfan from the raging flood,
With gentle Dwyfach long his consort fair,
Whose spotless virtues claimed the Almighty care:
Safe to the naked ship his charge he bore,
Where undismay'd they heard the ocean roar.
From them all nations of the earth are sprung,
Whate'er their colour, and whate'er their tongue.
Still loves tradition Dwyfan's name to grace,
Celestial parent of the human race,
And Dwyfan's tale still lives in many a strain,
The heaven protected wand'rer of the main.
Gwenhidwy, rising from her ocean bed,
Gazed on the shock of elements with dread,
Saw mountain billows raging in mid-air,
And flew all anxious to her fleecy care;
(The heaving surges of the main, her sheep,
Their fleece, the foam, which crests the troubled deep),
Then raised her voice, and hastening from afar,
Her flock obedient cease their billowy war,
Drove after drove, rolled on in peaceful train,
And sought the cavern'd pastures of the main.
She loves to sport, from care and sorrow free,
O'er the wide regions of the tranquil sea,
Or with her flocks roams o'er the azure plain,
Her hills the billows, and her fields the main."

He ceased, and rising from the aged band,
Gwyddon Ganhebon took his modest stand;
Nor winter's cold nor summer's burning heat
His ardent search of wisdom could defeat;
Nor vain the search, for on his fluent tongue
Admiring crowds in listening wonder hung;
On the rude stone in just proportion traced,
Whate'er fair Science taught he freely placed,

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Then from the hallow'd seat, in lucid train
Dispensed the knowledge he had toiled to gain.
"When first the Lord gave being to Mankind,
Three Circles of Existence He defin'd;
The first, the Circle of Infinity,
Where none but God the Omnipotent may be;
No mortal can, however pure, intrude
Into those realms of Heavenly Solitude;
The Circle of Inception; in that space
Springs Life from Death; those regions man may trace.
The Circle of Felicity; and there
In bliss eternal man forgets all care.
From the Great Deep each creature of the earth
Whate'er its order be, derives its birth;
Thence, duly rising to the realms of light,
Dying, it lives again more fair, more bright;
In just progression every change of fate
Brings a more genial, and a happier state,
Until each grade of slow probation past,
It bursts the grovelling chains that bound it fast,
Feels in its heart new hopes, news passions rise,
Steps forth Creation's lord, and seems to mount the skies.
But ere the creature reach this blissful state,
While still it toils the wretched slave of fate
God's pard'ning grace o'erlooks that sinful time,
Records no wickedness, condemns no crime.
But yet let Man beware; for if unjust
He spurn the lowly suppliant in the dust,
If, when his heart with scornful passions glows,
He scoffs, regardless of the tale of woes;
If to Revenge a willing ear he lend,
The good Man's scourge, the stern oppressor's friend;
If e'er he seize by force or wily stealth,
The helpless orphan's little share of wealth;
His might, his riches, nor his will shall save
His loathsome carcase from the hungry grave,
That form so beautiful, that active mind,
Those hopes, that joyous converse with mankind,
Are his no more; but lingering despair,
Heartrending anguish, and remorse are there;
He crawls along where reigns the biting frost,
A dark, mean reptile—all his glory lost!
Yet not for ever lost! for Thou, oh God,
With tender mercy wield'st the chast'ning rod,
In depths of bitterness thy gracious love
Hovers around the fallen from above,
Nor leaves him comfortless; from state to state
That Love shall lead him through the realms of fate,

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Shall teach the brute its rebel heart to quell,
Nor cast its foam, nor raise the frantic yell.
For milder days await it,—when at last
Each step, each slow degree of torment past,
A gentle Ox, of more propitious birth,
For Man it learns to tame the rugged earth,
'Midst toil industrious, at the call of death
The patient creature yields its parting breath,
Returns to life a gay and sportive lamb,
Crops the fresh herb or gambols near its dam;
Once more it dies—but lives again to move,
A man in hope, in innocence and love.
Should he, thus blest, fulfil his being's end,
To peace and mild tranquillity a friend.
When prosperous humble, when in grief resign'd,
Of gentle aspect and demeanour kind,
Crush'd by the world, or by that world caress'd,
From evil thoughts preserve his taintless breast;
Wipe from the Orphan's cheek the tear of woe,
The good Man's friend, the Tyrant's dauntless foe;
Should he the hissing tongue of slander hate,
And to Mankind, whate'er their worldly state,
Assign due reverence, cautious to defame,
Peace all his wish, and heaven all his aim;
This righteous man, when fails his vital breath,
The Lord shall rescue from the toils of death,
Shall raise triumphant, safe in Heaven's decree,
From mortal cares and rankling passions free,
To the bright Circle of Felicity.
There, while supremely blest, his joyous days
Flow on, he hymns his great Creator's praise,
He dwells where naught but happiness may be,
A radiant soul in spotless purity."

I see three men in mental vision bright,
Three matchless Druids flit before my sight,
I hail their glad approach with welcome free,
And reverence meet— who may the sages be?

Lo! Plenydd, Alawn, Gwron, who of yore
Carved on retentive wood their varied lore;
Wisest old Britain's bardic sons among,
Sweet land of wit, of eloquence and song!
They first in knowledge and in art refin'd
Dispell'd the clouds of darkness from the mind.
Plenydd, in whom wit, memory combine,
With varied lore and intellect divine,
Ascends the Altar-stone; in glowing words
His Maker's praises thus the bard records:—

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"Sing, oh my muse, in loftiest numbers sing,
The might, the glory of the Eternal King.
Hymn the great God, the heavenly name adore,
In strains sublime thy heart-felt homage pour;
Praise him the First, the Last, in daring flight,
Whose throne is Heaven, whose robes the living Light!
Oh Thou, the God inscrutable, whose hand
Sheds endless blessings o'er this favour'd land.
Who look'st on Man in soul-like purity!
Say, all-pervading Essence from on high,
What hand can paint the glory of thy reign,
What words thy peerless attributes explain!
No earthly hand, no mortal words can raise
Thy image, worthy of eternal praise;
Thy wond'rous gifts of health, of life, and food,
Involve our minds in dark incertitude;
Our daily sins, thy daily blessings prove
Thy justice temper'd with benignest love:
We pause, we wonder, and confess at last,
Thy nature far all human nature past;
More than our thoughts can grasp, our pray'rs demand,
Flows from thy bounteous soul and liberal hand.
The Sun, that dazzling monarch of the day,
For us pursues his never-failing way,
Unchang'd by time, unconscious of decay.
All, all from thee in ceaseless plenty springs,
Whate'er each day, each passing moment brings,
Our life, our reason, and our judgment free,
From Thee proceed, and all our joy from Thee!
No thought can compass, and no tongue proclaim!"

Alawn, first champion of the muse's train,
With voice melodious raises next the strain;
Gwron, next rising in the verdant glade
In fervent strains the charms of youth displayed,
Warm in his country's welfare; then on high
He cast a glance of wonder at the sky,
Ere rode the Sun in noontide majesty.

Genius in him with lofty truth combin'd,
Gave warmth and vigour to his soaring mind:
"How great is Truth! how pure the genial source,
Whence golden Thought directs its pictur'd course;
From Heav'n's high dome she pours her thrilling strain,
And bursts deception's soul-entangling chain!
How blest is he from Truth who ne'er departs,
With guilty pangs whose conscience never smarts,
Who in Truth's mirror Nature's beauty views,
The latent source, the secret of the Muse!

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Nay, God is Truth; His kindness knows no rest;
Mercy His ceaseless love and Truth attest:
She flows along in streams of purest light,
How rich her blessings, and her course how bright!"
Short are the hours of bliss; and tearful woe
Soon claims divided empire here below;
See the wan cheek; the mutely anxious face,
Late wreath'd in smiles, and joy's enlivening grace.
For lo! in close array the foe appears,
Discord the blood stain'd flag of slaughter rears,
From either host an iron tempest flies,
Each warlike hand the murd'rous weapon plies;
High o'er the conflict rings a mingled cry,
The shout of rage, the shriek of agony;
Now from fierce warrior peals the victor shout,
Now from the trampled wretch the hollow groan bursts out!
Ghastly with wounds and clotted blood the slain
Lie wildly scatter'd o'er the purple plain.
And lo! what horror strikes the aching sight,
Clapping his dusky plumes with stern delight,
The Demon of Destruction wings his way,
And croaks triumphant o'er the savage fray;
Malignant fury glaring from his eye,
Proclaims the monster's harden'd cruelty;
Still, as he wheels around, his pinions pour,
A red and ghastly rain of human gore;
His screams rise shrill above the echoing fight,
He gluts on carnage fierce, his grim, unpitying sight.
Who now, where groans the earth with heaps of slain,
With anxious swiftness speed along the plain?
In God's own cause what ministers of love
With ready zeal their firm devotion prove?
True to their office, to their vows sincere,
Heedless of flashing sword, or flying spear,
The generous Druids seek the dread array
And strive to quell the horrors of the fray.
Meek, holy Men! no weapon of offence
Was theirs, they dwelt in Love and Innocence;
Swiftly they raise the snowy flag of Peace,
With voice of Love they bid the conflict cease:
"Peace! Peace! o'er earth's remotest regions heard,"
The Soul of Light proclaims the joyful word,
Dear to the just, but hateful to the wrong!
"In God's great name and in His justice strong,
We bid ye then from ruthless bloodshed cease,
And court the blessings of Celestial Peace.
Let Heart to Heart be your delightful chain,

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The bond of unity, the foe to pain,
Pain, which from war and crimson slaughter springs,
But gentle peace to every bosom brings
The soft endearments of fraternal love,
And calls down endless blessings from above.
To God's own mandate list: the awful words
Which for our rule kind Providence affords,
Whose justice, though it linger, ne'er is vain,
Who slays another shall himself be slain.
Still'd is the uproar, sheath'd the gory brand,
And homeward turns in peace each passionate band.
But now, alas! oppression's threatening form
Swells o'er the Island, and foretells the storm;
Far though the Druids fled before their foes
In Mona's distant isle to seek repose.
E'en there the Roman, bent on boundless sway,
O'er slaughter'd thousands, forc'd his fatal way.
See, where, begirt with many a warlike band,
The fierce Paulinus shakes his vengeful hand;
Some rear the engines, and forgetting toil,
Brood o'er the slaughter or predict the spoil.

(Will be concluded in our next.)

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THE LADY OF ST. PETROX.

A PEMBROKESHIRE LEGEND.

I sat one winter's eve by a cottager's fireside, glad of some shelter from the storm. It was a small thatched building, under the shadow, as many of the cots of Pembrokeshire are, of a high hedge, and from it you could hear the roar of the surf rising and dying away as the wind shifted. My hostess was one of those garrulous old worthies not uncommon in "little England beyond Wales." Her husband was away at a distant fair or market, and I was waiting his return, so as to get a trustworthy guide to the town where I had, for a time, made my home. The wife, with some shades of anxiety deepening on her face as the fingers of the clock went around, chatted of old times, and squires and dames of the past. In her youth she had lived at the Castle in the upland, and there were few of the leading people in the district of whom she had not some interesting incident to relate, some buried strife or scandal to recall. You walked in fancy with her through the tapestried rooms, and heard the rustle of silk, or the clink of armour.

"Ha!" I said, jumping up in the midst of one of her tales, "here comes a carriage, I may get a lift, and save your good man the trouble." I raised the latch and looked out. The storm had passed over, and clear and bright shone the moon. Every object was distinctly visible, from the fuschia bush in the hedgerow to the trees on the wayside, and over the distant sea, for miles, the moonbeams fell, making a silvery track, weird-like in its glistening sheen.

"Hush," said my humble hostess, putting her hand on my shoulder. "Come in, come in quickly; I have heard that noise before. No luck happens to anyone who sees the Lady of St. Petrox."

"It is only a carriage, my good woman!" I rejoined; "I can hear the wheels distinctly, and it is coming this way."

"Come in, sir; come in," she continued. "Hear you not the whistling sound of the wheels?"

I listened; it was certainly a strange sound. It seemed more in the air than on the earth, and the peculiar whirl had no accompaniment of the hoofs of horses. It was strange, but I laughed at her fears.

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"Omen or not, I must see it," I said, as I made for the little gate and looked down the road, while the old dame stood trembling at the doorway. The light was so strong that I could see to the bend, yet not an object was visible on the highway.

"Come in, sir; come in," came the feeble request from the cottage.

"No, no," I cried, "here it is at last!" and a dark object loomed in sight, and as it drew near I saw it was an old-fashioned lumbering carriage, with two horses, such as I had seen in prints of the highwaymen days of a century ago. It was so bright that even at a distance this much was noticeable, but as it came nearer even I recoiled with an exclamation of terror. The wheels whizzed around with the peculiar noise I have mentioned, but the horses made no more clatter than if they had been walking on clouds. Around their heads, and the head of the driver, a mist seemed to hang. I looked to see the flashing eye, the smoke from the nostrils. There was none. I looked at the driver, who was dressed in a coat as ancient as the coach. Still the mist. Then, as the old vehicle passed, from horses and man the mist seemed to arise, and at the same moment a headless form waved a hand from the coach. Another look, as the whole vision seemed to melt, and then I saw that like the phantom rider, horses and driver were headless too! I had seen the Lady of St. Petrox.

I am generally considered a practical hard-headed man, with a good deal of the philosopher about me. It is my habit to seek for causes. One night, in my wanderings, I struck my foot against a soft, white object, and in a second my heart was in my mouth. I looked again; it was a sheep! So in this case; I began to ponder, to seek for a cause, but, alas! without success. I knew by the faint scream behind me that the woman had seen the ghastly vision as well as myself. There was no disordered stomach, no diseased retina, and moodily I retreated into the cottage. Near the fire, rocking herself to and fro, was my hostess, and it was some time before I could quiet her fears, and bring her into a reasonable train of thought. Then she told me all.

Jane Mansel was the relic of an old Norman house. Her ancestors had distinguished themselves in the border warfare carried on between the Normans and the Welsh, and one was especially noted both for his valour and success. But as he grew older, all that was merciful in his character disappeared. He seemed to glory in slaughter. It was not sufficient to cut down the red-handed and struggling opponent. He would go over a battlefield, and satiate himself with plunging his sword into any of the enemy found still alive. Even his men not unfrequently murmured, but his curse was ready, and his sword swift to leap from its sheath.

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His home, when not in the battlefield, and that was seldom, was in the Castle of St. Petrox, where an only daughter remained to remind him of a wife lost in the fulness of her womanhood and beauty. He had been devotedly attached to her, and lenient friends said that the change in his disposition began with her death; that it was the great woe cast upon his soul which embittered him to all living. It may have been so. The beautiful daughter, Aimee, was none of the gentlest. Her hand was quick in striking her maidens, and her tongue so bitter that no wonder the bravest knight of the field shrunk from her. And so she grew up into mature womanhood, soured with the world, and as viciously disposed as her father. One day, so ran the legend, there was a fierce and bloody encounter between the Normans and the Welsh, and for an hour and more, so evenly were they matched, victory hung in the balance. At length, by almost superhuman exertions, the Normans were beaten off, and fled for their lives, Mansel escaping only with difficulty. This was one of the few defeats he had suffered, and it stung him to the quick, especially as it was brought about by his bitterest enemy. Mansel was not the man to sit down under defeat. He speedily gathered new forces under him, and made rapid and successful raids on the lands of his foes, carrying off, as was the wont of the victor, booty in great profusion.

Still not satisfied, and finding that his foe was too strong to assail openly, he contrived to get him lured to a distance with his forces, and then in the dead of the night stormed the castle, and put all to the sword. I said all: but there was one who escaped, an old nurse, who lay in concealment while the fell deed was done. As the band departed from the Castle she poured down curses upon the Normans.

"Bring me her head," cried he, "and I will give the bringer a good mark." He rode on.

"Ay, ay," she screeched, "many of thy race, like thyself, shall go to the grave headless!"

She had not time to say more, as there was a rush of feet up the stairs of the keep. When the Normans entered they saw no one. Edwald, a stalwart mercenary, vowed that a hare rushed out from under his feet, and he crossed himself devoutly at the sight of her.

All that remains to be told is that the old woman escaped; that the Norman noble was killed, his head being stricken off in battle, and that the last of the race, Jane Mansel, died tranquilly in her bed.

Tenby. THE RAMBLER.

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WELSH CHARACTER SKETCHES.

THE YOUNG COMPETITOR AT EISTEDDFODAU

I have known many in my time; many who have never lived to become bards, to wear long beards, to sit enthroned, envied by thousands, in the coveted *cadair*, medalled, honoured and happy. I knew one, a tailor, who endeavoured to blend poetic effort with the stitching of seams and the making of button holes. He was not successful in tailoring, and so gradually expanding

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in literary efforts figured repeatedly in minor attempts at minor eisteddfodau, and then turned his attention to the Church. I believe he became a "bullfrog;" I know he was a curate in a London district, and then I lost sight of him. If he be the venerable and respected rector of a snug living I shall only be too happy to learn.

Another, a printer, who was precociously clever, came out very early on the eisteddfodic platform, and from recitations advanced to the dignity of writer of englynion and essays. He figured also in the weekly newspaper of his district, and few would imagine that the quiet, retiring youth, so meek of look, so thoughtful in habit, was the renowned "Ap Brutus," who was in the practice of lashing Casnodyn and Dewi Taff into fits of frenzy. I well remember one of his letters, ably written, full of rounded periods, and scathing to a degree. At the close he quoted Sir Walter Scott, and told his opponent that from the position he (Ap Brutus) had taken, no power on earth should frighten him. "This rock shall fly," he said, as if laying his hand on a block of his native granite, "from its stern base as soon as I." All too soon in the early manhood of a promising life the leveller of mental hero and moral teacher summoned him away, and the letters on his humble tombstone are dimming now with the years. Only old fashioned fogies like myself remember him.

The Eisteddfod has brought many a youth of promise out to the front. Men whose names are household words, blazoned in eisteddfodic hall, and uttered by tongues that tremble with the fulness of respect and sorrow were once eisteddfodic boys. Ay, and men who now fill posts of worth and emolument were amongst the highest orators of our own Druidic days. The lad from the white-washed farm, familiar with the furrowed field and the lone mountain, the boy from the ironworks, the youth from the coal pit, and the assistant from the grocery or drapery warehouse have all flocked, led by the subtle influence of mind, to the stages of our eisteddfodau. And who shall limit their beneficial influence? They have made the corn field a thing of beauty, and invested the great expanse of sky over the mountain watcher with the solemnity of unutterable grandeur. To the ironworker they have draped the troubles and toils of life, and to the collier, filled in pictures of rarest loveliness in the dark and dripping niches of the coal pit. The world without has been hidden, and the personal misery of life forgotten. The collier boy has been a king.

I knew a collier boy once; he was also a successful competitor, a moody boy, heavy of brow, rugged of speech. Generally a sullen look overspread his features, but when he smiled it was like a ray of light falling from a rift in the clouds. One of his earliest poems came under my notice, and it struck me as containing more original thought than one usually finds in

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early efforts. The subject was a lament that the collier knew so little of the sunshine. He was in the pit when the first faint radiance of the sun trembled on the leaves of spring; at work when the midday glory covered the land, and when the eternal picture of sunset was renewed. Only on Sunday was the collier able to see the beauties of nature, to watch the hedge-rows teeming with life, to see the great trees stretch forth their green arms, espy the flashing wing, and hear the song of stream and bird. I was not surprised to find my collier boy, with his heart yearning for more congenial employment, hard at work, educating himself for a different post. When I last heard of him, many years ago, he was filling honourably the position of reporter on a leading English newspaper; and depend upon it, his darkened early life, with its experiences and vicissitudes, made him a far happier man to the generality. He had acquired, like the rest, a deftness of fingers in tracing the utterances of men, eloquent or otherwise, and, in addition, had the advantage of a vigorously exercised mind of his own.

So they pass before me, "the young ovates of old Druidic days," and earnestly do I hope that the old institution of eisteddfodau will long exist, encouraging youthful efforts and placing laurels on the brows of veterans. There is another, and a more prosaic aspect, too, to be considered. The ways and needs of the world are such that mere sentiment plays but a little part when unaccompanied by the exercise of practical virtue. The full appreciation of nature, always to be admired and invariably found given forth by a thoughtful and refined mind, never figures in advertising columns as an essential for the sober duties of life. The world demands more grit, more sinew and muscle. The youth who "moons" about alone and addresses sonnets to fair Gwenllians and Evas may win a trifling prize at an eisteddfod, but it is not of such that veterans are made. Looking back at the long list, we see that those who won fame did so by long and persistent efforts. Carnhuanawc, Thomas Stephens, Brinley Richards, Ceiriog Hughes, Tegid, Caledfryn, and a host of eisteddfod boys, were hard workers, and it was only by incessant exertion that they became famous. This is the lesson of eisteddfodau. The great mass, even of those who do not win high distinction, are benefited. The collier, who has written an englyn, the ironworker, who has gained a prize for a *Cowydd*, are men of mark in their little community. You will find their homes better furnished as a rule; the "chest of drawers" bigger and brighter, the garden better looked after, the Sunday clothes more substantial, and the children better cared for and in higher standards. The influence of the eisteddfod tells morally and socially, and "our boys" are, in the great majority, better men because of it.

AP ADDA.

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IN MEMORIAM.

CASAMICCIOLA.

"'Tis a sensual and timorous beauty
How fair! but a slave."

Nimium Ne Crede Colori.

In presence of the appalling disaster in the Island of Ischia, that has startled and shocked the civilised world, the memories of a visit to the scene of it are full of a sad interest to the traveller. Ischia is the largest island in the Bay of Naples, situated at its northern extremity, while Capri lies at the southern extremity. According to Pliny, it is the ancient Pithecusa, and it is known also as the Inarime of Virgil. In the Middle Ages it was called Iscla. Between Ischia and the classic Misenum Promontorium, near which Pliny lived at the time of the eruption of Vesuvius, in A.D. 79, lies the island of Procida, or Prochyta, which took its name, according to some writers, from the nurse of Æneas, and according to others, from its having become disjoined by an earthquake from Ænaria, another title under which Ischia has come down to us. So runs tradition, and certain appearances suggest a submarine connection between the two islands and the main land. Not far from Misenum is Mount Posilipo, and the supposed tomb of Virgil, in the neighbourhood of which Virgil and Cicero and Pompey and Lucullus, and many other celebrated men, are said to have had villas, and the first-named to have written his "Eclogues." Posilipo is, probably, of Greek origin, signifying end of sorrow. Geologists say that the greater part of Ischia is composed of a friable species of tufa. Every inch of the island, so to speak, is volcanic. Strabo says that the Erythræans and the Chalcidians were successively driven from it by violent earthquakes, and the Syracusans, who colonised it about 400 years B.C., were compelled by volcanic eruptions to shift their quarters. Everybody knows that the island is a perfect paradise of natural beauty, that the luxuriance of its verdure is surpassed nowhere in Italy, and that every kind of fruit grows in lavish abundance; yet, when all is said, it is but "Beauty lying in the lap of Terror," and to us it seems strange

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that many thousands of people should consent to establish themselves on a soil whose antecedents have on many occasions borne terrible witness to its death-dealing properties. One can only account for it on the principle of the proverbial recklessness of the miner, or by the belief on the part of the inhabitants that the volcanic force has exhausted itself, and that the island is nothing but a gigantic cinder. It is nothing less than a phenomenon that the people of the Neapolitan country, living as they do in the very jaws of destruction, at the "gate of hell," should be the greatest laughers, the most *insouciant* of all the nations of the earth. Though nobody would speak of the San Nicolo Mountain, the ancient Epomeus, as "lofty Epomeo's tremendous peak;" and, though for the greater part, it has nothing in outward form of the "Monstr' horrend', inform', ingens," yet its summit does suggest the "locus insidiis natus"—

> "'Mid the rock-chasms and piles of loose stones, like the loose broken teeth
> Of some monster, which climbed there to die from the ocean beneath."

And without any knowledge of his history one may readily believe that he has that within him which could at any moment burst forth to annihilate the fair beauty that smiles around, all unconscious of his dread proximity. Epomeo is said to be from the Hebrew Epechom, or burning coal.

It was in the month of June last that I paid a visit to Casamicciola, little dreaming that already then

> "Earth turned in her sleep with pain
> Sultrily suspired for proof;"

that already then the bowels of the island were in active preparation for the mighty rending asunder which a few weeks later should convert that bewitching spot into a huge sepulchre, a place of mourning and darkest desolation. But it was not there that "An earthquake reel'd unheededly away," mid bloody carnage and the shock of armed men. Suddenly, in the calm of a lovely evening, before the heart had time to think, the earth opened and claimed her thousands. How are the mighty fallen!

> "Ichabod, Ichabod,
> The glory is departed!"

In the presence of such an overwhelming catastrophe as this, how utterly contemptible are all our murmurs against our climate, our taxes, and our bad trade. If the climate in England is not good, it can hardly be called dangerously treacherous; if we are heavily taxed, who will say that we do not get a *quid pro quo* in the perfect security of life and property, and if our trade is sometimes bad, we are at least free from the sickening dread of having our all swept from us by some terrible natural convulsion of earthquake or volcano. Love of country!, how deep, uncomplaining, consistent, should this be in Englishmen. The more one travels, the more one reads, the more one

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thinks of the physical, social, and political condition of other countries, the more settled the conviction becomes that our lines have indeed fallen in pleasant places. Look on this picture, and then on that! and as we turn sorrowfully, and with deep sympathy, towards the desolate places of that erstwhile fairest of ocean's isles, may we not fondly hear its *genius loci* crying with Prometheus of old—

> "Ethereal air, and ye swift-winged winds,
> Ye rivers springing from fresh founts, ye waves,
> That o'er th' interminable ocean wreath
> Your crisped smiles, thou all-producing earth,
> And thee, bright sun, I call, whose flaming orb
> Views the wide world beneath, see what, a god,
> I suffer from the gods; with what fierce pains
> Behold, what tortures for revolving ages,
> There must struggle; . . .
> Ah me! that groan burst from my anguish'd heart,
> My present woes and future to bemoan!"

And we, too, sorrow much with a sorrowing king and people. Ecce tibi *Italiæ* tellus! What delights have we not found in thee, fairest of lands.

> "Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee
> Full flashes the light of ages."

And shall we not mourn with thee in thy dark trouble. Oh! surely thy bitter cry, Oro miserere tantorum laborum, falls on our listening ears, and we will indeed give thee the beneficent hand as well as the benevolent heart.

Cardiff. R. S. MACDONALD.

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THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE WELSH NATION.

By One of Them.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL CHARACTER.

I.

One of the first difficulties met with in an attempt to describe the Welsh nation in its various aspects of personal character, and of social, industrial, literary, and religious life, lies in the endeavour to define accurately the limits of the Welsh nation itself. If, geographically, we are disposed to say that the Welsh nation consists of the inhabitants of the twelve counties that now form the Principality of Wales, we include the English and other settlers who have crossed the border, and we also exclude the Welsh population of Monmouthshire, and the dwellers on the English side, who are descended from Welsh parentage, whose fields and houses and towns bear Welsh names, and the large Welsh population that has crossed the legal boundary, and which has given a new Welsh aspect and character to the towns and villages in which it has settled.

Or if, linguistically, we regard the Welsh nation as the Welsh-speaking people, we are bound to take into consideration the dwellers in the border counties of Shropshire, Herefordshire, and Monmouthshire, who still speak the ancient language, and who give to some towns, Oswestry, for example, in Shropshire, so large a proportion of their inhabitants. We must notice also the large and increasing Welsh population of Liverpool, Birmingham, and of the Metropolis itself, as well as the communities of settlers in America, and elsewhere. For in all these places, where they are sufficiently numerous, the Welsh settlers combine in literary and musical gatherings, and they individually and collectively hold close intercourse with their kindred among the hills and vales of their mother country. Indeed, in order to understand and estimate rightly the various characteristics, qualities, and capabilities of the Welsh people, we must

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follow them into the different conditions of life into which the necessities of work or trade have led them, and into the midst of the associations and surroundings which grow up around them on their settlement in English towns.

Although, comparatively speaking, the Welsh people form but a small proportion of the inhabitants of the British Islands, yet the dwellers in Wales present considerable varieties of type physically, constitutionally, and socially.

There is the English-speaking population of North-East Flintshire, the first part of the Principality subjected to English rule. There is the Welsh-speaking population of the mining and metallurgical districts sprung from Welsh mothers, whose language has prevailed, and from English or Irish fathers who have settled down to work there. There is the English-speaking rural population of the plains of East Denbighshire, with the mining population of the coal and iron districts, showing the same admixture as in the same districts in Flintshire, but with less of Irish blood. Further South there are the English-speaking people of the eastern plains of Montgomeryshire and of the hill country of Radnorshire and parts of Brecknock. Then we reach the great mining, smelting, and metallic manufacturing districts of Glamorgan, where we find a repetition of the English, Irish, and Welsh admixture of Flintshire. Westward, too, there is the English and partly foreign element in Pembrokeshire, which has almost quite superseded the old Welsh names of towns and places by English names, and which constitutes so separate and distinct a portion of the population of that part of the Principality.

Turning Northward again, we travel among the purer Welsh people of North Pembroke, of Carmarthen, and of Cardigan, and we reach what we may consider the true types of pure Welsh in the people of the hill-country of Montgomery, Merioneth, Carnarvon, and in a slightly lesser degree those of Anglesea, Denbigh, and part of Flint. Along this western coast of Wales, and especially in the North, we find a large proportion of men and women of good size, of fair complexion, and of hair inclined to be sandy. There are the finely made strong men and women of West Carmarthen, with the same type in North West Pembroke, only of a little darker cast. The somewhat lesser men and women of Cardigan, in which county there seems, in places, as the result of former invasions, to be a slight infusion of Irish blood. To these varieties we must add the lesser and darker people of Brecon and Glamorgan, the descendants of the ancient Silures. A sufficient diversity, certainly, as will be readily admitted, among so small a nation.

The differences extend also to the language of the people, where the ancient language is spoken, and they must, necessarily, affect the natural characteristics of the people themselves,

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so that here we have another difficulty, or series of difficulties, in the way of an attempt to define on distinct lines the broad national character and tendencies of the whole people.

Perhaps the fairest way to arrive at a just conclusion on the subject is to take, as our type, the Welsh people most free from English, and other outside influence, and from foreign admixture of blood, living in the hilly and western part of the country, as just defined. We can, then, informally at least, trace the effect of the admixture of blood and race, of English ways, of thought, and life, and of the many extraneous influences to which the Welsh are subject in parts of their own country. We may also notice the influence they in turn exert over the settlers amongst themselves. Following them, too, in their emigrations, we may also notice the influence exerted by the Welsh over the people among whom they settle.

I wish to write fairly of the Welsh nation. Of Welsh ancestry myself, my sympathies, I confess at the beginning, are with my own people. Still, I trust that my English training and associations, together with the consciousness that I am writing for Englishmen as well as for Welshmen, will enable me to write with that fairness which will commend itself to reasonable people on both sides of the border, and of other nationalities. I have no wish to hide or extenuate the faults of my countrymen, believing that the surest way to get rid of these is to make Welshmen themselves acquainted with them. On the other hand, I wish to say whatever good can be fairly said of the Welsh nation, and to suggest, as I proceed, such thoughts as may tend to foster the culture and social improvement so happily advancing, and to help, as far as I can, to promote the full welfare of the people in the future.

Whatever may be the literary characteristic or fate of these papers, I, at least, write them from a close and familiar intimacy with the Welsh people. I have been, and still am, much among them. I have tarried with them in their old historic towns, under the shadow of fortress and camp, endeared by many a patriot's name. I have sojourned in their favourite watering places, and have been one with the natives when the summer visitors have departed. I have sauntered in the ports, having a yarn with many an old salt, and learning much from adventurous Welsh lads. I have mixed much with the mining, quarrying, and manufacturing population of the country; with the potters and brickmakers of Buckley Mountain, with the lead miners of Flint, Denbigh, Carnarvon, and Cardigan; with the colliers of North Wales, and Glamorgan, in the South; with the slate quarrymen of Carnarvon and Merioneth; with the smelters of Bagillt and Swansea; with the shepherds on the lonely mountain pastures, and with farmers on the fat lowlands. My home has often been up lonely cwms, leading up to Carnarvon-

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shire mountains, to the Arenigs, to the Arrans, and the Berwyns. In lonely village inns, too, among the mountains of North Wales, I have found more than a resting-place; often also under the Beacons of Brecon, in the wild country on the east of Cardigan, and in the pleasant valley opening out into Cardigan Bay; on the slopes of the great table land of Carmarthen, as it is cut through and furrowed by the streams that run into the Towy, the Teify, the Cleddau, and the Taf, and on the bare slopes of the Precelly Mountains of Pembroke. I have worshipped with the people in the orderly service of their ancient simple churches, and in the hearty services of their crowded chapels. I have marched joyously in the long wedding processions, and I have stood amidst the mourners by the side of open graves, as the near hills have echoed the solemn words uttered there. And now I wish to write fairly of the people, among whom, whatever their faults may be, I have always felt myself safe, and among whom it is my present happiness to number many true friends.

D. C. Davies, F.G.S.

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MUSIC AND LANGUAGE.

There are three influences or agencies which excite the passions and affections similarly, but by different channels. These are called the arts, and their connection with each other is so close that they are generally termed the sister arts of Poetry, Painting, and Music. Two of these, Poetry and Music, attack the sympathies of our nature through the same sense—the sense of hearing; the other, Painting, through the sense of sight. The whole three may be classified as language—appealing to the mind by attacking different parts of our organisation. Poetry, or the language of speech, affects only the nationality—therefore its influence must be purely local; but both painting and music, appealing to all nationalities alike, through the senses of vision and hearing, are universal languages.

Poetry, or the language of speech, can never be universal, but it may be closely connected with the sister art of music, which is universal, and this brings me to the consideration of how far music and language are connected together. I am led into this enquiry by what I read in the July number of the *Red Dragon*. It is an article, the substance of a lecture delivered at one of the Southern Eisteddfodau, by Professor Rhys, headed "The Welsh Language, Music, and Folk Lore." Professor Rhys, in this article, has advanced some matters in connection with music and language which will cause no little surprise and mystification in many musical quarters. The article in question has, we are informed, been translated into English by a very eminent Welshman, and corrected by another equally eminent. It may be assumed, therefore, that we have the learned Professor's views accurately given, though in another language than that in which they were uttered.

The Professor begins at the beginning, as every systematic writer does, by expounding the origin of music; but unfortunately his doctrines are so new and so questionable that musical men who have the old theories in their heads will require more lucid demonstration before adopting the new faith. For instance, to suppose instrumental music to be more ancient than vocal is so thoroughly new, and comes upon us so suddenly, that we cannot become converted without further teaching.

Now it is a fact that the work of tracing origins by old

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traditions to the main or fountain spring has never been undertaken without speculation. But in these speculations the natural current of possibilities, as well as probabilities, must be our guide if we are to accept this or that theory; and so, when Professor Rhys tells us instrumental music is more ancient than vocal, we have to look at probabilities, as it is impossible to get history. "Mankind being endowed with voices from the creation of the world, it is natural to suppose that vocal music must be the most ancient." So says Sir John Hawkins in his "History of Music," in which opinion he is joined by Dr. Burney, an equally creditable authority. Another, quite as respectable, says—"Vocal music must have been cultivated long before men took to making musical instruments." Moreover, it may be presumed that the birds had their song of praise from the beginning. Who taught them?

The analogy which the learned Professor draws between music and language is very difficult to follow. Much that is advanced will be readily accepted, but that language has anything to do with the development of music as an art is, as a matter of fact, unsupported by any examples. One language may be more euphonious than another, but this has no effect upon music as an art. What renders a language more or less musical is the preponderance of vowel sounds over consonants, especially as finals. In this respect the Italian and Spanish languages claim the first rank, and yet Spain is a long way behind being considered a musical nation. The great German School of Music is in advance of any other nation, but the German language itself is unmusical. That the Italian language is musical let us take for instance the following examples from the Opera of *Der Freischütz*:—

> "*Bella! cara! Ah mia divina,*
> *M'ami? Si! Qual volutta!*"

In these two lines from the Italian libretto may be seen the preponderance of final vowels—only one in nine terminate with a consonant. Now compare the English text for the same passage, though not a translation:—

> "Then a little courage taking,
> He makes love, and she denies.

Here the shortcomings of the language for musical purposes will be readily seen. It is no wonder the Italian language is preferred for the purposes of vocalisation. Not one word of the quotation which I have given does other than tend to open the mouth and expand the vocal organ.

Nor is the German language in this respect any better than our own:—

> "Er seufzt Schön-ste! sie spricht diè-ber!
> Bald heiszt's Brauti-gam und Braut."

These are by no means words easy to a vocalist when wedding

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them with his voice to music. The French language is very much better, though France is far behind as a musical nation. The following verse by Victor Hugo will be remembered from its setting by Ch. Gounod in the celebrated *Berceuse* (serenade), or Slumber Song:—

"Quand tu chantes bercée le soir entre mes bras;
Entends-tu ma pensée qui te répond tout bas
Ton doux chant me rappelle
Les plus beaux de mes jours;
Ah! chantez, chantez, &c."

Now although there are here a fair share of final consonants, yet it must be borne in mind that most of them are rejected in the pronunciation. The French language has heaps of final consonants, which only tend to drawl out the previous vowel or diphthong, and this is very grateful to the vocalist. The following from Cervantes, not selected as specially adapted for music, will nevertheless illustrate what has been before stated, that next to the Italian, of modern languages, the Spanish has claims to be regarded as a language favourable to the vocalist, and yet as I have remarked, the Spaniards are considerably behind as a musical nation:—

"Siguiendo voy a una estrella
Que desde lejos descubro
Mas bella y resplandicunte
Que cuantas vio Palinuro
Yo no se a donde me guia
Y as i navigo confuso
El alma a mirarla atenta
Cuidadosa y con descuido."

The following stanza by "Essyllt" is taken from the *Weekly Mail* for July 28th:—

DEWCH I'R EISTEDDFOD.

Dewch feibion a merched hen Walia,
Yn hen ac yn ieuanc yn nghyd;
Dewch chwithau, y tlawd a'r cyfoethog,
O! dewch, fy nghydwladwyr i gyd;
I feithrin a noddi'n llenyddiaeth—
Yn Awen—yn Gerdd—ac yn Gân—
A hithau'r hen Delyn hudolus,
Roes ysbryd ein teidiau ar dân.

There are three other stanzas, but I think, *ab uno disce omnes*, this will suit my purpose. Now if my theory be correct, that the music of a language consists, or rather depends, upon the predominance of the vowel sounds in the finals of words, then the Welsh, like the English, vocalist has right to complain that his language is difficult for musical purposes.

I have often heard it stated, and I believe it, that Welshmen, speaking English, are far clearer in their utterance than Englishmen themselves; and I account for this that their language is more difficult, and, therefore, it comes easier to them in the matter of pronunciation. The English language is one where all final consonants are, or ought to be, clearly sounded; and

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as these abound everywhere, they present the difficulties which the English vocalist has to contend with. To grapple with these is the first concern of the singing master. "Give us the words, if you please," is the continued demand of the teacher. "Finish off the t's, the d's," and so forth.

And why all this fuss about the t's and the d's? Because clearness of articulation depends upon the finishing off of words and not upon the noisy utterances of the singer or the speaker. The church to which I belong has for its clergyman a gentleman who is particularly clear, even in passages the most *pianissimo*. I mention this fact because we have often in our pulpits and reading-desks gentlemen who never study the art of speech, with respect to their mother tongue, or, if they do, never apply it. "Gô(d) so lovê(d) the wôrl(d) tha(t) He gave, &c." How often do we hear these finals either dropped or the voice lowered so that they are not heard? As for the word "and," in nine cases out of ten it is robbed of its *d*. And yet upon these little matters hangs the secret of conveying speech clearly from ourselves to the auditor.

Now we come to the so-called singing of the words. I suppose there is no language free from this sort of thing. This tendency to drawl or sing the words manifests itself in the youngest division of the school, and it is this habit which is the English teacher's constant concern to check. "Do not sing or drawl your words when you read," says the *Child's First Primer*. Music, however, is used in schools for spelling lessons, as being peculiarly adapted as a vehicle for fixing them in the memory. It has long been discovered that language and music together assist each other with the memory. Nearly every vocalist will tell you that he has often to hum the tune over to remember the words. Our great opera singers, whose *rôle* in each opera would occupy at least an hour, will testify how much the words and music help each other in the memory, otherwise to commit their parts in the various operas to be performed from the memory alone would be a difficulty almost insurmountable.

The Church of Rome has always adopted one language as the medium of devotion in all countries where her liturgy is in use. In this respect she has aimed at universality, but it is at the expense of being understood; and very different is the pronunciation of this said language in the various countries where the Romish service is used. This language, the ancient Latin, is not free from objectionable consonants, although they are less frequent, and, consequently, render the Latin often preferable as a vehicle of vocalisation to the language of the country. Here is a stanza of an old Latin hymn:—

Tantum ergo sacramentum
Veneremur cernui;
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui.

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These words, as an example, reveal no peculiar adaptation of the language for music, if computed according to the predominance of vowel sounds; neither, indeed, does the ordinary so-called Mass, and yet the words of the Mass have inspired many a musician with exquisite ideas of musical form—some of the most beautiful musical works which we have are wedded to the words of the Mass. I have tried to point out the value of vowel sounds to render a language euphonious; but let it not be understood that the consonants are to be badly used. The initial consonants, and those occurring in the middle of words, are very important; for while vowels lend tone and carriage to the voice, these consonants are the very expression and emphasis, and, consequently, the emotional vehicle of all languages.

In conclusion, it is noticeable with what patriotic fervour the Professor speaks of his own language. In it he sees a model of perfection. Every word conveys its proper meaning, and here he compares the Saesonaeg unfavourably; but he is unfortunate in his selection. Speaking of the word stave or staff —the five lines upon which the notation is written, and which is of Islandic origin, he says, "Our neighbour, the Englishman, searches in vain in his own language for a word to signify that one thing is in proportion to the other." But the thing intended by the word "staff" has nothing to do with proportion at all, and if the Welsh word *Erwydd* expresses or implies proportion or ratio, then the idea conveyed is very different from what the staff really is. The staff, it is probable, represented the strings of the lyre. At first these were four, then seven, and finally settled at five. The notation of the ancient Greek music was not written upon a staff, but by letters of the Alphabet. There is nothing very ancient about the staff. I always thought Wales claimed an ancient notation of her own, as did the Romans, but this has not been clearly shown. If we may follow Professor Rhys, the Welsh language is peculiarly adapted, above all others, for the expression of every form of thought, in every degree of depth. So was the ancient Greek, and yet Greek and Latin are now spoken of as dead languages. There is no language, in my humble judgment, with so complete a system of construction as the Greek. Indeed, one wonders how, according to one's notion of how all languages are formed, a people could have created a language in itself so perfect in all its parts. It is interesting to notice the construction of various languages, and place them side by side. Place, for instance, a column of one of Euripides' Plays, with translations of the same in the margin, in any other language, and the Greek original will be found to occupy considerably less room. Why? Because, as a rule, it can be expressed in fewer words; and this is a very practical test of the systematic arrangement of any

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THE WELSH MUSICIAN.

A SYMPHONY.

INTRODUCTION.

Some few years ago, at the close of a long summer, when the woodland foliage was beginning to turn brown and fall to the ground and be driven about with the wind, I found myself in the neighbourhood of Bettws-y-coed. I had gone thither intending to have a little rest and quiet; to forget the busy world, with its rush and turmoil, its money-market and mammon-worship, and to fortify my constitution and strengthen my nerves previous to encountering the winter season's toil. But alas! my stay was of short duration. Urgent business compelled me one morning to pack up and quit at very short notice. Determined, however, not to be entirely done out of my holiday arrangements, I decided to return, *viâ* the Bangor coach, along the Holyhead road, and so enjoy one of the ever-famous rides of Cambria. Thus it was I first met the hero of my narrative.

To the intellectual tourist this ride is one of special delight. Taking into consideration the weird nature of the country through which one passes, and the calm beauty of the Ogwen Lake, which floods a large portion of the valley, the route is one of very marked interest. Then there is the mighty cataract whose not altogether enviable title is "Falls of Benglog," (*i.e.*, "the Skull"), which tumbles in glorious freedom for a hundred feet or so at the western end of the lake; and further on Nant Frangon (*Anglicé* Beaver Brook), where beauty, sweet and placid, sleeps beneath the frowns of rugged mountains. Such was the scene through which we passed, and which, I admit, greatly excited my admiration.

But what shall I say of two gentlemen who sat near me on a back seat? In both their faces were pleasure and pride strongly depicted. The elder of the two was dark, with grey, earnest eyes and a massive brow, evidently a man of genius; the younger had hair of a brownish hue, which clustered thickly

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round his head, blue eyes and a handsome profile. Now and again they would exchange words in the tongue which all Welshmen love as their own, and not only because it is their very own, but because it is a "singularity" with which others cannot be compared, since it has ever been the same and knows no change.

"Ah! David," I heard the elder say, "this is the valley where I learned to feel the grandeur of our art; here it was I schooled myself to be what I am."

The younger man seemed to listen and drink in all his companion said, so eager was he to catch his words, so fond did he appear. The words I had chanced to hear impressed me strangely, and I much wondered who the pair could be. Soon our destination was reached, and then in the bustle and haste to catch the London Mail, I lost sight of my strangers, and before arriving at Euston their existence had ceased to trouble my thoughts.

Andante.

I well remember, when I was a good little boy and went to school, the Sunday evenings we used to spend sometimes in company with a French master who would read to us English tales. And I cannot forget how the boys all used to laugh aloud at his reading, until the indignant Swiss would bite his lips and exclaim, "Ah! you young wretches! you yourselves could never read, no, not half so well, in my French language, and you laugh to me when I read you English!" I have similar recollections of where the hero has been some poor helpless foreigner or uncouth countryman. The vulgar fool laughs at their mistakes and unfortunate errors; and it is only when he himself requires pity that he wishes he had sympathised with others.

Evan ap Joseph was an intellectual Welshman. Fired with the poetry of his forefathers and the music of the bards who had years ago preceded him, he made up his mind to achieve success in the musical world, and to reform the tastes of his countrymen. He had a keen ear for time and tune and was a thorough, whole-souled musician. Such thoroughness he displayed when performing on his favourite instrument, the harp. At the period of his life we are now about to notice, he had just became famous in certain circles, and had made for himself a name in nearly all the principal Welsh towns. He had even had the honour, it was said, of performing before Royalty, and was well known in many English cities. Like others of his kind, Evan ap Joseph knew his abilities and took care that everyone else should know them.

But like a true artist, self-conceit was a thing or a quality of which he possessed barely a fraction. Meek and kind he was,

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and not without a touch of humour. He loved music for music's sake, and he loved his pupils and his country. This was apparently the extent of his ambition. Could he but fire the souls of everyone about him with energy and zeal by his harp-sounds he would feel his object in life attained. Such was the account given me of this worthy man by a friend of mine, who, as the reader may suppose, was himself a man of musical tastes. Ap Joseph, I was informed, was about to lecture to a London audience, and my friend advised me to buy tickets and go. And so it was, one wintry evening when all was cold and cheerless out-of-doors and the streets sloppy, and the pavements begrimed with November mud, that I picked my way along the Strand and up Chancery Lane, in search of the hall in which the harpist's entertainment was to be held.

Allegretto.

Every seat was filled. It was an ordinary audience. City clerks, milliners' ladies, and well-to-do tradespeople were assembled in large numbers, and I observed several groups of students from a neighbouring institute. On the platform stood two harps and a reading desk. The clock ticked on past the hour for commencement, yet no Ap Joseph had appeared. Suddenly he entered, and there was a burst of applause. But it was only for a minute, for he had stationed himself at the desk and opened a manuscript book. Then he looked up and stared with his stupid-looking round face and long black hair at the audience in pit and gallery, his big grey eyes seeming to express wonder at their impatience and restlessness.

. . . . . .

Where had I seen that face before? . . . All at once it dawned upon me . . . the Bangor coach! With much fervour then I added my voice to others in order to restore silence, for several persons were coming in trying to find seats, and the consequent disturbance was irritating. And was not the great Ap Joseph just going to speak? Hush! even now he speaks.

"Ladies and gentlemen, before I present my small entertainment to you I will make a remark." This sentence was spoken so slowly and uttered in so un-English a manner and tone that it immediately elicited a roar of laughter, which in its turn was followed by an innocent blank stare from Ap Joseph, and smothered giggles from the most foolish of the female element. However, the good Evan recovered himself and proceeded very slowly and softly with his lecture, explaining how that "their grand music was a language;" telling of its history from Jubal to David, with eulogistic remarks upon the harp.

A voice from the gallery cried "Go on!" Another from the side echoed "Music!" So, speedily abbreviating what he had

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to say, our hero folded up the manuscript and took his place at the harp; and then

> "Up from beneath his hand in circling flight
> The gathering Music rose, and sweet as Love
> The penetrating notes did live and move."

Presto Agitato.

The audience was as silent as the grave until the first piece was concluded, when there rose such a cry of applause that all disappointment at the reading of the lecture seemed dispelled. It was during the second part of the programme that a tumult arose. After Evan had played a few Scottish melodies arranged by himself, he turned from the platform and walked into the ante-room at the back of the hall. Two minutes elapsed, and yet he had not returned. Everyone seemed to be stamping and shouting, and as soon as the lecturer appeared on the stage again, looking with amazement on all around him, the air was filled with laughter. For did he not look so comical and foolish standing there, not knowing what to do?

But listen! Again he speaks. "Ladies and gentlemen, the lady I have asked to sing for me has not come, so if you will kindly allow me I will bring my programme to a close with some Welsh melodies, as I have come a long journey to-day, and am unable to play much." But not even the sweet strains of "Codiad yr Haul," and the martial beauty of "Rhyfelgyrch Gwyr Harlech," appeared to satisfy the music-loving crowd, for the clamour and din continued to such a degree that, on the second disappearance of Ap Joseph behind the scenes, the chairman had to come forward and request the indulgence of the audience on behalf of the lecturer, who was suffering from indisposition. And then it was I noticed a sturdy young man anxiously shifting about on his seat at the edge of the platform, and recognised the younger of the two strangers I had met in Nant Frangon. My eyes did not deceive me; it was the very same. And he, then, had sat quietly till now, no doubt suffering in his heart for his friend and instructor!

But in the midst of the uproar, when the chairman's voice was almost drowned, and the good Evan was bowing low and staring wonderingly at the rude faces in the gallery, I observed him start from his seat and impulsively push his way to the front. Springing upon the platform, and waving his hand to still the tumult, he shouted warmly, "Ah! you English, where is your civility? You who have no taste for anything delicate and beautiful, who only regard the harp-sounds as a toy to please you,—Begone! You would insult a poor stranger, who finds your harsh language difficult to pronounce,—you have no feeling."

. . . . . .

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There was a dead silence. The audience seemed struck dumb for a moment. All at once, one youth, more impetuous than the rest, jumped upon a bench and cried with enthusiasm, "Three cheers for the Welsh gentleman." . . . . The cheering was deafening. I felt it to be a mockery, and turned to go. The crowd was already rising to depart, and I experienced some difficulty in edging my way out. Seeing the *artistes* had some time before vanished into the ante-room, I quickened my steps, desirous to see and sympathise with them ere they went. Alas! I was too late, but, as I turned sadly away, with the strains of "Rule Britannia," which some of the disorderly crew were shouting as they came out of the hall, ringing in my ears, I vowed that, whenever opportunity occurred, I would publicly declare my shame for my fellow countrymen, and my sympathy with the hero-musician.

. . . . . .

Ap Joseph still lives, and the noble Art he loved lives also. But I think within myself, as I sit and write these lines, will the day *never* dawn when, prejudices and pride laid by, all men shall be knit together as brothers, bound one to another in common sympathy.

True are the lines of the poet:—

> " . . . one small touch of Charity
> Could lift them nearer God-like state
> Than if the crowded orb should cry
> Like those who cried Diana great."

Shrewsbury. W. H. S.

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MARGINAL NOTES ON LIBRARY BOOKS.

Few more distinctly Welsh books—Welsh in scene-painting and sentiment—have issued from an English press of recent years than the Rev. David Davies's *Echoes from the Welsh Hills*, or, "Reminiscences of the Preachers and People of Wales," published by Alexander and Shepheard, 21, Castle Street, Holborn, E.C. The author, a South-Walian—a native of Rhondda, we believe—is now the pastor of an English Baptist Church at Weston-super-Mare. Previous to this he ministered at the Docks in Cardiff. He is favourably known in the religious world for a volume of discourses published under the title of "The New Name and Other Sermons." We have read his present work with a considerable amount of pleasure. It is written in excellent English, in a style delightfully free from affectation, and, everything considered, there is about it a breadth of view savouring strongly of the charity which thinketh no man evil. Occasionally the writer's Dissenting sympathies get the better of him, as, for instance, in his account of the Parish Church and the Dawn of the Welsh Reformation; although, on the whole, Mr. Davies shows that he can, even in the case of an opponent who differs with him on religious grounds—

> Be to his virtues very kind,
> Be to his faults a little blind.

Three-fourths of the book have a kind of dramatic connection between the chapters in virtue of the provision of a regular

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"scene," which is laid in a Welsh village, wherein meet or are situate the personages and institutions which it was the intention of the author to describe. Our village, we are told, nestles among the hills in the heart of Wales. In its centre, which is, therefore, we should say, the heart of hearts of the Principality, is an inn, with a smithy next door, near to which the villagers in their leisure hours are accustomed to congregate. There are two chapels, belonging respectively to the Baptists and the Calvinistic Methodists, and there is also the parish church (we observe the author's sequences in our mention of these institutions), "an ancient structure, grey and damp with the mildew of centuries." Near this is a public house, between which and it the closest relationship had continued to exist for generations. Then away, half-a-mile out of the village, is the school-house, the chapter descriptive of which and of the ancient pedant who once held sway there is one of the best in the book. A few light but careful touches bring before us almost as in the life the old soldier, shouldering now his ruler as of old he used to do his musket—fit companion he might have been, had he lived half a century or so earlier, of her of whom Shenstone sang:—

> Her cap far whiter than the driven snow,
> Emblem right meet of decency doeth yield;
> Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
> As is the harebell that adorns the field:
> And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
> Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
> With dark distrust and sad repentance filled;
> And steadfast hate and sharp affliction join'd,
> And fury uncontroll'd and chastisement unkind.

This worthy had left his best leg and his (it may have been) 42nd Foot on the field of battle. Of him and his belongings the author discourses right pleasantly, instructively, and tenderly also, as of a man whose very foibles were worthy of some sort of reverence. It is in the smithy that the affairs of the village are discussed and settled, and from the talk of those who were wont to congregate there, it is that we obtain most of the particularly interesting things of which the rest of the book is made up. The topics discussed are invariably religious, but they cover a wide ground, and as indications of the inner life and thought of the people, are often of exceeding value. Appended to the main work are translated samples of Welsh preaching. Among these let the reader by no means miss Christmas Evans's "Standing at the Door." Think of the simple imagery of the sermon, and the intensely earnest, dramatic manner of the preacher; imagine him as a prophet, speaking to a nation of singers and poets, and you want no further explanation of the marvellous influence this man had over Cymric hearts in the days of old. And he was only one of a numerous type. The get up of the book deserves a distinct

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word of praise. It has been beautifully printed and handsomely bound, and a number of capital illustrations have been furnished for it by Mr. T. H. Thomas, of Cardiff, a member of the Royal Cambrian Academy. Mr. Thomas is the same gentleman who contributed the "Welsh Poetry in English Dress" to the last number of the *Red Dragon*, a circumstance which may help the reader to a better understanding of his peculiar qualifications as the illustrator of a work like the present. In addition to a full page frontispiece, there are initial sketches or lettering-pieces, often both combined, to every chapter. The one we reproduce, introducing "John Vaughan and his Bible Class," has been used with considerable effect as a block for the cover. We believe we are right in saying that Mr. Thomas's contributions are portraitures of persons and scenes similar to those described in the book, and that all are taken from nature. We fancy Mr. Thomas must have drawn more Welsh scenes for publication than any contemporary artist, these including illustrations to Mr. Wirt Sikes' *British Goblins* and *Old South Wales*, together with a great many detached sketches, numbering nearly a hundred in all.

Life on the Mississippi is the title of Mark Twain's last book, and a very readable book it is, too, particularly in the earlier chapters. It may surprise a great many of Mr. Clemens' admirers to learn that in his green and salad days he was bound 'prentice to a pilot, a fact which enables him to combine with his native humour in these pages a vast deal of practical instruction. It is somewhat amusing to learn that a trick commonly resorted to by the steamboat clerk when he wished to get clear of the hobblers' skiffs, by which the course of the Father of the Waters was infested, "was to heave over neat bundles of religious tracts, tied to shingles." In the sequel we are told that "the amount of hard swearing which twelve packages of religious literature will command when impartially divided up among twelve raftsmen's crews, who had pulled a heavy skiff two miles on a hot day to get them, is simply incredible." For as artistically conceived a story as any he or she can have met with of late years let us commend the reader to the one in the thirty-first chapter, entitled "A thumb-print, and what came of it." Mark says some very hard things of the influence of the Waverley Novels upon Southern thought and sentiment; ridicules the prevailing mode of burial, and "goes for" saints, their relics, missionaries, *et hoc*. The book is crowded with illustrations of a most meritorious kind, some of them.

A powerfully written novel is Mr. Leith Derwent's *Circe's Lovers*, written in the autobiographical form. The narrator, Donald Murray, already engaged to a woman much older, and certainly much more sensible, than himself, falls desperately in love with an actress with various aliases, under whose influence he

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becomes a more consummate donkey than ever. If we could forget, first of all, that Murray is a Scotchman, and next that he is a journalist, we might be able to forgive the way in which he rhapsodises over his inamorata, and the extravagant things she leads him into committing for her sake. Murray's is a nature two or three shades too warm for that of a canny Scot. We must also say that his love scenes are not only too scorching, but too frequent. We could dispense with a good deal of the osculatory business he so vigorously describes. It is not fair to human nature, you know. Probably not a flesh-and-blood reader of the male sex but will grow savage when thinking of these things, and say: "Hang it; why can't the prig go halves with a fellow?" This siren enmeshes not only Murray, but his friend Stanhope—a possible poet and passable proser—and patron, Lord Hampstead, who, having started a theatre with the laudable intention of elevating the drama, sinks himself into the position of slave to the leading actress. The latter, in right —we were going to say in virtue, only we recollected that the two things have a contradictory sound—of her pre-eminent villainy, after becoming successively Countess of Hampstead and Lady Carnforth is allowed to continue a gilded existence, walking about as much "an old saint" as, we suspect, she was the antithesis of that character—the reader probably knows Rabelais' saying on the subject—in the days of her youth. The faults of the books are too much dialogue, and an occasional inattention to detail, as example, the painfully frequent repetition of the old form of the relative pronoun in the singular—"affronted That," as Steele once called it, and of the words "grip" and "fang," ridden to death, and sometimes put to mistaken use. Mr. Derwent might also drop his reference to his friend's familiar spirit, "Mephisto." It is bad enough to bring a god upon the scene when the occasion does not justify it, but certainly worse to call one in under circumstances which can only make the being appear ridiculous. If we appear somewhat captious, it is because we thought the book so good as a whole that it was a pity these small matters should be allowed to mar the general effect. We said just now there was too much dialogue. As a set off, let us point out that some of it is really brilliant. A bit of cynical word-play like that between Stanhope and Lilian Desmond, in the eighteenth chapter, it would be difficult to match from the pages of Miss Broughton even. Mr. Derwent—a pen-name, it may be explained—must write again. When time shall have softened the Swinburnian colours upon his palette, he will take high place among the few who are entitled to be called artists.

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OUR "RED DRAGONS" AT WESTMINSTER.

We are now within measurable distance of the day of prorogation; and by the time this magazine is published, the session should have come to a close. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished. Every one is tired. Every one is "hipped." It has been a longer because a less memorable session than usual. It has not been brightened or exhilarated by great speeches, or momentous events. The Bills which have come before Parliament have been chiefly of interest to gentlemen learned in the law. The intelligent foreigner attending the discussions upon the Corrupt Practices Bill, the Criminal Appeal Bill, the Bankruptcy Bill, and the Tenants Compensation Bill, must have marvelled upon the looseness of English morals, and the defective condition of the British law. He would have concluded from the masterly exposition of the Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill made by the learned Attorney-General, that the House of Commons was built up of Electoral Corruption, and that every one except the learned Attorney-General ought to have been unseated for bribery. He would have persuaded himself that our juries were frauds, and our judges of assize either boobies or tyrants; that our debtors were all rogues, and that our landlords were all robbers. The Attorney-General and the President of the Board of Trade, the one with his Bills on law and the other with his Bills on commerce, have certainly each put a whip of scorpions into the hand of the moralist of the future, and if the moralist do not scarify our moral hide it will assuredly not be for want of temptation to do so. Both gentlemen have spent the session in rending the veil that screens our pharisaism—or in dragging off the lid that covers the cauldron of our national corruption. In both cases the revelations have been hideous; and the average minded Englishman must have been astonished to find he was dwelling amid so much infamy. Both statesmen, however, are entitled to the credit of good intentions; and if the Corrupt Practices Bill should put a premium upon scientific roguery at elections, and the Criminal Appeal Bill afford a certain class of malefactors a means of eluding the gallows; and the Bankruptcy Bill make poverty a crime and insolvency a penal offence, it may be assumed that poor men will now be able to get into Parliament, innocent people will no longer be

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hanged; and that creditors will be enabled to get their own. All this is very desirable. The tenants for whose grievances the Agricultural Holdings Bill is offered as a sovereign cure, if they do not get all they desire, will no doubt be tempted, like Oliver Twist, to ask for more. If the present Government should remain in power long enough, or if it should obtain a renewed lease of life at the hands of a grateful country, England will have attained to a truly beatific state; Parliamentary elections will be conducted with less emotion than the Easter vestry elections; the public hangman will find his occupation gone; the broker and the broker's man will become anachronisms because it will no longer be worth the while of the enterprising trader to become bankrupt; and landlords and tenants will dwell together on terms of equality. Then the cry will be—

> "Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
> To War with Evil. Is there any peace
> In climbing up the climbing wave?
> All things have rest and ripen toward the grave
> In silence: ripen, fall, and cease,
> Give us long rest or death, dark death or dreamful ease."

Not so Messrs. Dillwyn and Richard. These are doughty knights, who believe there can be no peace until the Radical Hercules has been with broom and bucket into the Stable of Erastianism. Then and not till then shall it be a land of perpetual afternoon,

> "A land where all things always seem the same."

Then will Mr. Dillwyn eat the lotos day by day, and Mr. Richard be

> "Propt on beds of amaranth and moly."

Both will

> "Swear on oath and keep it with an equal mind
> In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
> On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind."

The picture is a pretty one, but the work to be done before the picture is complete will be heavy. Mr. Dillwyn has given notice of his intention to disestablish and disendow the Church in Wales. Of course, that wicked institution is doomed. Nothing can save it, unless it be a miracle, and the age of miracles is past; or the resolve of the Fathers of Swansea to transfer the duty of representing the borough into Conservative hands. Mr. Henry Richard having taken note of the holy work which Supernatural Agency has found for the hand of his brother of Swansea, has given notice that next Session he shall move a resolution to disestablish and disendow the Church of England. Of course, the resolution will be carried. The wicked Bishops and the fat and wheezy Vicars will do well not to dwell in a fool's paradise and think lightly of the resolution

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of the chosen of Merthyr. Mr. Richard is a man of inflexible resolution; and the Ministerial party are in a humour now which gives to any enterprise a noble seeming and accords success to any adventure. The Hierarchy cannot hope to stand up against the sturdy men of the Liberation Society; their sins will overtake them. They will do well therefore to husband their resources; lay in a stock of oil and of grain; deposit their ill-gotten wealth in holes and caves of the mountains if they would flourish after the fall. Heavy are the hands of the members for Swansea and of Merthyr. Let no man hope to survive their touch.

Despite the lateness of the session and the loss of everything that is Welsh—the postponement of the Intermediate Education Bill—our "Red Dragons" still linger within the caves and secret places of the Legislature. Lord Emlyn is here, so is Sir Hussey Vivian. Mr. Rathbone fetches and carries for Ministers; Sir John Jones Jenkins may be always relied on to divide with his party and to find a place in the Special Galleries for wandering Welshmen. Mr. C. H. James crossed my vision yesterday sandwiched between a brace of live Welsh bards.

Who is that tall gentleman, with the slow and solemn gait, and head bowed as if in meditation? That is the "Father of the House," Mr. Christopher Rice Mansel Talbot, the venerable senior member for the County of Glamorgan. The hon. gentleman looks every inch the patriarch of the Legislature. What a memory his should be! What a vista of Parliamentary reminiscences! He is the Gamaliel at whose feet even so valued a member as the hon. Baronet the junior member for Glamorganshire may sit in wondering curiosity. The political storms of more than half a century have beaten upon this patriarchal "Red Dragon." He has helped to make the history which others marvel at. He has seen and moved amongst the great figures of posthumous biographers. He entered Parliament before many of his contemporaries were born; he came in before the Reform Bill, and he was there to hear Mr. Benjamin Disraeli utter his memorable threat. He belonged to the House of Commons when it was, in reality, the first assembly of gentlemen in Europe. He witnessed the entry of young William Ewart Gladstone, who, as Macaulay has told us, was the rising hope of the stern, unbending Tories of his time. His name is identified in journals of the House with all the landmarks set up during those fifty-three years of legislation. To-day he is hale, and yet he was born so many years ago that even the veracious and inquiring *Dod*, who tells us that Mr. Talbot entered the House of Commons in 1830, apparently cannot tell us when he came into the world.

A PENDRAGON.

House of Commons, 13*th August*, 1883.

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LITERARY AND ART NOTES OF THE MONTH, &c.

The Royal Archæological Institute held its annual meeting at Lewes July 31, the Earl of Chichester presiding. At the conclusion of the inaugural address the members visited Lewes Castle, under the guidance of Mr. G. T. Clark, Dowlais House, who pointed out the various objects of interest, and gave a brief historical account of the building.

The *Antiquarian Magazine and Bibliographer* for August contains an article "writ sarkastick" on "Welsh Bards and Eisteddfods."

Dr. Joseph Parry's new opera, the libretto of which has been written by Major Jones, United States Consul at Newcastle-on-Tyne, is entitled "Virginia," and has been described as a "light military opera in three acts." It was performed in private for the first time at the Theatre Royal, Swansea, on Thursday, July 12th, under the conductorship of the composer. The author is the gentleman of whom a biographical sketch appears in the present number of the *Red Dragon*.

Sterne is one of the English writers who are as much honoured in the literary circles of France as in the country of their birth, and his admirers across the Channel are preparing an *édition de luxe* of his "Sentimental Journey" which will throw into the shade all the similar editions which have been produced in England. Two hundred copies will be struck off, and the price of subscription will be fixed, according to the size of the paper, at three hundred or five hundred francs. The special character of this edition lies in the fact that each copy will contain a unique water-colour by M. Maurice Leloir on a different subject. Judging by analogy, it is probable that in the next century some book collector will devote his energies and his fortune to the task of collecting in his own library all the impressions of this edition which money can secure.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* maintains that the name of the Yorkshire river Calder is derived from the Celtic words *caoill* and *dwr*, signifying the water winding through the woods.

In the same journal, W. T. Lynn, Blackheath, suggests that

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the river-name Arundel is connected with the Welsh *arwyn-gwyn*, meaning happy or blessed. "And surely," he adds, "the beauty of the line of the Arun, particularly at Arundel, makes the above Welsh word appropriate to the situation."

The musical critic of the *Athenæum* speaks in high terms of the singing of Miss Eleanor Rees at the concert recently given by the pupils of the Operatic Class at the Royal Academy of Music. He writes that she "gave evidence of talent which may yield good results" should she take to the lyric stage.

In the August number of the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., has an article on "The Nonconformists and Church Reform," and the Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies contributes a paper entitled "M. Renan on Himself."

Dr. Richard Morris hopes to finish his edition of the *Cursor Mundi* for the Early-English Text Society next year. The completions of the *Merlin* and *Holy Grail* Romances will wait for Prof. Gaston Paris's introduction to his edition of Mr. Alfred Huth's unique MS. of *Merlin* for the Old-French Text Society.

At the sale of the library of the late Sir Richard Colt Hoare last month, the series of original drawings of Welsh views contributed by Sir Richard, in illustration of Giraldus's "Itinerary," fetched seventy-five pounds; a copy of Cox's "Historical Tour of Monmouthshire" went for two hundred pounds; and one of Carter's "Ecclesiastical Antiquities of South Wales" for one hundred and sixty-one pounds. A large paper, Fenton's "Pembrokeshire," was sold for twenty-four pounds ten shillings; a similar copy of "Giraldus Cambrensis," translated by Sir R. C. Hoare, fifteen pounds; "Views in South Wales," fifty-one pounds; and Jones's "Brecknock," eight pounds.

Mr. Lewis Morris, who has been silent since 1880, owing to the pre-occupation of his time by the question of education in Wales, will publish early in October an important volume of poems, chiefly lyrical, but containing also studies in blank verse, such as have won so much favour for the "Epic of Hades."

At the annual meeting of the Cambrian Archæological Association, held at Fishguard on Monday, August 13th, the editor of the *Red Dragon* was appointed local secretary for Glamorgan. A vote of thanks was accorded Mr. G. T. Clark, F.S.A., of Dowlais, for eminent services rendered the journal of the Society.

The American *Drych*, of August 2nd, contains an interesting account of a pilgrimage made by the editor to the graves of the Maid of Cefn Ydfa and her poet lover, Will Hopkin, the author of the well known song, *Bugeilio'r Gwenith Gwyn* (Watching the Blooming Wheat).

The Monmouthshire and Caerleon Antiquarian Society held its thirty-sixth annual meeting at Pencoed Castle, August 14th.

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A Bangor "Admirer of the *Red Dragon*" writes: In a very able article on "Literary Borrowing," appearing in the *Western Mail* of July 21st, I find the editor saying that "the idea of fanciful voyages to regions which the speculator and the satirist could people with beings or place under a form of government designed to illustrate their theories or point their shafts, was before Swift worked upon by Lucian in his *True History*, by Rabelais in his *Voyage of Pantagruel*, by Sir Thomas Moore in his *Utopia*, and by Dr. Francis Godwin in his *Man in the Moon, or a Discourse of a Voyage thither by Domingo Gonsalez* (London, 1638, but reprinted in 1657 and 1768). Godwin, it may interest a great many of our readers to know, was successively Bishop of Llandaff and Hereford. He was raised by Queen Elizabeth to the episcopate for good services rendered the Church by his excellent work *De Præsulibus Angliæ Commentarius*, of which the best edition is the folio of 1743, containing a portrait of the Bishop and other embellishments." This account is extremely interesting as far as it goes, but, like Oliver Twist, I want more; in fact, you could not give me too much of a Welsh Bishop from whom Swift is said to have been indebted for the idea of his *Gulliver*? Can you or any of your readers give me further particulars of this clever prelate's life and his *Man in the Moon* than those supplied above, or refer me to authorities, and tell me where I could obtain a copy of the *Voyage of Domingo Gonsalez?* Could not the editor of the *Red Dragon* make a "Notable Man" of him for some future number of his popular magazine?

Every other literary and art event of the month pertaining to matters Welsh or Celtic has been eclipsed by the

ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD,

held at Cardiff, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, August 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th. The proceedings may be said to have commenced on the previous Saturday evening with the meeting of the Cymmrodorion Society at the Town Hall, for this Society and the National Eisteddfod Association, under whose auspices the Eisteddfod was held, may now be considered as only integral portions of one great arrangement, the object of which is the preservation of national traditions and the furtherance of the national love of literature, music, and art. The Cardiff Eisteddfod was projected on a grand scale, but the organising faculty of the projector or projectors was lamentably unequal to his or their conceptions. In several directions the Eisteddfod was a dead failure, in none, perhaps, more conspicuously than in the withholding of the Chair Prize, the proceedings at Thursday evening's concert, which resulted in a fiasco of a kind little less than disgraceful, and, lastly, the heavy monetary deficit. It was impossible that such lavish outlay

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could have resulted in anything but loss. The engagement of an orchestral band alone cost the Committee £600, an item which they must have been very sanguine people, indeed, who expected to see recouped. Granted the necessity of an orchestral band at meetings not exclusively those of a Musical Festival, we yet fail to see why as good a band as Eisteddfodwyr could have wished for could not have been secured for, say, a tithe of the money from amongst the artists, native or resident, of the Principality, supplemented, if necessary, by a few professionals from elsewhere. Those who heard the admirable performances in competition of the Cardiff and Merthyr bands in the overture to Massaniello will all the more readily understand and endorse our criticism.

Enough, however, of complaint. In some respects the Cardiff Eisteddfod was an improvement upon all its predecessors. In the art department it outshone them all. There were four hundred entries in sculpture, modelling, painting, drawing, photography, &c. The judges were Mr. Alma Tadema, the eminent English Academician, and Mr. Frederick Wedmore, one of the best known of London art critics. For the best work in competition Mr. Milo Ap Griffith's terra cotta bust secured the first prize, a gold medal; and for the second best Mr. Edgar E. Thomas's crayon drawing, Head of Child from the Cast, the award in this instance being a silver medal. The artist last-named is a Welsh youth, of poor parentage and neglected education, in the employ of the publishers of this magazine. So remarkable was the talent he displayed that the adjudicators thought fit to write to Messrs. D. Owen & Co., pointing out that he is likely to repay the consideration of those who may give him the means of further artistic training. It is to be hoped that the hint will not be lost, and that a student who has made such rapid progress in a six months' tuition at a Cardiff school will shortly have the means at command to devote himself wholly to his favourite pursuits, either at the Academy or some other great art resort in the Metropolis.

The Presidential addresses were remarkably able, Lord Bute's on Monday on the antiquity and characteristics of the Celtic race being one of the best we ever listened to. Lord Aberdare's, on Tuesday, and Dean Vaughan's, on Thursday, were replete with suggestions of great value to Welsh educationists. Archdeacon Griffiths's on Wednesday was devoted almost entirely to subjects exclusively eisteddfodic. First among the addresses at the Cymmrodorion Section in point of importance, as well as time, was that of Mr. Lewis Morris. Papers were also contributed by Miss E. P. Hughes, Cambridge; Mrs. Dr. Hoggan, Mr. B. S. Marks, Mr. Milo Griffith, Mr. Emlyn Evans, Mr. Cave Thomas, Dr. Richardson and Dr. F. T. Roberts.

The two great events of the eisteddfod are all we can find

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room to devote a separate word to. The first of these was the Chair Prize, in reference to which the adjudicator (Dyfed) declared, in effect, that neither were the odes sent in (only three in number) worthy of the eisteddfod, nor the subject ("Y Llong") of the poet's genius. The chair of the eisteddfod of 1883 was, therefore, empty—a miserable result truly. In the great choral competition the first prize of £100 was awarded the Penrhyn Quarries Choir, under the leadership of Dr. Rogers, Bangor Cathedral, and the second of £30 to the Llanelly United Choir. It was announced by Mr. Marchant Williams, one of the adjudicators, with regard to another great prize, the one of a hundred pounds for "The History of Welsh Literature from the year 1300 to the year 1650," that one of the essays was well worthy of the prize, but that pending its reading by Prof. Rhys and Mr. Powell, editor of the *Cymmrodor*, the other adjudicators, no award would be delivered. We might add that, in the course of the adjudications, valuable remarks were made by Sir George Macfarren, President of the Royal Academy of Music; Mr. Brinley Richards, Mr. John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia), Mr. Joseph Bennett, Mr. Barnby, and others. Novelties in the way of prizes were those given for a Pantomime Libretto, skill in shorthand writing, bookbinding, colour designing, &c. The Mayor of Cardiff gave a banquet, and Lord Bute a dance and a grand concert of Welsh music in honour of the occasion. A full account of the proceedings has been published in pamphlet form, price 6d., by Messrs. Daniel Owen and Co., Cardiff.

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DRACONIGENÆ.

The *Cambrian*, an excellent bi-monthly journal, "published in the interests of the Welsh people and their descendants in the United States," tells a story illustrative of the importance of crossing the *t*, and the fatal consequence which once ensued upon its neglect:—The Rev. David Lewis Jones, Principal of Caermarthen Seminary in the beginning of this century, sent a letter to his friend, the Rev. T. Griffiths (*Tau Gimel*), introducing the young poet, Reuben Davis (Reuben Brydydd y Coed), and in which letter he excused himself for not sending some books with him also, on the ground that "Reuben was a foot." Reuben's curiosity led him to read the letter on the way. It appears that Mr. Jones had forgotten to cross the letter *t* in the word *foot*, so that the sentence read, "Reuben is a *fool*." The young poet, who was devotedly attached to his teacher, took it so to heart that he sickened, and eventually died—his constant complaint being "Reuben is a fool, Reuben is a fool."

* * *

To the same source we are indebted for a touching romance in real life. According to the account, a number of years ago some miners in Wales, in exploring an old pit that had been closed, found a young man dressed in a fashion long out of date. The peculiar action of the air of the mine was such as preserved the body so perfectly that it appeared asleep rather than dead. The miners were puzzled at the circumstance. No one in the district had been missed within their remembrance, and at last it was resolved to bring in the oldest inhabitant, an old lady long past her eightieth year, who had lived in the village the whole of her life. On being taken into the presence of the body a very strange scene occurred. The old lady fell on the corpse and kissed it, and addressed it by every form of endearment spoken in a bygone generation. He was her only love, and she had waited for him during her long life. The old lady and young man had been betrothed sixty years before. The lover had disappeared mysteriously, and she had kept her faith during the long interval. Time had stood still with the young man, but had

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left its mark on the woman. The miners who were present were a rough set, but very gently, and with tearful eyes, they removed the old lady to her house, and that night her faithful spirit rejoined that of her long-lost lover.

***

"Welshmen and Welchers" was recently made the subject of a leading article in the *Western Mail* which appears to have excited a great deal of interest. The editor, dealing at length with some correspondence on the point in *Notes and Queries*, maintained not only that the two words had no connection, but that the English traditions relating to them showed clearly that the term "Welcher" was originally applied to an absconding Saxon. Subsequently Mr. Ceiriog Hughes, Caersws, writing to the journal, pointed out that *Bell's Life* twenty-five years ago gave an account of one Jim Welsh, an Irishman, who became notorious as a turf cheat. Ceiriog maintained that this man's name, like that of his countryman, Captain Boycott, under different circumstances, was used to distinguish an odious practice ever afterwards.

***

According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the sons of the Earl of Essex, who are represented as travelling through Wales in gipsy caravans and camping in the open air, have distinguished precedent for their conduct. De Quincey once wandered away from his friends into Wales, and camped out by himself on "the leeside" of its hills. After a time he found, "in improved health," the benefit of sleeping *sub dio*, and continued his wanderings in this fashion until summer air and dry ground disappeared and he was forced to adopt other means of lodging. In one, and no inconsiderable respect, the wayward essayist had the advantage over the young imitators of to-day; he travelled with no other impedimenta for covering than a portable tent, while they are accompanied by lumbering caravans such as the gipsies use. Vehicles of that class may suit the flats of the eastern counties, but they are ill adapted for the valleys and mountains of the Principality.

***

Through the kindness of Mr. Archibald Brown, brother of the late Mr. John Brown, the well-known attendant of Her Majesty, a Welsh girl from Llantwit obtained employment in the Royal service, under the direction of the Lady of the Bedchamber. With her were a German and a Scotch servant, and they were repeatedly in conversation with the Queen. One day Her Majesty spoke to the Llantwit girl, and asked her if she could

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understand Welsh. On being told she could not, the Queen expressed wonder, that "coming from the heart of Wales, and of Welsh parentage, the girl should not know her own language!"

* * *

A Cardiff correspondent writes:—Except the people in the front pews last Suuday, and only the few there who listened attentively, none could have heard, as the choir started out "When I can read my title clear," a prominent voice singing very distinctly, with his face turned towards the leader at the other end of the organ:—

"I've lost my place, I'm in a fix, whatever shall I do?"

And then the leader, in his profoundest bass, replying in faultless tone and metre:—

"The tune is on page ninety-six, the words on forty-two."

* * *

It may be a disagreeable thing to say, but it is a fact that more than one Welsh woman has figured in the unenviable position of mistress to an English king. Mention of Charles the Second will at once recall Moll Davies and Nell Gwynne. It may not be known to many that Mrs. Jordan, the actress whom William the Fourth treated so scandalously, was the illegitimate daughter, by a Mr. Francis Bland, of Miss Phillips, also an actress and the daughter of a Welsh clergyman.

* * *

A correspondent who wrote in August says:—Will you allow me another word relative to the statement in the *Red Dragon* of July, that marking the bread before baking with the sign of the cross is simply "the bakers' way of marking his bread, to prevent mistake or dishonesty during delivery." Believe me, had such been the case at Aberystwith, such an observant antiquary as the Rev. W. Allport Leighton would have discovered the fact, and not written to *Notes and Queries* about it. What is and has been common custom in Wales I showed from *Bye-gones;* and I now send you the following extract from Miss Burne's newly published volume of *Shropshire Folk Lore,* to show what is the practice on the borders:—"'In Shropshire,' said an elderly maid-servant from the Shiffnal neighbourhood, 'we always make a cross on the flour before baking, and on the malt before mashing up for brewing. It's to keep it from being bewitched.' . . . The practice is general throughout the county, and so also, I believe, is the habit of pricking a cross on the loaves with a fork or skewer, before they are put into the oven." I fancy you won't often see the sign of a cross on bakers' bread merely put on to "prevent mistakes in delivery."

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We are glad our suggestion that "W. A. L." had found a mare's nest has elicited so very interesting a correspondence. We did not know who "W. A. L." was, and were, therefore, not in a position to say whether he was an "observant" or any other kind of antiquary. While conceding to the full the interest and value of every genuine sample of Folk Lore submitted to us, we also recognise the importance of keeping clear of traps of the Bill-Stubbs-his-Mark species.

* * *

The interesting account of the first dawn of the iron trade at Merthyr in the August *Red Dragon* writes a correspondent, prompts me to send the following extracts from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, of December, 1806, for publication. The description purports to be the state of Merthyr in 1800, and how an ancient of ninety remembered it in her younger days:—"In 1800 or 1801, a woman was living at Merthyr Tydvill in Wales, aged ninety-four, who remembered when there were only twenty-five inhabitants in the parish. In the above year a very intelligent gentleman took pains to ascertain the population of that place, and found it to be 13,680. The increase was owing to the very great iron works set up there. So crowded is the place, that twelve men and one woman lived in one room of twelve square feet, which served them "for parlour, for kitchen and all." The men worked in the mines, six by day and six by night. Three beds supplied them all. Thus the room was constantly occupied by seven persons." One would almost suppose that Morton had seen this paragraph before he wrote his amusing farce of *Box and Cox*. The writer goes on to say:—"The rectory was no more than £80 a year, but the present incumbent has greatly increased it by obtaining an Act to let his glebe (fourteen acres) on building leases for ninety-nine years; he lets it at 3d. a square yard. He has also got rid of a modus which was claimed at 4d. for each farm; but if a farm was divided into two or ten parts, each part paid 4d., which was held to make it uncertain."

* * *

That "palladium of our liberties," "Trial by Jury," is sometimes curiously exercised in the present enlightened age; but, if we may believe report, there was an example of it more than a century ago in Pembrokeshire that out-Heroded Herod. It was stated that on April 5, 1738, there died one Hugh Fowler, in that county, "who had a verdict against him found some time before on the Act against bribery and corruption, which was afterwards set aside because the jury had tossed up to settle their verdict!"

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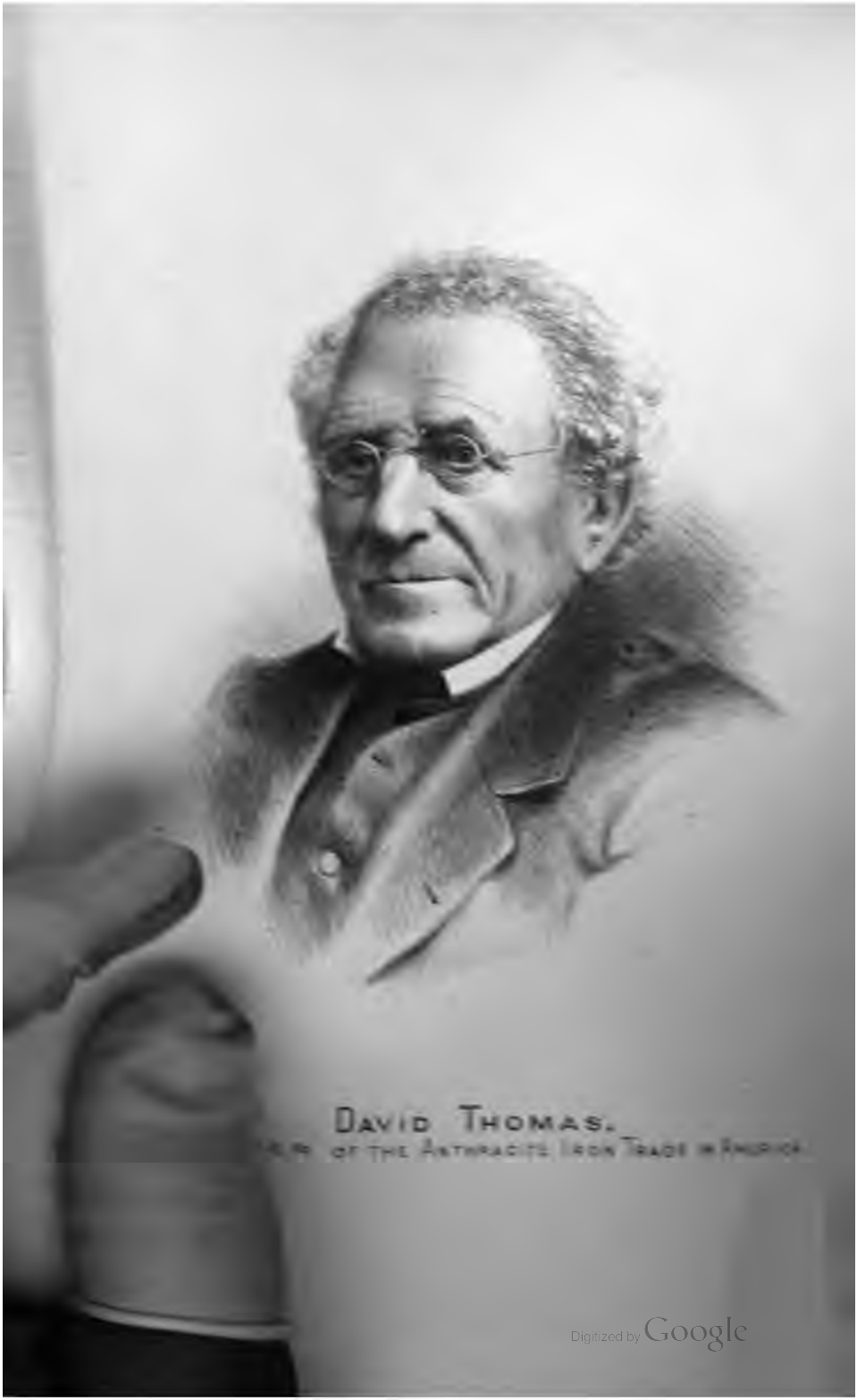

DAVID THOMAS.
[illegible] OF THE ANTHRACITE IRON TRADE IN AMERICA.

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DAVID THOMAS,
THE PIONEER OF THE ANTHRACITE IRON TRADE IN AMERICA.

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[illegible]

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[illegible] Iron Works, [illegible] supply of this [illegible] the [illegible] considered [illegible] experience [illegible] strength [illegible] furnaces, and it proved [illegible] be of the [illegible] and is unequalled [illegible] few years after the departure of Mr. [illegible] Dr. [illegible], of the Metallurgical School of Mines, London [illegible] higher percentage [illegible] Coal [illegible] Coal [illegible] not [illegible] as Nature's Coke, and [illegible] in the offshore port just [illegible] Kensington [illegible] Mr. D. [illegible], C.E., [illegible] the Committee on the Smoke [illegible] the [illegible] from the [illegible] Coal [illegible] for domestic and steam generating purposes, [illegible] other coals, whether anthracite, [illegible]

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NOTABLE MEN OF WALES.

DAVID THOMAS.

THE FATHER OF THE ANTHRACITE IRON TRADE.

Anthracite iron, except to some engaged in the metal trades of South Wales, is a term, comparatively speaking, unknown to the general public in this country as having any distinctive feature apart from any other iron. The term, however, is applied to iron made with anthracite coal—the purest fuel ordinarily used in the manufacture of iron, which is produced in the western portion of the South Wales coalfield, extending from the upper part of the Vale of Neath, in Glamorganshire, on the east, to Saundersfoot, in Pembrokeshire, on the west. At the Yniscedwyn Anthracite Iron Works, in the Swansea Valley, there is almost an inexhaustible supply of this invaluable fuel—one seam, the four feet, is especially considered and confirmed by experience to be the very best for smelting purposes, on account of its purity and strength under burden in the blast furnaces, and it proves there to be of the most superior quality, and is unequalled by any other coal for iron making. Some few years after the departure of Mr. David Thomas from Yniscedwyn to America, a sample of this seam was sent to Dr. Percy, of the Metallurgical School of Mines, London, for analysis, and he found it to contain a higher percentage of carbon than any other coal in Great Britain, absolutely smokeless, perfectly free from sulphur, and to contain a minimum of waste matter. Indeed, Anthracite Coal may not inaptly be described as Nature's Coke, and, in confirmation of what is stated above, I find in the official report just issued of the tests made at South Kensington last year by Mr. D. R. Clark, C.E., on behalf of the Committee of the Smoke Abatement Society, London, that the anthracite coal from the Yniscedwyn Coalfield ranked first both for domestic and steam generating purposes, as compared with other coals, whether anthracite, steam, or

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bituminous. It has also the great advantage of entire freedom from smoke. This purity in the fuel, no doubt, has its effect upon the quality of the iron, as the Yniscedwyn Brand, known as "Crane Anthracite Iron," has since the days of Mr. Thomas' management there stood pre-eminent in the metal market for toughness, ductibility, and strength; and, in consequence, it has been largely used for charcoal tin-plates, charcoal wire, horsenail rods, &c. Some ten years ago, the writer saw iron made at Yniscedwyn under the furnace management of Mr. Thomas Clee,—undoubtedly one of the foremost anthracite iron smelters in South Wales,—which, on being submitted to the most rigid series of trials by Mr. Kirkaldy, at his Testing Works, Southwark, showed the tensile strain to average 22,000 lbs. per square inch; and under a thrusting strain, pieces about one inch and an eighth of an inch in diameter, and eight inches long, deflected three-eighths of an inch before showing any signs of fracture. I have before me a tabulated statement, shewing the yields of several "Brands" of Pig Iron as tested some few years ago at one of the principal Tinplate Works in South Wales, and, selecting two of them, I give below the results obtained, as between "Anthracite" and "Barrow Hematite" No. 3 Pig Iron, viz.:—

	Pigs delivered.			Stamps produced.			Loss in conversion.		
	cwts.	qrs.	lbs.	cwts.	qrs.	lbs.	cwts.	qrs.	lbs.
Anthracite	6	0	14	5	0	14	1	0	10
Barrow Hematite	6	0	24	4	0	2	2	0	23

Equal in the case of Anthracite Iron to 17·5 per cent., and in the case of Barrow Hematite to 35·0 per cent. loss. The blast furnaces built by Mr. Thomas at Yniscedwyn have all disappeared and been superseded by others of more modern construction, both as regards enlargement and improved appliances, and hot blast arrangements — the outcome of various experiments and experiences resulting in almost a maximum of production.

I offer no apology for prefacing the foregoing specific, and, I hope, not uninteresting facts, as to my mind they are simply the sequel, or, might I rather say, the results of the development of the foundations laid some fifty years ago at Yniscedwyn, the scene of the early struggles, labours, hopes, fears, aspirations, experiments, failures, and successes of the eminent man who forms the subject of the following biographical sketch, and where his memory is still held in the highest estimation by the oldest inhabitants of the place. It is to him belongs the high honour of having made at Yniscedwyn the first anthracite iron ever cast in Great Britain, or, indeed, in the world; and in America he is justly and proudly recognised as the Father of the Anthracite Iron Trade of Pennsylvania. Mr. Thomas' life and successes with the Anthracite Iron Trade in America are well-known in that country, but as they may not possibly be

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so well-known as they deserve to be amongst his countrymen generally in Wales, I have thought it well to cull from various sources, and to put together the principal incidents of so interesting and instructive a career.

Mr. David Thomas was the son of David and Jane Thomas, of Tyllwyd Farm, in the parish of Cadoxton-juxta-Neath, in the county of Glamorgan, South Wales. He was one of a family of four children, one son and three daughters, and was born on the 3rd of November, 1794. Two of the daughters are still living, one eighty-two years of age living in the parish of Ystradfellte, within a short distance of Colbren Junction, on the Neath and Brecon Railway; the other, aged 79 years, lives within half a mile of Tyllwyd, her birthplace. In an interview with the latter, the writer could not fail being struck with the clearness of her intellect and memory (which was also a strong characteristic of her brother), tracing events back as far as sixty years ago. David Thomas, the father, was a small farmer, but a highly respectable man in his parish, and, although a Dissenter, he held the office of churchwarden for some years, and was overseer of the poor of his parish for sixteen years. He was a consistent and exemplary member of the "Independents" Religious Community at Maesyrhaf Chapel, Neath, for forty years, and his wife, who survived him twenty years, was one for some sixty years. Both are buried in the burying ground attached to the above-named place of worship. Young David's religious and moral training was, therefore, of the strictest kind, both as regards example and teaching, and these appear to have clung to him through life. Being the only son, his parents were anxious to give him the best education their means would allow, and that the district afforded. In the first instance he attended a school at Alltwen, Pontardawe, where he appears to have made such progress that at nine years of age he was removed to a more advanced one at Neath, and the best then in the district, his father paying one guinea a quarter, which was considered a large amount in those remote days. In this school he applied himself with industry and perseverance, outstripping all his schoolfellows, and was looked upon as having been better educated than the generality of the neighbouring farmers' sons. He was of very studious habits, delighted in books and in acquiring knowledge and information, and was determined to get on. The education, however, he received enabled him only to acquire the merest elements of learning; the intelligence and knowledge displayed by him in after life, which enabled him to rise to so prominent a position, were due entirely to self culture. His father's holding was not a large one, and, as is generally the case with Welsh farmers, all the members of the family in their turn had to assist in the operations on the farm. In this capacity young David was

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employed for some time; but agricultural pursuits were not to his taste, and he could not be made to settle down to this class of occupation. His thirst for knowledge and improvement had awakened in him an ambitious feeling which farming operations failed to satisfy; and in 1812, at seventeen years of age, he determined to branch out in a line of life which he thought presented more prospects than working on a small farm; and he consequently went to work at the Neath Abbey Iron Works. For five years he worked in the fitting shops and at the blast furnaces there, asserting his superiority and intelligence over his young compeers, by whom he was familiarly known as "*Dai Tyllwyd*," by showing a wonderful aptitude for the business, and gaining a vast store of experience and knowledge, even in that short space of time. In fact, so well did he occupy his time and talents, that in 1817 he went to Yniscedwyn Anthracite Iron Works, in the Swansea Valley, then owned by Mr. Richard Parsons, where he was made general superintendent of the blast furnaces and of the iron and coal mines. There he was known as "*Dafydd Thomas y Stiwart*," by which name he is also spoken of even now by the oldest inhabitants of that place—a somewhat more dignified title than that of the homely one of "*Dai Tyllwyd*," in vogue at Neath Abbey Iron Works. Mr. Thomas remained at the Yniscedwyn Works in that position for nearly twenty-two years, working his furnaces in the most successful manner, and continually experimenting with anthracite coal as a smelting fuel. It so happened that the Yniscedwyn Works then actually stood alone on the only belt of anthracite coal in Great Britain, extending over the district already described; the argillaceous clay, iron stone, and black band being stratified all the way through it. And yet, with this bountiful supply of magnificent fuel lying under their very works, the Yniscedwyn folks were hauling coke to their furnaces from a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles. Mr. Thomas naturally argued that when the fuel and ore lay together, as they did there, the fuel must be suitable for smelting the ore, provided the right process of doing so could be hit upon. With this aim in view he began as early as the year 1820 to make experiments. In this same year the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company in America succeeded, after much difficulty, in getting 365 tons of their now famous anthracite coal to Philadelphia; and then they found out, to their horror and disgust, that they had overstocked the market. People said that it would not burn, even that it put their fires out, and absolutely refused to buy it. But David Thomas knew nothing about this; all he knew was that a seam of coal lay under his very feet, and that he was most anxious to utilize it in his blast furnaces, if possible. So in ignorance of the struggles of the Lehigh Company, and little dreaming that his road to wealth and position led through this very doorway,

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he quietly and persistently went on with his experiments, undaunted by his repeated failures. Of his various experiments Mr. Thomas used to say:—"As early as 1820 I had some anthracite coal put into the furnace with coke, in the proportion of from one part in twenty to one part in twelve; this did very well; but whenever anything went wrong with the furnace the fault was always laid on the coal; and the men became so prejudiced against it that I had to give it up. Still every year I would try some experiments with it, both in cupolas and blast furnaces. In 1825 I had a small blast furnace built with a nine foot bosh, and twenty-five foot stack. After blowing it in with coke, I introduced anthracite coal, increasing the quantity of it more and more. But the tuyers would close up, so that we had to abandon it. In 1830 I enlarged the furnace, giving it an eleven foot bosh and a forty-five foot stack. This resulted in a greater amount of success. Still the whole thing was so unprofitable that it was given up."

But while Mr Thomas had been so resolutely experimenting, another brain had been scheming, devising, and, at last, perfecting an invention which was to create a revolution in blast furnaces, and enable him to reach the goal of his ambition. That invention was hot blast. In the year 1828 Mr. Neilson, of Glasgow, Scotland, began making experiments in this direction, and in 1834 he patented his valuable invention—the heating of the blast before introducing it into the furnace. In those days it took a long while for news to reach distant parts of the country; and it took two years to reach the sharp and eager ears of Mr. Thomas. By that time the Clyde Iron Works had a hot blast furnace in operation; and Mr. Thomas hurried off to Scotland to see how the process worked. After the most careful examination he determined that the new hot blast was just what was wanted for an anthracite furnace. He returned to Yniscedwyn with a license from Mr. Neilson, and an expert mechanic who understood the construction of heating ovens. The furnace was prepared for the new blast, the heating ovens were attached to it, and on the 5th February, 1837, the furnace was blown in. The success was complete, and anthracite iron continued to be successfully and profitably made from that furnace without intermission. Anthracite iron was a new-born commodity in the commerce of the world, and David Thomas, of Yniscedwyn, was its godfather. Mr. Thomas was in the habit of telling an interesting anecdote in connection with his hearing of Mr. Neilson's invention. It appears he was one evening at the house of Mr. George Crane, a gentleman who then owned the Yniscedwyn Works, and who always burnt anthracite coal in the grate of his sitting room. Mr. Thomas began to blow the fire with a small pair of bellows. "Don't do that, David, or you will blow the fire out," interposed Mr. Crane.

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"If the air out of that bellows were only as hot as Mr. Neilson describes his hot blast to be," rejoined Mr. Thomas, "the anthracite coal in that grate would burn like pinewood." Mr. Crane exclaimed "Ah! that is the idea precisely," and this idea both recognized as one which would bear working out; and through Mr. Thomas' indomitable pluck and perseverance it succeeded. The writer lived for some years in the house formerly occupied by Mr. Crane, and he distinctly recollects this veritable grate, which was of such unique construction that it deserves to be described. It was built internally with bricks, and in shape about a foot square, and eight or nine inches high —not tapering at the bottom, like ordinary modern grates—with vertical bars and cast iron shutters or wings, which were closed or opened for the regulation of the draught necessary for the ignition of the coal, and when closed it had the appearance of one solid piece of a handsome casting. Mr. Crane was a short, little man, quick and energetic in his actions, and most persevering and pushing in business, and such an uncompromisingly strict Sabbatarian that he actually suspended all operations at the blast furnaces while he held a religious service in the adjoining carpenter's shop, in which he assembled all his workmen on Sunday afternoon. He was also rigidly zealous for the due observance of the prohibitory Sunday drinking hours, and was the terror of all the publicans in the parish of Ystradgynlais, whose houses, in virtue of the powers vested in him as churchwarden, it was his habit to visit during Divine service on Sundays. And many amusing tales are related of him, how, while on his visits, and when within a short distance of a public house, he would run as fast as his legs could carry him; with the view, presumably, of suddenly pouncing upon some unsuspecting Bacchanalians who might be cosily quenching their thirst after the previous Saturday night's carousal; in which case the approach of the enemy created a terrible consternation, and was the signal for an immediate rush, a scramble, and a real race, quickened by the well-known agility of Mr. Crane, and the fears of the consequences of a magisterial fine.

But to revert to Mr. Thomas. He had lit a candle, which there was no possibility of hiding under a bushel, even if he wished to do so. The wonderful success of the application of hot blast at Yniscedwyn spread about like wild-fire amongst the neighbouring ironmasters, and Mr. Joseph Price, of the Neath Abbey Ironworks, applied the invention to his furnaces at his works there, which Mr. Crane objected to, as an infringement upon his patent rights. Mr. Price, however, contested the point on the ground that the application of the patent simply to anthracite coal was inadequate to sustain the claim. The case was, I believe, carried to the House of Lords, and it was finally

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decided that the public utility of the application to use anthracite was clear, and that, therefore, the patentee was as much entitled to his rights as such as if he had himself been the original inventor of the applicability of the hot blast to any purpose whatsoever. Mr. Price did not stop his defence at this point, but made another and somewhat ingenious attempt to escape his liability to pay royalty by declaring that he did not admit that the coal he used for his furnaces, and which he obtained from the upper part of the Vale of Neath, to be anthracite at all, but "anthracitous;" but he utterly failed to establish this point. There were also the owners of the great anthracite coal measures of Pennsylvania watching like cats at mice-holes for any break in the cloud which seemed to hang over their fortunes. They, like Mr. Thomas, felt assured that their coal could be used as blast furnace fuel, if they could only discover the proper mode of using it. The Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, whose splendid mines cluster in the neighbourhood of Mauch Chunk, had spent a large sum of money in building a blast furnace for the purpose of making experiments with anthracite coal as fuel. They did actually succeed in making some anthracite iron; but found the same trouble as Mr. Thomas had with his cold blast—they could not keep the furnace in blast. They were, therefore, compelled to give it up. But in the summer of 1838 the *London Mining Journal* conveyed to them the welcome and cheering news of Mr. Thomas' great success at Yniscedwyn, and in November one of their leading directors, Mr. Hazard, crossed the ocean to witness the process, and learn all about it, with authority to bring back with him one conversant with the process of making anthracite iron. Proceeding at once to Wales, he found the Yniscedwyn furnaces in full and successful operation. Prior to his arrival Mr. Thomas had removed to Devynock, distant some twelve miles, to superintend the construction of a tramway from thence to Yniscedwyn. Mr. Hazard was driven over there by Mr. Crane, who strongly recommended Mr. Thomas as the only man who could answer his purpose. The result was that he was offered and accepted a five years' engagement to go to the United States, and see what he could do with an anthracite furnace in the Lehigh Valley.

He arrived in America in June, 1839, but on his arrival in New York he was laid up with fever, and during his illness poor Mrs. Thomas was in great trouble on account of her inability to speak a word of English, and consequently she was unable to understand the directions of her husband's medical attendant. On his recovery he proceeded to his destination, where, soon after his arrival, the Crane Iron Company of Catasauqua was organised, and in the following month the construction of the first of the present six furnaces

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of the Crane Iron Company, so called in honour of his patron, Mr. Crane, of Yniscedwyn, was commenced. It was not a large one. It had only an eleven foot bosh and a forty-seven foot stack. The first run of iron was made on the 4th of July, 1840, with the most encouraging success; and that furnace ran on steadily for many years (until it was taken down and the site occupied by the enlarged and modernised No. 1) making, small as it was, compared with the giant furnaces now in vogue, its one hundred and eighty tons per week with praiseworthy regularity. In 1841 the company built a second furnace, in 1846 a third, two more in 1849, and the sixth in 1868, but how many more since I have no means at my disposal for ascertaining. While Mr. Thomas was quietly making his preparations and constructing his first furnaces, other experiments were being made with anthracite coal for fuel. Furnaces were especially constructed for this purpose in South Easton, Pottsville, Mauch Chunk, and one or two other places. But they shared the same fate as the previous efforts of Mr. Thomas and of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company. They did make some iron, but they could not keep their furnaces in blast for any length of time, and all turned out to be ruinous enterprises. To Mr. Thomas then there is undoubtedly and justly due the credit of having built the first anthracite blast furnace in America, or any other country, which successfully fulfilled the purpose for which it was constructed.

In 1854 the Thomas Iron Company was formed, and the beautiful works at Hokendauqua commenced, situated about a mile above Catasauqua, on the Lehigh River, where six furnaces have been built. In 1855 he relinquished the superintendence of the Crane Ironworks, being succeeded by his youngest son, Mr. John Thomas, and devoted his time and interest in developing the works at Hokendauqua, which works bear his honoured name. In addition to his interest in the Crane and Thomas Ironworks, Mr. Thomas was also interested in the Carbon Iron Company, which has three furnaces at Perrysville; and in the large Rolling Mills at Catasauqua and Ferndale, which produce a quality of iron of high repute, of which he was the president for many years. A short time before his death he withdrew from very active duties, remaining, however, a director and a large shareholder, and he was besides largely interested in collieries and iron ore mines He was for many years President of the Catasauqua and Fogelsville Railway, as also of the Lehigh Railway. He was trustee and executive member of St. Luke's Hospital, and a trustee of Lafayette College at Easton. In 1866 he was a Republican candidate for Congress, but declining on principle to take part in the canvass he was not successful, but made a very complimentary showing. Catasauqua's progress has been

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identified with his life, and with almost every industry in the town he had been connected either as an adviser or an interested party. It is the outcome of his genius, spirit, determination, and progress, and when it was incorporated in 1853 he was chosen its first burgess, and continued to hold office for years, and took an active part in the material prosperity of the town, and in the religious, educational, and moral welfare of its inhabitants.

In 1840, soon after his arrival in America, he organised the first Presbyterian Church, and was an elder of it until his death. He built the Lehigh Fire Brickworks, which are of considerable dimensions, and held the position of director of the National Bank of Catasauqua, in which he had a large amount of stock. The anthracite furnaces number nearly one fourth of the grand total of the blast furnaces in America, and to them much of the wealth of that country is, undoubtedly, to be attributed. And the man who has occupied the most prominent and the proudest position in the records of iron manufacturers was Mr. David Thomas, of Catasauqua, unquestionably one of the largest ironmasters in the world. Mr. Thomas was a man of determined purpose, industry, fidelity, and thoroughness, of uncommon vitality and activity; and although nearly eighty-eight years of age at his death, he took, nearly to the last, a fair share in the active management of the vast interest he controlled. He was as upright and as firm on his legs as a man of sixty, and appeared to possess the wiry physique and age-defying brain which characterise many of those who live a generation longer than ordinary mortals. In the transaction of his multifarious duties he thought as little of going to Philadelphia, New York, or Pittsville, as he did of walking down to his office in Catasauqua. In February, 1874, he attended the Ironmasters' Convention in Philadelphia, and was unanimously elected its President—a graceful and well-earned compliment. At these meetings his presence was always hailed with pleasure, and his opinions honoured and appreciated. Indeed, not only in strength of mind and body, which was husbanded by a studiously regular habit of "Early to bed and early to rise," but also in personal appearance it was difficult, whilst speaking to him, to realise the fact that he was an octogenarian. His successes in early life were not easily won, especially those for which he will be held in grateful remembrance by future generations, and he had many obstacles to overcome, which would have broken the courage of one with less fixedness of purpose and strength of character. Mr. Thomas had, through his good and exemplary life, coupled with his venerable and patriarchal age, endeared himself to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance far and near, and both young and old delighted in giving him the respectful and

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affectionate title of "Father Thomas," while Mrs. Thomas equally shared in the affectionate respect shown to her husband, and was addressed as "Mother Thomas." They had been married for nearly sixty-five years—a very unusual period of companionship. Their family consisted of David and Gwenny, both of whom died before their father, Jane, Samuel, who is president of the Thomas' Iron Company, and whom the writer recollects seeing at Yniscedwyn a few years ago with his daughter, and John, superintendent of the Thomas' Iron Company, with numerous grand and great grand children, who used to gather round the old gentleman and prattle on his knees, making him feel as happy and active as if he were twenty years of age.

Mr. Thomas was taken ill on the 20th May, 1882, his illness developing into an attack of pneumonia, which terminated fatally. His illness was painful, but throughout he bore his affliction uncomplainingly, and on the evening of the 20th June, 1882 (exactly one month from the day he was taken ill), he quietly and peacefully breathed his last. Plain in words and manner, his directions about his burial were of the simplest kind. The corpse was placed in the large hall in the house, and from one to three o'clock on Friday afternoon, 23rd June, hundreds of people passed through it to have a farewell view of the mortal remains of their old dear departed friend and benefactor. It was a sad day for Catasauqua, and will long be remembered. All works and business in the neighbourhood were stopped. The funeral service was simple and plain, consisting of the singing of a hymn, the reading of selections of Scripture from Psalms and Corinthians by the pastor, prayer by Dr. Catelle, of Lafayette College, Easton, and the rendering of a favourite hymn—

"My home is there."

The funeral procession was the largest ever seen in Catasauqua, and was headed in the following order:—The employés of the Catasauqua Manufacturing Company, three hundred men; of the Thomas' Iron Company, three hundred men; and those of the Catasauqua and Fogelsville Railway, and others; then came the clergy of the district, in carriages, besides many distinguished, learned, and wealthy men from abroad; then the corpse, followed by the relatives and intimate friends, until Fair View Cemetery was reached, wherein, in a vault, were deposited all that remained of one greatly beloved and respected by his fellow-men. None but a great man could have commanded such universal respect.

I have been induced to compile the foregoing sketch of Mr. Thomas's life—and the doing so has afforded me extreme pleasure—by my great admiration for his noble character, indomitable courage and perseverance in overcoming difficulties,

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coupled with my having been for several years associated with Yniscedwyn Ironworks, where his experiments and successes were made, and which led eventually to his attaining so prominent a position and world-wide fame as an iron manufacturer—a character that cannot fail to command the highest admiration, and one that may worthily be emulated.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

Westfield, Neath. ED. ROBERTS,

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MARRIED BY ADVERTISEMENT.

A STORY OF A WELSH SPA.

By "Gwynllwyn."

CHAPTER VII.

I shall always look back on the five or six weeks at the Grove succeeding the Swiss Bridge pic-nic as among the happiest, and yet the most uncomfortable time, I ever spent. Flossy and I were always together, I being more in love than ever, and she—well, I couldn't guess. I took care there should be no more quarrels; indeed, my infatuation, as the world would call it, had reached such a pitch that I didn't feel inclined to resent anything. We walked and rowed together every day. If she and her aunt drove, I was always the fortunate man invited to attend them. In the evening we sang duets, and she always accompanied me. Altogether I don't wonder that we were put down as "a match" by everyone, and that the servants invariably grinned and giggled when they met us. This, however, did not affect me in the very least. I rather pride myself on not minding what "people say" or think; if it amused the Grove inmates to cackle about Flossy and me, they were welcome to do so. Whether *she* was aware of the interest and amusement we occasioned I couldn't make out; she wasn't the sort of girl to mind what "the world said," but I was sometimes tormented by fears lest I was building false hopes, and whether she really cared for me. She was more with me than anyone else certainly, but then that might only be because she thought me pleasanter, or because she didn't wish to vex me after my rescuing her from a watery grave. Now and then I resolved to put my fate to the touch, and tell her of my love, but my resolutions melted away when I recollected that she might say "No" after all. Still, I knew I could not remain at the Grove much longer. My people were all wondering what had happened to me, that I should persist in staying away so long. I had

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positively refused an invitation from a friend to the Highlands for grouse shooting. Then my creditors didn't at all understand the state of affairs, and the duns Dor persisted in forwarding to me were most aggravating. The tradesmen utterly refused to wait, unknowingly, till I made the fatal plunge, and were unwearied in their demands on my time and purse. This was a difficulty in the way of my marrying Flossy which stared me in the face. Marry her without paying my debts I couldn't, and yet she hadn't a penny, as far as I could judge. Shall I sink much in the reader's estimation when I own that in my state of mad love I actually felt relieved that I could not be guilty of the sacrilege of paying my bills with her money. My views as to matrimony had completely changed. I recalled, with feelings of unmixed horror and contempt, the favourite Jesuitical maxim of my old aunt, which she never failed to repeat when discoursing on hymeneal matters:—"Don't marry *for* money, remember, Charlie. I wouldn't have you do *that*, but *be sure* to marry *where there is* money." It was with great satisfaction that I thought my respected relative would not be able to hold me up as one who had followed this saying of hers, which *I* think expresses a distinction without a difference. However, I hoped that something would turn up to clear away all my troubles, and meantime I enjoyed the sunshine of Flossy's smiles.

One morning, at the end of six weeks, I received the following letter from Dor:—

"Ellesmere, August 18th.

"Dear Charlie,—My curiosity is fairly roused to know *what*, or rather *who*—for I feel convinced a girl is at the bottom of it—is the attraction at the Grove. So I have persuaded Aunt Emmie to bring me down to you (under the pretence that I should like bracing air; if the place *isn't* bracing, it will be rather awkward for me). I know you are sure to make a thousand and one objections to my coming, if you are gone over anyone, so I only write this the day before we start, and to-morrow evening at eight o'clock we shall reach you. Get rooms for us at the Grove, or somewhere. Good-bye, now.

"Ever your loving sister."

I was much taken aback at this cool announcement. It was just like Dor though, and I felt much disgusted with her for divining the state of affairs. One comfort was that she always kept these little matters to herself; and after all, she must have known some time.

"What are you in a brown study about, Mr. Ashton?" asked Flossy, over the breakfast table.

"I was considering this letter," answered I; "my sister's coming down to-night."

"Is she, really? Dear me, how flattered she would feel if she could see your dismal face. Don't you want her?"

"Oh, I don't mind," was my indifferent reply; "but I don't expect she'll think this place very lively."

"I'm sorry you don't think *me* enlivening enough for anyone,"

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rejoined the young lady. "Now don't try and excuse yourself, but tell me whether I shall like your sister."

"I'm sure I don't know," I replied, "she's quite different from me."

"Well, you don't expect me to consider that a drawback, do you," said Flossy, mischievously, but at this point our conversation was interrupted.

Eight o'clock that evening found me awaiting my relatives, having secured rooms for them at the Grove. The train appeared in due time—or, rather, *not* in due time, being half an hour late—and my belongings and their luggage emerged safely therefrom; my aunt tired and fractious, Dor provoking and fresh. I packed the former into the Grove omnibus, but Dor preferred walking—therefore I accompanied her.

"Well, Charlie," she began, before we were out of the station-yard, "where is my future sister? Why didn't you bring her down?"

"Shut up, and don't be such an idiot, Dor," was my reply (it is a curious fact that, however polite a fellow may be to ladies in general, he always treats his sisters to a different style).

"Oh, you needn't turn surly and blush so," retorted Dor. "You look quite thin, I declare; and you were pale till my inquiry brought the colour to your cheeks. Poor dear! you *must* be far gone! No one could accuse *me* of blushing for anything or anybody!"

"More shame for you, I think! Pray, how's Winshaw?" I thought this would bring the battle into her own ground.

"Oh, he's quite well, I believe," she replied very composedly. "Poor fellow! He proposed just before we left town, and I had to refuse him. I was so savage, for he *did* dance so well; and it was the night before Lady Stanlyn's ball, where I missed him awfully. Indeed, he was my best partner all last season; but after all it doesn't follow that a good waltzer makes a good husband." At which Dor sighed, and tried hard to look sentimental.

"A pity you didn't think of that sooner," I answered, well pleased at my adroit change of the conversation. "I call it a beastly shame to throw a fellow over after flirting so long with him! Where's he gone to?"

"Well," said Dor imperturbably, "he told *me* he should go to the dogs. However, he altered his mind, and went to the Highlands instead. Oh! *he*'ll soon get over it; he's an old bird, I fancy. But to return to your own affairs, dear brother. What is she like? She's Welsh, I suppose? Does she wear a top-hat? Why aint the women going about with them to-day? I've not seen one yet."

"I don't suppose you will either," I replied, again trying to [illegible] the point. "They don't wear them here. That is such

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a convenient place, Dor," pointing to a large shop, known in the Wells as "the Whiteley of South Wales." "You can get everything there from a carpet to a packet of butter-scotch."

"Oh, indeed!" said Dor, not so easily diverted; "and, I daresay, engagement rings can be procured there. Have you got to that point, Charlie?"

"Now, look here, Dor," I began, desperately, "you had no business to find it out."

"As if I didn't make it a rule to ferret out whatever I'm not intended to know," put in my sister.

"Well, just listen to me. You must hold your tongue, and not go chaffing about it, or you'll spoil everything. It's ten to one that she'll not have me; however, I know I'll never marry anyone else."

"My dear Charlie, everybody says *that* at the stage you've reached," interrupted Dor.

"I don't care a hang for what others say," I went on, hotly. "I know my own mind. However, you won't try any of your humbugging and larking on now, will you? And she is such a good sort, Dor, you're sure to like her. She's just the kind of sister."

"Oh, never mind about me," broke in Dor, not caring to hear of her prospective advantages. "What's her name?"

I was about to reply, when the object of our discussion appeared, accompanied by several others, on the way to a concert of local talent at the Assembly Rooms. We stopped, and Dor was introduced She and Flossy eyed each other, I perceived; and, to judge from their faces, were mutually satisfied. After a few words we walked on.

"Miss Ashton, of course, is the object of your adoration?" said Dor. "My dear boy, you tell me not to chaff, but as if anyone with half an eye couldn't see you were gone over her!"

"Never mind that," I answered, "but isn't she lovely?"

"Yes, she's very pretty, certainly," said Dor, coolly; "but I always admire dark girls more."

"As if any dark girl could be half as ——," I began, indignantly, but was stopped by Dor's—

"Oh, Charlie, now *don't* spoon and rave! She's perfection, there! But, seriously, she looks very jolly, and I think I shall like her. Only sisters-in-law hardly ever do hit it off, somehow. This is the Grove, is it? And are there any nice people there—besides your beloved, who, of course, is a host in herself—to you, at least?" And with this remark, Dor joined my aunt.

For once in her life my sister followed my advice, and made no jokes or gave hints as to my position. Indeed, she behaved very well, and became most popular at the Grove. Of course she flirted atrociously; but then, as she observed, "what else

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was there to do?" She and Flossy took a great fancy to each other, and were frequent companions.

"I think she's much too good for you, Charlie," remarked Dor, about a week after her arrival.

"That's a matter for her to decide, my dear, not you," I replied. "Do you think she's of your opinion?"

"Really I don't know," answered Dor, doubtfully. "Up to a certain point you can get anything out of her, but beyond that she's very reserved."

This did not enlighten me much, but the hour was rapidly approaching when I should know all.

A few days later, Flossy, Dor, and I were returning from the lake when Mrs. Paincefort met us, and, telling her niece she wanted to speak to her, she bore her off, leaving Dor and myself wondering "what was up."

"Perhaps the old lady has determined not to encourage you," suggested my sister, cheerfully adding—"I believe she wants Flossy to marry Paincefort, junior."

"Hang him and his mother!" I exclaimed furiously. "Why the dickens mayn't she take the man she cares for without anyone's interference?"

"You don't know yet that she *does* care for you, though," answered Dor maliciously; but, on seeing my gloomy face, she tried to cheer me up, until, spying young Mostyn at a distance, she deserted me for his society.

CHAPTER VIII.

Flossy did not appear till lunch, and, on glancing at her face, I saw traces of tears. I don't know whether anyone else noticed them, but they put me into such a fever of indignation with Mrs. Paincefort for making my darling cry that I could hardly give the old lady a civil word.

During the meal, Dor proposed some amusement for the ensuing week.

"Don't you think it would be jolly?" she asked Flossy.

"Very, I should think," was the reply; "but I'm afraid I shan't be here. We leave to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" There was a general cry of astonishment. I gave Flossy one glance, and then fixed my eyes on my plate. Dor has since assured me that I turned all the colours of the rainbow, and that everyone stared at me, except Flossy, who went on speaking hurriedly.

"Yes, it is a sudden move, but Aunt Agnes had a letter this morning which made her alter her plans," etc., etc.

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I don't know how I got through that repast; but when it was over, I rushed up stairs to my own room, closely pursued by Dor.

"Now, Charlie," she said after closing my door. "It's no use going into despair. You must just speak out your mind to her before she goes. It's your only good chance. I daresay it will come all right, so don't look such a picture of misery."

"*Do* get out of the way," I gratefully groaned. "You mean well, Dor, but you don't know what it is to care for anyone as I do for Flossy. Wait till you do, and then you'll understand what I feel!"

It is quite needless to repeat all my subsequent remarks; their general tenour is but too well-known to all those who have the misfortune to be confidants of love-stricken men and maidens. Dor departed, after some little time, finding me perfectly impervious to all consolation, wishing me well through it, and secretly resolving to quit the Grove immediately if I were refused, as I should be simply unbearable.

Left to myself, I soon decided that my sister's advice must be taken; and I resolved to find Flossy at once, and tell her all. This determined on, I quitted my apartment, and walked slowly down stairs, feeling very much as though I were going to be hanged.

Finding the drawing-room empty, I went up to the lake, hoping to find Flossy there. At first I looked in vain, but after a few moments I perceived her light figure moving along the slope above the water. I bent my steps towards the spot; but, before I could catch her eye, she had turned away, and wandered up the wood. When I gained her side, she was sitting on a grassy mound, surrounded by branches of wild roses and woodbine

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Ashton," she said, as I approached. "I didn't know Mr. Blain had introduced you to this 'favourite haunt of Nature,' as he calls it."

"He isn't here now, is he?" I asked, hastily. Fancy old Blain hearing me make my avowal!

"Oh, no," she replied, "but he first showed me the place, and I came here to take my farewell of it. Isn't the view pretty?" She glanced down as she spoke, through a green vista on the blue lake, lying calm, and sparkling beneath the noonday sun.

"Lovely," I answered, gazing abstractedly on the scene, and wondering what I should say next.

Finding that I didn't seem able to originate a remark, Flossy went on speaking.

"I shall be in a very different place this day week. Fancy, London in August, and such heat!"

"Can't you really stay longer?" I asked.

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She shook her head. "No, I'm afraid it's impossible. I am *so* sorry to leave, after such a pleasant visit, too."

"I shall never have such a happy time again," I observed mournfully, "unless you—"

"Oh yes, you will," said she, trying to laugh and ignoring the end of my speech. "In a week's time, if you are still here."

"I shan't be," I interrupted decidedly.

"Are you going so soon then?" asked Flossy.

"Yes, I was only staying here as long as *you* did."

At this Flossy coloured, looked down, and said nothing.

"Miss Spencer—Flossy," I began, it was no good beating about the bush any longer. "I can't be silent any more. You must know how I love you, and have, ever since I first saw you."

Then I paused, and glanced at her face. *Was* there hope? She didn't speak, so I plunged on.

"I shouldn't have spoken so soon if you hadn't to leave to-morrow, for I'm afraid you can't have learnt to care enough about such a fellow as I to marry me."

"Do you think you are so hateful?" asked Flossy, looking up with a smile, though something suspiciously like a tear was in her eye. "I think, if that is your opinion *now*, your 'abominable conceit' has modified a good deal."

"Flossy, Flossy!" I said entreatingly, "don't, please don't chaff now. I am not in a joking humour. I love you more than anyone on earth, and though I know I'm not fit for you, still you could guide me with your little finger. But I am afraid you can't care."

"Suppose you let me judge that," said Flossy, and then went on hesitatingly. "I always did like you, though I snubbed you, and quarrelled with you. But since the Swiss Bridge day I have—well if you care about such a set-to-rights creature, you are welcome to her."

"My darling! Then you really do love me!" . . . . .

It is again quite unnecessary to trouble the reader with an account of all that passed during the next half-hour. I was madly happy. After all my doubts and fears, to find that Flossy loved me, and would overlook all my many failings; to hear from her own lips that it was "leaving you" which caused the morning's tears; to be told—but there! those who *have* experienced a similar time will sympathise with my feelings, albeit scantily expressed, whilst those who have *not*, will only put this description down as so much "spooney twaddle;" therefore I will pass to a more interesting time (for the reader).

"The worst of it is," I said, after a long and blissful day-dream, "I am so poor" (oh! horrible and degrading necessity of existence, which compels us to mention money, or rather the

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want of it, before we have been engaged an hour), "and awfully extravagant, and am over head and ears in debt."

"That won't signify at all!" answered Flossy, "you evidently are not aware that I am an heiress."

"An heiress! Why I thought you were dependent on your aunt!"

"Exactly what I meant everyone to suppose," said Flossy. "No, I am a grand person in ——shire, I can tell you. I have a great big place there, and have money besides, so your poverty makes no sort of difference."

"Well, I must say you kept your secret well," I remarked wonderingly. "I had not an idea you possessed a farthing."

"Well, you see," said Flossy, "I have been so beset lately by men who, I am sure, wanted my money and not me, that I determined whenever we came amongst strangers, never to breathe a word of my possessions, so that I might get a chance of being married for myself, and not for my fortune, and now what makes you so solemn?"

"Everyone will say I've married for money," was my gloomy reply (my ideas respecting matrimony had altered).

"Oh, no, they won't," said Flossy, adding with an air of conscious beauty, "not when they see *me*. Besides, what *does* it matter what the world says? Do you know," she went on with a heightened colour, "I did the most horrid thing not long ago. I'm afraid you'll be awfully shocked—"

"You can't have done a worse thing than I," I interrupted hastily, as Sage crossed my mind. "I hate thinking of it. It would serve me right if you never said a word more to me after hearing—"

"Well, let me make my confession first," said Flossy, evidently anxious to get it over. "Perhaps after all we shall be able to cry quits. You must know that all through the spring I was so worried with intimations, as Bob calls them (I hope you will like Bob, he is such a jolly fellow), and Aunt Agnes did so implore me to marry (poor dear, I know she has lived in terror of my picking up some disreputable character), that at last I grew desperate, and determined to make the fatal plunge, and take my chance of being chosen for love or money. However, in an evil hour, it struck me that it would be an original and excellent thing to advertise,—*please* don't interrupt, or I shall never finish,—and get hold of some one who would at least be honest about it. I kept this quiet, and sent a very laudatory description of myself to a paper, and after a few days, received an application to which I was goose enough to reply. I *really* didn't stop to consider what I was about—are you very angry?"

"I can't be very well," was my reply, "considering I

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answered an advertisement of the same kind only a few weeks back."

"You did," exclaimed Flossy, forgetting her own narration in the excitement of hearing mine.

"Well, what was the result?"

"Oh, the girl answered, and we made an appointment to meet, but at the last moment I backed out of it, and broke it off."

"How very ridiculous!" laughed Flossy. "That we should have been such donkeys! *My* attempt ended much like yours. I fixed an appointment with the unknown man, and just as I had realised what I was about, and was abusing myself for letting matters go so far, he postponed the meeting, and then after my writing a very cool letter, he made some excuse to be off the whole thing. I don't know whether I felt more relieved or small. I really came here to get over it, out of the way. Think of my asking some cad of a man to meet me at the Westminster Aquarium—"

"The Westminster Aquarium?" I broke in, a new idea suddenly dawning on me.

"Yes, near the Octopus Tank, too—" began Flossy, but was once more interrupted.

"And you called yourself Sage, and advertised in the ——shire Journal, and the man was Tartlet?"

"Yes, why—"

"My darling!" I exclaimed. "I see it all now. It's too absurd. *I* answered *your* advertisement, we broke off from each other, came here to be out of the way, and—"

"Have ended by falling in love, as stupidly and properly as everybody else," finished my ladye-love. "How very stupid of us to be sure! Now if we had only been plucky enough to keep to our appointment, it would have turned out all right, and we should have set the world at large an admirable example! To think of our meeting here after all! We really shall have been married by advertisement. Dear me! How foolish we shall feel if we ever hear such a thing discussed!"

"Feel foolish for setting the world at large an admirable example?" I asked. "How much for your consistency pray?" To which questions Flossy vouchsafed no reply, but hastily sprang to her feet, declaring she saw Mr. Blain approaching us.

. . . . . .

I have but little more to add to my story. Suffice it to say that Flossy and I were married the following winter. Wonderful to relate, the match met with no opposition. Naturally my people were only too delighted at my good fortune, and I know that my objectionable old aunt will never cease to rejoice to her friends, that "Charles eventually followed her truly wise advice, by not marrying *for* money," &c. Flossy's belongings knew her

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too well to attempt any remonstrances with her for bestowing her hand and heart on a poor and extravagant man, added to which reason, I believe they took a fancy to me.

In these days I fear it would be still more wonderful to add that our marriage has turned out very happily, and as yet we have experienced none of the vinegar which is said to form a considerable element in matrimonial existence, though, to quote my wife, "there's no saying *what* may happen."

The reader will probably not be surprised to hear that, at our wedding, the bride's wreath and bouquet were interspersed with sage leaves. Nor will he be ignorant of the reason why Dor (to whom our story was confided) always calls her sister-in-law Sage. However, neither of these facts has caused the least annoyance to either of us.

The only other peculiarity arising from the singular way in which our marriage was brought about, is in the fact that whenever anyone mentions "marrying by advertisement" in our presence, Flossy and I feel very uncomfortable, and (notwithstanding the good example which she, in private, says we have set to modern society) my wife invariably tries to change the conversation.

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SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE IN THE PRINCIPALITY.

No one will attempt to deny that we have reached the age when a more extensive knowledge of the sciences bearing directly on agriculture is as indispensable to a successful prosecution of the farming industry as chemistry is to the successful analyst. The means by which this knowledge can be best acquired and disseminated is a question of paramount importance, affecting, as it does, not only the owners of land and property, and tenant farmers, but those dependent upon the soil for their daily bread, as well as the community at large. Seeing, then, that the question is one of such vital importance, we think it well deserving the full consideration and hearty support of the influential and enlightened readers of the *Red Dragon*. The object of this paper is to endeavour to point out the urgent necessity for a more widely diffused knowledge of the scientific principles of agriculture; the undoubted efficacy and utility of the same in the daily routine of the various departments of the farm, and, further, to show that Wales is behind both England and Scotland in taking advantage of the facilities placed at her disposal for promulgating a knowledge of the scientific principles of the industry, and of holding that position in the agricultural world which she ought to do.

The position of the modern agriculturist is altogether different from that of his worthy progenitor of fifty years ago. He is no longer the peaceful and contented recipient of the bounties derived from the natural resources of the soil which, in by-gone ages, were rendered comparatively inexhaustible by a simple, yet effective and remunerative, though unscientific, mode of treatment. He is now the object of interminable controversy and crushing vicissitudes. Even the very laws of nature, by which his entire actions are guided and regulated, seem almost at variance with, instead of being subservient to, the routine of his profession. His mind, too, is perplexed and distracted by conflicting theories adduced by those who pretend to have discovered a panacea for the critical position in which he now finds himself. Keeping pace with the refining and elevating tendencies of the time, his improved social position renders his wants more diversified, and consequently a considerable increase

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in his expenditure is involved. These complications render his profession less remunerative, and far more irksome and tedious. Neither has the progress of time so far brought the farmer any corresponding advantage of a really tangible nature. Never was foreign competition more keen, rents higher, seasons more disastrous, or the profits of farm products less than of late years. The result of all this is that the farmer finds his capital diminished to an irretrievable extent, and the soil so heavily drawn upon as to leave it lamentably infertile. The farmer is perfectly aware, meanwhile, that the exhaustive treatment of the soil which the pressure of circumstances compels him to adopt, must ultimately militate against the interest of his landlord to a most serious extent. But to this he is quite indifferent. There is abundant evidence, he thinks, to prove that his interest has been hitherto ignored alike by landlord and Legislature, and he, therefore, considers himself justified in adopting that course which is most likely to temporarily mitigate the exigencies of his position. We do not pretend to provide a wholesale remedy for tenant farmers' grievances, because we do not think that any one thing, however good, would meet the present emergency in the agricultural world. Doubtless a return of good seasons will do more towards ameliorating their condition than any legislative enactment which the most astute land-law agitator could possibly devise. Still we cannot help thinking that there are various ways and means, attainable by themselves, by which some of the circumstances which tend to render farmers the inevitable prey of every abnormal condition of the laws which govern and regulate their calling might be, to some extent, made more controllable.

One direction in which farmers might do themselves an incalculable amount of good is in the field of science. During recent years science has done much for the British farmer, and it is much to be regretted that there is such an apathy on his part in accepting and utilising those facts which the untiring researches of the chemist have brought to light and placed at his disposal. However much some people may be inclined to disparage scientific agriculture, we contend that in many cases its acquisition would ensure success. Not that we place so much importance on the mere knowledge as on the correlative qualities which are at the same time acquired, namely, habits of thought and enquiry, promptitude of action, and penetrative ability. These are invaluable qualifications. The great majority of farmers seem to have too much of a special aptitude for the practical part of their business, and not enough for the commercial part. In short, they lack those qualities which enable a man to cope with the difficulties of the moment, and to see the speediest and safest way out of them. A little culture in the habits of enquiry and observation would obviate these

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disadvantages. But, as already said, there is a manifest indifference on the part of the farmer to the recent scientific discoveries of the agricultural chemist. He seems to cling with obdurate pertinacity to old manners and customs, and clearly manifests an innate aversion to innovations of any description. This mistrust in science on the part of the farmer may be accounted for, to some extent, in two ways. First, from the thousands of tons of spurious manures which found their way into the market before the establishment of agricultural chemists throughout the country, and which, having no intrinsic value, could not possibly give satisfactory results. Secondly, from the wide discrepancies and partial failures which invariably resulted from the indiscreet and precipitate manner in which many of the field experiments were conducted when our knowledge of chemistry was more limited than it now is.

A new era, from a scientific point of view, has dawned upon the agricultural industry. Our knowledge of animal and plant life has received immense and invaluable additions. New and important discoveries have been made. Deductions previously formulated have been authenticated by men of the highest agricultural authority after many years research and investigation. The result of all this is now at the disposal of the farmer, and every intelligent thinker admits that a knowledge of the sciences is not only indispensable to farmers, but that it will, if rightly understood and properly applied, enable them to prosecute their calling with that amount of confidence and reliability which conduces to the best ultimate results. In short, a well-grounded scientific knowledge constitutes a safeguard against many of the numerous disadvantages which farmers at present labour under, and tends to disperse the shadowy doubts and fears which often retain possession of their minds respecting many things which are of paramount importance to the industry.

Neither are the advantages which accrue from a knowledge of the sciences confined to one department of the farm, but can be utilised in either. How beneficial it is in the economy and disposition of labour; in the selection and purchase of seeds of proper age, growth, and development, and specially adapted to the peculiarities of various soils and climates. Equally so in the purchase of feeding stuffs, when the objects in view are various. Such, for instance, as being able to secure in a certain food an adequate proportion of amylaceous compounds, when the end in view is to store up in the body of the adult animal an accumulation of fat, or a judicious blending of amyloids and albuminoids when the growth and development of tone and muscle are the desiderata. In regard to manures, a scientific knowledge is equally essential and important. Each crop has its own peculiar requirements. Cereals and leguminous crops

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require nitrogenous manures, roots phosphatic, potatoes and clover, &c., potash manures. Science does not only aid us in determining the quality of the manure, but also the form in which it ought to be applied, so as to be most easily and readily assimilated by the roots of plants. Thus a knowledge of the absorptive and assimilative properties of the roots of plants, and the constituents of which the plants themselves are formed, together with the fertilising ingredients of the soil, leave us in little doubt as to the mode of procedure in the application of a manure best calculated to produce a maximum result. How few, in comparison with the great bulk of farmers, can purchase their manures and feeding stuffs by a guaranteed analysis. And yet this is a matter of the most vital importance, especially when we take into consideration the revelations often made by the chemist, and the enormous sums of money which farmers have, from time to time, been robbed of by unscrupulous and fraudulent dealers and manufacturers. In fact, the great majority of farmers are entirely at the mercy of scheming and unscrupulous men in many of their every day transactions. In all these matters science alone can assist them in protecting their own interests, and unless farmers can make up their minds to keep pace with advancing civilisation, accepting and utilising all facts which men of undoubted authority put before them, they must continue to be a prey to all the evils to which agriculture is subject.

The listless, humdrum habits of their forefathers must be abandoned. In their day artificial manures and feeding stuffs were sparingly used, and little comparatively known of them. Fat beef and mutton at eighteen and twenty months old were rarely seen on the shambles. Machinery also has to a great extent superseded labour. All these innovations demand increased skill and knowledge, a giving up of old ideas and notions, and gladly welcoming all facts established by scientific and practical men. The modern agriculturist has much to contend with, and as time rolls on his difficulties are by no means likely to diminish. His whole career is nothing more or less than a struggle against natural laws, buoyed up by that innate hope which is so characteristic of his nature. His chief aim, then, ought to be to make those laws which manifest themselves clearly and forcibly around him, as far as possible, subservient to his use. Much depends on the future of farming, and this is applicable to Wales in a material degree, seeing that a time must unquestionably come when the inhabitants of the Principality will be more dependent upon the resources of the soil than they now are.

That the agricultural industry in Wales is behind that in both England and Scotland is, we think, plainly evident. Far be it from us to disparage Welsh agriculture. We simply wish

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to point out the fact, and that in the most impressive manner possible, that Wales does not hold that exalted position in the agricultural world which she ought to do. In order to substantiate the truth of this assertion, let us mention two or three things which point to the same conclusion. In the first place, then, we would call attention to the unimproved condition of Welsh cattle and sheep. We have distinct breeds of both, and still nothing, comparatively, has been done for them. Those who witnessed the magnificent display of Welsh cattle at the late Cardiff Show must have been convinced that—judging from their splendid style, substance, and symmetry—with careful and judicious breeding the "horned black skins" are perfectly capable of developing into a breed equal to anything we possess in the whole kingdom. At present the cattle generally are coarse, mature slowly, and take on flesh unsatisfactorily, unless at an unprofitable age. The same remarks apply to Welsh sheep. Welsh mutton, as everybody knows, stands unsurpassed in point of flavour and delicacy; but the sheep, in their present condition, are far from being that source of profit to the farmer which they ought to be. We know from experience that it is perfectly possible, by judicious crossing, to enhance the value of the sheep without detracting one iota from the value of the mutton. What a boon it would be for the Welsh farmer were his sheep fit for the butcher at one year old instead of at three or four years, as at present. Surely these are matters sufficiently important to demand the attention of every one who has the ability and the desire to promote the interest of Welsh agriculture. It may be said that a scientific knowledge is not requisite to the successful breeding of cattle and sheep. Perhaps not; but we contend that the qualifications indispensable to success in breeding are the natural outcome of a well grounded scientific knowledge. Why does not someone undertake the work? Surely there are men to be found in the Principality who could do for Welsh cattle what the brothers Collins did for the Teeswater; or for Welsh sheep what Bakewell, Illman, or Webb did for the Leicester, South Down, or Lincoln breeds. It would be a reproach to the intelligence and patriotism of Welshmen to suppose for a single moment that there are not many in every respect well qualified for the work.

Another proof of our assertion is to be found in the inefficiency of the work done by agricultural societies. Why is there not a Royal Welsh Agricultural Society, under the auspices of which annual examinations might be held, and diplomas or certificates granted to deserving competitors, as is the case with the Royal and Highland Societies? What more effective means could be adopted for the dissemination of a knowledge of scientific agriculture; or what stronger incentives could be offered, or greater inducements held out to the rising generation of farmers?

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There can be no plausible reason why such an institution should not exist. The effort in labour or money would be by no means excessive. All that is wanted is merely a little energy and co-operation on the part of the secretaries of existing local societies, backed up by the practical sympathy of landed proprietors and other influential gentlemen. There can be no doubt about the ultimate success of the project, were it only taken in hand with that earnestness, zeal, and determination to succeed which the furtherance of an object so noble richly merits.

In conclusion, we give briefly one more instance in support of our assertion. We refer to the efforts put forth by the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, with the express view of furnishing willing workers with the means requisite for acquiring a scientific knowledge of the principles of agriculture. Throughout the whole of South Wales there are only something like a dozen classes at which the subject is taught, and they are sparsely attended. If only those directly interested in the soil could be made to realize the fact that before agriculture can advance one step from its present position, the principles of the industry must be better understood and more widely diffused among the agricultural population, we should then have them manifesting a greater interest in the support and advocacy of the work. The landed proprietor, from his vast interest in, and inseparable connection with, the soil, ought to take the initiative and do his utmost to rear up a thriving and industrious tenantry. The field is large, and gives ample scope for those willing to distinguish themselves. There can be no doubt as to the ultimate success. In a few years we would have not only a prosperous agricultural industry, but also breeds of cattle and sheep claiming first honours with the choicest Shorthorns and Herefords at the shows of the Royal, Smithfield, and Bingley Hall.

Cwmbran. A. MURRAY.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

CEFN-LLYS CASTLE, RADNORSHIRE.

Where are the heroes of the past?
  And where the knights of days gone by?
Each age succeeding to the last
  Obscures the days of chivalry.
I stood by Ithon's lonely vale,
  And heard the trickling of the rill,
And listened to the wond'rous tale,
  While Nature stood subdued and still.

. . . . . .

"On yonder hill," the river said,
  "Sir Ralph the Bold his castle built,
There, in my younger days, he led
  The knightly joust and courtly tilt.
Here you might see the pennon wave,
  And catch the gleam of armour bright;
Here would they find a warrior's grave,
  And Justice low'rs her scales to might.

"Oft have I heard the portals creak,
  And listened to the captive's cry,
And shuddered as I heard the shriek
  Of one in direful agony.
And now upon the winds there ride
  The forms of those I used to see;
Where their descendants? where their pride?
  Ask of the winds, but not of me."

The river ceased, the tale was told,
  The moral and the lesson learnt:
Cease to desire the days of old,
  For which your youthful heart was burnt.

G. MORTIMER.

The Vicarage, Higher Tranmere, Birkenhead.

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A ROMANCE FROM PENMAENMAWR.*

Sigh! breath of ev'ning, sigh in sorrow,
Bright is the day, but dark the morrow;
Waft safe my bark to shores of gladness,
Banish the thoughts of coming sadness;
While to the westward, westward far,
Frown the hills of Penmaenmawr.

Sparkle! ye waves, in sunset glory,
Murmur a sweet and loving story,
Bid me not fear, but drown the sighing
Made by the ev'ning breezes crying,
"Keep to the eastward, sail far,
Touch not the hills of Penmaenmawr."

Over the hills I'd fain be flying,
Lady-love mine! I hear thee sighing,
"When wilt thou come to stay my weeping?"
Hush! it is night, my lady's sleeping;
Far to the westward, westward far,
Over the hills of Penmaenmawr.

* * * * * *

Sigh! breath of ev'ning, sigh in sorrow,
Bright was the day, but dark the morrow,
Under the rocks a form lies dying,
Go! morning breeze, to his loved one sighing,
Say he lies westward, westward far,
Under the hills of Penmaenmawr.

Shrewsbury. W. H. SCOTT.

* "Frowning to the west of Conway Bay stand two rocky eminences, known as Penmaen Mawr and Penmaen Bach."—*Guide Book.*

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LEAVES FROM A CRIMINAL NOTE BOOK.

(*With Original Illustrations.*)

XIII.

WHICH THOSE WHO DO NOT LIKE MAY TURN DOWN.

"I know *you* don't like playing for money," said my mentor. "But if you once got into the swing of the thing, sir, you wouldn't care a hang for a game where there was no stakes. You wish to know how I win so often? I don't mind telling you, because you don't play yourself except on the fiddle, and at the chess board, or may be a quiet hand of short whist now and again. Well, then, to be a good tosser you must have a good memory to begin with. You must remember what you showed last, and what was showed to you. I judge, by the mug on him, the sort of customer I have to deal with. If he's young, and has played once or twice before, he puts on the pot, tries to chaff and make you think he's cocksure of beating you. It's very easy to take a rise out of a green 'un like him. Get the start of him by letting on as if you was raw and stupid at the work.

"Say, now, it's your down. He thinks for certain it's a Man, and shouts it. 'Woman,' you cry, and there's one for you. Ten to one but his next will be a Man—since he brought out that word so slick at first. He generally sticks to Man right through, too, even if you beat him four times—you know it's five out of nine with nearly all tossers—for he's sure to say to himself at the fifth, 'Well, he thinks I have changed, but I'm fly, I am.' If *you* are fly, you will, at your second toss, do the same as he does—stick to the thing you put down first—'cause he's sure to think you'll change; he doesn't believe you're game enough to follow suit with him. But just you mind and look as if he could kid you to anything. If he believed you up to snuff, he'd go to work differently, and the chances are he'd give you a regular warming; if you only played long enough, of course. If you believe it's all luck in tossing, you may do so. I should very much like to toss with you, and with anyone else that's of the same opinion. I'd bet anything you like that I'd beat the lot of you nineteen times out of twenty, if you had nothing more'n luck on your side. No, sir, no luck or chance about tossing any more'n theer is about a Stock Exchange speculation, or a bet on the Derby.

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"You know the game of odd man out, don't you, sir? Some folk, if you go in with them, will propose that odd man out shall pay. It's only a Sawney as can be sucked in that way. If you chum in with two friends, it's the Bank of England to a barley cake they understand each other, and you stand to win the payment every time. One of them is bound to get off, no matter how cute you are. If you must go odd man, and you're only one out of three, shake in the hat is the fairest; though there's fakements even in that. I could tell you a dodge."

But possibly the reader has had enough of technicalities by this time.

XIV.

YELPING.

As I think you will have gathered already, the police are great believers in the doctrine that the means must justify the end. A "girl," whom they know to be a "yelper"—a term which the narrative will explain—comes handy to their purposes on occasion. Her will they put into a cell with one or two other prisoners of the same sex and mode of life. Confidences will be exchanged, and then——. Sometimes a character of this sort will "yelp" of her own free will; in order, thereby, to gratify her spite or to curry favour with her captors, and *per consequens* to lead an easier life ever after.

An exchange of Confidences.

This was the case with Roley-Poley Poll, who had been nine-and-twenty times before us previous to the occasion now treated of. With her was locked up Peggy Mottletop, without exception one of the most degraded wretches in the whole list of my official acquaintance; a brute beast without a single redeeming human quality. Mrs. Mottletop—for she was a widow—had robbed some pig of the opposite sex of a watch, and, although she was taken into custody almost immediately afterwards, no trace of the stolen article could be discovered. She was remanded week after week

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in the hope that something would turn up, but all was in vain. Every question on the subject she met with a torrent of the vilest abuse—filth which many a brazen-fronted man would have plugged his ears rather than listen to. In an evil hour for her, however, she made a confidante of Roley-Poley Poll, the latter communicated her secret to the police, the watch was recovered, and Mottletop, on Poll's evidence, was sentenced to three months. Poll, whose offence was a slight one, was let off, in consideration of the service she had thus rendered to the public. Mottletop, on being removed, threw her shoe at her enemy, and vowed by all the imps in Pandemonia she would have her liver, lights, and various other parts of the internal economy of the woman "when her time was up." As she was being dragged away, she saluted the bench in her very choicest manner, winding up with a declaration that she could "do her three months on her head."

Mottletop's Revenge

We never saw either of the women again—which was a relief. I may add that the conviction would, probably, never have been obtained but for Poll's "yelping," because the watch would never have been recovered, and without it the evidence would not have sufficed. And had not Poll disclosed its hiding-place, I think I am within the truth in saying that no expenditure of human ingenuity would have ever found it out.

XV.

LAWYERS.

An old English playwright—Massinger, if I remember—makes one of his characters say that "Clerks are the most indifferent honest men." This will not apply to lawyers at all. I cannot understand the contempt in which those sturdy men "who fill the spacious times of great Elizabeth with sounds that echo still" held the law and all its works. Everything Shakspeare wrote on the subject you probably know. If you don't, there's the *Concordance* of Mrs. Cowden Clarke for you, and you can hunt it up. Without going through the various writers of the period, after the manner of the preacher who, when he wanted

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to describe the fish that swallowed Jonah, began with the sprat, from which he worked his way up through the various gradations of size—without adopting this tedious method, I say, let me at once remark that of the whole of these Elizabethan writers, probably not one is harder upon law and lawyers than Marlowe. In the quarto *Faustus* of 1604, the immortal Doctor, after perusal of his Justinian (a modern lawyer would ask "Who's Justinian?") is made to declare that the "Institute and universal Body of the Law" is a study that

> "fits a mercenary drudge
> Who aims at nothing but external trash,"

and one altogether "too servile and illiberal". for Faustus. Perhaps had he altered his mind, and stuck to the profession a little, he would have got the better of the bargain with the Devil at the last moment. But how very learned, which is to say prosy, we are becoming.

The Persuasive

Among lawyers a couple of hundred, more or less, that I have been acquainted with, I can truthfully say I met more than one thoroughly honest man—perhaps three honest men. One I remember refused to advise a client to go to law with a hopelessly bad case. Another gave back half his fee to a poor woman, his sister, to whom he suspected himself of having rendered indifferent service in an important trial. The third effected an amicable arrangement of a dispute between half a dozen rich litigants over an estate in which he had a reversionary interest. And yet these men have been trounced by the poets as if there was no virtue extant amongst them! I don't blame lawyers for being dishonest. The fault in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is their clients',—who, for the most part, are asses kicking at their own shadows, or geese who insist upon being plucked, whether the lawyer will it or no.

Having thus briefly—more briefly than I could have wished—dealt with the profession generally, let me attempt some sort of classification. All the attorneys I knew would have naturally fallen in under the heads of the persuasive; persis-

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tent; bullying; swaggering; excitable; mild; modest (a small class this); inventive of expedients, or, in English, artful dodgers; harum-scarum, bull-at-a-gate kind of men; inane, who fail to get sense from the witness or give sense to the Court; bouncible; old applewomen; bores (a great multitude); talkers to the gallery.

The foregoing were only the most distinctive individual characteristics of the men, you must understand. Cases there were in which one, two, or more of the qualities I have named united with others, and so formed a compound distinction which at times was very difficult to dissect. Thus the Persuasive was persuasive and bullying by turns; the Swaggering became modest, as a maid on her marriage morn, when it suited him; the Bullying often scowled, smiled, roared, and cooed in such rapid succession that you might have sworn he was a talking doll, with features and voice regulatable at pleasure. The Artful Dodger, when he had no law, which was always, fell back upon metaphysics, the bulwarks of the English Constitution, the framework of society, the universal brotherhood of man, and things of that sort, of which he appeared to have laid in a good stock. The Harum-Scarum changed character seldom. He was like a wooden monkey with a whip-cord tail, by which his arms and head were kept constantly at work. *He* never read law either, except on state occasions, when he would plunge into a profound study of everything that was of no earthly use to him. The Inane was true to his nature, as the needle to the pole; all the gods on Olympus could not have put sense into him, or have imbued him with an original idea. The Bores went by clockwork; turn a handle and they never stopped until they had run down, or the wheels were spragged, and the whole of the machinery sent to hopeless smash. These were the men who talked prose all their lives without knowing it. Of Gabbling Apple-women we had more than enough—"What! What! Eh! Eh! Just so! Exactly! Of course not!" was about the extent of their tether. The showy Talkers to the gallery affected elaborate shirt fronts, eye

The Applewoman

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glasses, rings, gold pencil cases, sprawling briefs (with fees "writ large," twice or thrice as large as they in reality were), and armfuls of books, of which they had learned by heart the titles. These men I have known move heaven and earth to adjourn their cases to a day on which the Court was likely to be well attended, and actually refuse a brief because the case was likely to be argued in an empty house. They could have supplied a whole town with gas at a couple of shillings the thousand. Addressing the court they always had half a face, with sometimes a wink thrown in, for the audience. They had an exhaustless supply of windy nothings, which they asked the court to make a note of. The court woke up, nodded pleasantly, scratched its minute book, and then placidly went to sleep again. Add to these the Beginner who studies his speech in a pub, recites it to an admiring crowd (to whom he good-naturedly stands drinks), and then rushes off into court, just to show how well he can forget every word of what he has learned, and I think you have a catalogue of lawyers complete enough for all practical purposes.

XVI.

WANTED, A RENAISSANCE.

I used to be very much struck with the way in which the older lawyers resisted every innovation and denounced everything new, whether of law or of practice. The very fact of its being novel was its sufficient condemnation. Men of the old school believed in old law, old lawyers, old law books—no matter how long superannuated—and looked down with supremest contempt upon the modern race of men and things. I must say they had a good deal of reason on their side very often. If the old writers, for instance, were somewhat ponderous, they were careful, they were sound; and, better than all, they could index well, which must ever be a great point with the busy man of law. I have heard more hard swearing over the wretched indices of a couple of text books in one day than in fifty Irish assault cases in a month. The old book-makers, they say, have gone. Archbold and Oke, the last of the race, have left no successors. We shall never look on their like again. They could condense, could tabulate—*they* could. Their successors heap things together at random. *Their* books are regular rag shops, and you may as well try index or page arrangement for what you happen to want as search for a needle in a bottle of hay. Index! Zounds, sir, they never know what a man is most likely to hunt after, and how can duffers of their sort write an index?

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XVII.

ONE FOR THE BOY.

Where the younger men used to "have the pull" over the older was in using modern phrases, and popping in modern ideas, in a way calculated to raise a laugh. There is nothing like a bit of fun to take the stiffening out of a man's dignity, let it be never so well starched. Mind you, I am not one of those who like to see age made sport of; on the contrary, I would kick the fellow whose fighting weight was within ten pounds of my own if I saw him trying it on. But where age mistakes pomposity for wisdom, and makes the absence of gray hairs in every instance the occasion of a solenm sneer, I rather relish the repartee which takes away the conceit.

The Beginner.

I remember as well as if it was yesterday the great assault case of Thwackum against Poundem, in which there was a cross summons. Thwackum was a saddler; Poundem a—no, not a snob—boot manufacturer. Both were in a large way of business, chapel deacons, preachers on occasion, owners of house property, and leaders, if not of fashion, of faction, which I should fancy is much the same thing. This worthy couple came to blows one day over a matter in which religion and scandal were so closely entangled that it would be a waste of time were I to stop to attempt the process of unravelling. Thwackum, in the course of the argument, had used a horsewhip, and Poundem a hammer. Thwackum's lawyer, whom the profession had, without leave of the Lord Chancellor, elevated to the bench under the title of Old Scroggs, went largely on precedents, and quoted the *Novum Organon*, at which the crowd in court, who didn't understand a word of it, were delighted. This nettled young Brinks, who had been retained for Poundem, into saying that he wished his friend would talk less Latin and more sense.

"You forget," observed Scroggs with great hauteur, "that you yourself indulged in a French phrase only a minute ago."

"That was because I didn't wish you to understand me," coolly retorted Brinks.

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"Had him there, young un," said a navvy in court, who was at once turned out.

Now, if Scroggs had only known when he was well off he would have let matters drop at this point; but instead of that, old fool that he was, he turned upon his opponent furiously, and said, or rather snorted:

Expelled.

"I suppose you think no one knows a word of French but yourself. The fact is, I've forgoten more than *you* ever learned, or are likely to learn either. If *you* had been in my place just now you would have described Mr. Poundem's conduct as an exhibition of *hammer proper*, I have no doubt."

When it had fairly dawned upon the court that Scroggs, mistaking the pronunciation and meaning both, had been trying to to pun upon *amour propre*, there was a roar all round. Brinks's articled clerk was carried out in a fit.

Scroggs never recovered the blow, and, to tell the truth, I was not very sorry either; because I had heard him on a previous occasion refer to a man who had tumbled off his mare in a street fight as being placed *hors de combat* in a *fracas*, the consonants being beautifully sounded every one. It was time he should cease making an ass of himself; punning and French pronunciation being evidently not in his line.

(*To be continued.*)

MERLIN.

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WELSH POETRY IN ENGLISH DRESS.

THE BRITISH DRUIDS.

AN ODE BY TALIESIN WILLIAMS (AP IOLO).

Translated by THE RIGHT HON. LORD ABERDARE.

PART I.

Continued from "Red Dragon" for September.

THE DRUIDS BEFORE THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

Subtle in speech, vers'd in each wily art,
Keen in reproach, and insolent of heart,
Forth from their host false Tacitus appears
To speak his curses o'er the spotless seers.
Oh Wolf! relentless and of savage fangs!
While thus of peace and virtue he harangues,
He shakes his thirsty weapon at the foe,
Whets its keen edge, and meditates the blow!
But ere th' assault began his furious tongue
Its venom'd load of hate and envy flung:
"The day has come, ye Druids, when no more
Your dark belief shall vex this hapless shore,
Fools who in entrails seek their fates to read!
Soon shall the sword on each devoted head,
Speed, fiercely speed, the retributive fate,
Your cries of terror then shall rise too late,
Outrag'd by you, shall Mercy plead in vain;
Your gory corpses shall oppress the plain.
'Tis justice calls us on; she bids us hear,
And shudder while we list the tale of fear,
How, unrestrain'd by Nature's sacred claims,
Ye hurl your victims in the greedy flames,
And sternly joy to see the flames beneath
Wrap their pale forms in agonizing death!
By such dread offerings would you fain appease
The anger of avenging Deities!"

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With beard reclining on his ample breast
In hoary dignity; with flowing vest
That fell around in graceful folds, arose
Th' Arch Druid, fearless of his threatening foes.
Gentle his aspect, as the smile of dawn,
Peace his sole wish, though hope of peace was gone;
And thus, nor soothing phrase his courage scorn'd,
The faith defended that his life adorn'd:
"There is but One that rules the eternal skies,
One God, one parent, He supremely wise!
Those deeds of bloodshed are to us unknown,
By us abhorr'd, nor are our hearts of stone;
By us no captives in the flames are slain,
We seek no pleasure in another's pain.
But prudence and the fear of mighty foes,
Compell'd us here to seek for mild repose.
We knew the dire calamities of war,
We saw the louring storm and fled afar;
Here have we sought, though haply sought in vain
Refuge from slaughter, freedom from the chain."

Woe! Woe! on every side the bristling spear
Proclaims the gory hour of conflict near;
As howl the mountain wolves in sight of prey
So rung the mingled tumult of that fray.
Woe to the isle! away with hope of flight!
The battle nears, the Stranger rules the fight!
Swift through the air the death-fraught javelin flies,
Fierce rage the swords of ruthless enemies,
And battle-shouts and dying groans arise!
On rush the foe! and see! that maid so bright
Soft as a pure irradiance of light,
Graceful as mountain nymph, oh! wherefore flow
Down her once smiling cheek the tears of woe?
Cold is the heart to which her fondness clung,
Stopp'd is the quivering pulse, and hush'd the much lov'd
tongue!
There lie the brave, the feeble and the strong,
And female forms complete the ghastly throng
Of mangled corpses; they no longer feel
The trampling legions or the piercing steel.
Still the fierce shouts of massacre arise,
The sword still flashes, still the javelin flies,
Increasing havoc strews th' ensanguin'd plain
The soft-eyed virgin pleads for life in vain,
Fair though she be 'midst fairest of the land,
Swift and unsparing falls the fatal brand!
Nor childhood's smiles nor age's piteous form,

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Can melt the victor or avert the storm.
Like the grim tenants of some savage wood,
Who live by slaughter and delight in blood,
So march those ruthless murderers o'er the plain,
Joy o'er the mangled, and deface the slain.
High blaze the stately Monarchs of the Grove;
And in those flames the Ministers of Love,
Sad remnant of the Druid race, lie bound,
The fiery element raging all around.
Fierce are the flames that tinge the lurid skies!
Dread are the sufferer's dying agonies!
But spent at last by self-consuming rage,
The blaze subsides; but perish'd every Sage!
Not one of all that spotless host remains,
Their scatter'd ashes whiten o'er the plains!

PART II.

CHRISTIAN DRUIDS OF THE BAPTISMAL CHAIR.

His country's stay, the valiant and the sage,
Was Bran ap Llyr, the Eagle of his age;
Before him Slavery burst its galling chain,
And baffled Tyrants moan'd their short liv'd reign.
His righteous Government and liberal hand
Had spread the Monarch's glory o'er the land
Ere swept the hurricane of slaughter past,
With Death and Havoc riding on the blast,
Ere treason's lurking blow or open foes
Vext this once happy isle with countless woes.
Nor less distinguish'd in the lists of fame,
The great Caractacus, a deathless name,
His mightier Son, in battle's hour arose,
The scourge and terror of invading foes.
To flight unused, yet seiz'd with well plac'd fear,
The Roman fled before his warlike spear;
At home, the smiling land with joy confest
His sword victorious, and his counsels blest.
But ceased at last his prosp'rous course of fame,
And sorrow, wan and withering sorrow, came;
He fell, unconquer'd yet by open foe,
But Cartismandua dealt the treacherous blow.
His wretched country mourn'd its captive king,
Fierce were their tyrants, dread their suffering;
For there the stern oppressor's vengeful hand
Spread desolation o'er the ravag'd land;
And every rugged hill and cultur'd vale
Return'd the echoes of the general wail.

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They dragg'd the hero from his native home
Sad and desponding to the towers of Rome,
With him, from every earthly comfort torn,
The wretched kinsmen of the chief were borne.

But ere the fleet received each hapless guest,
Old Bran his grieving countrymen address'd:
"Britons! belov'd, but ah! unhappy friends!
When on your freeborn necks the victor bends
His tyrant yoke, though each impatient mind
Brood o'er its wrongs, be manly and resign'd.
Lest greater ills befall you; lest the foe
Urg'd by revenge, and heedless of your woe,
Bear you of friends depriv'd and much lov'd home,
To fill the dungeons of all-conquering Rome;
Where, ever banish'd from the light of day,
Bereft of hope, your fetter'd limbs ye'll lay.
But trust in God; His providence surveys
Your joys, your sorrows, and your secret ways,
Without His will no Tyrant can oppress,
He soon will pity, soon your wrongs redress.
What though your homes th'usurping victor claims,
Your fields despoil'd, your hamlets wrapp'd in flames,
From all your woes, from all your sufferings, rise
Some latent good, some healing remedies.
The fatal blow that rankles in your breast,
That blights your happiness, dispels your rest,
Will end in lasting good; you then will find
Your God supremely wise, supremely kind.
Who can predict that the next dawning day
May see you still to hopeless grief a prey?
Not always reigns the gloomy hour of pain,
But happier days shall bless these shores again."

There dwelt at Rome a man whose faultless ways
And heavenly aspect claim'd the general praise;
Th' Apostle Paul: than whom no Heav'n taught Seer
Of purer virtues, or to God more dear;
Whose counsels fraught with wisdom from above,
Led suppliant sinners to the throne of Love.
Bran of the Golden Torque with rapture view'd
This holy man, with gifts Divine endued;
And who more fit by word or virtuous deed,
To spread the Apostle's sanctifying creed?
For Bran was mild; for him the Gospel light
Shone as the Sun of Life, serenely bright;
He sought its glorious truths; he found its laws
Just and exalted;—and he lov'd the cause.
Nor ceas'd the ardour of the generous chief,

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His soul was center'd in that pure belief,
Firm on its promises he dar'd rely,
Nor tedious thought his long captivity.
He found a Teacher of distinguished praise
To guide his ardour, and direct his ways.
The far fam'd Paul, a saint of heavenly might,
With every gift endued, with every virtue bright.
No longer held in exile's sharp restraint,
Calm, pure, and holy, as exalted saint,
With happy comrades blest, and blest with Truth,
Bran sought the cherish'd palace of his youth.
He came, like blessings sent from Heav'n above
Rich in the Gospel's purity and love.
With him wise Ilid, vers'd in heav'nly lore.
Sought his protector's home, a lovely shore!
With prudent vigour and with temper'd zeal,
He taught those truths sublime he well could feel;
Nor less his ardent friend, the pious chief,
With kindred efforts urg'd that pure belief;
His fondest wish, his constant aim to bless,
His native land with peace and happiness.

With joy the Druids hail'd that glorious Light,
Its holier virtues bless'd their gladden'd sight,
And still devoted to their country's cause,
They lov'd to teach the Gospel's sacred laws.
How soon their souls, with love and virtue fraught,
Receiv'd the spotless faith their Saviour taught!
Then happier days return'd, with alter'd mien
The Bardic brethren view'd the changing scene;
For wisdom fam'd and virtuous deeds, a Seer
Has rais'd those classic walls to learning dear.

Cattwg the wise, rich in the Poet's fame,
The light and glory of the Bardic name,
Floats o'er my mental sight, his country's grace,
The first in virtue, and the first in place.
Learning profound, a judgment strong and clear,
A mind that soar'd above the vulgar sphere
Were his, combined with faith without a stain,
And wisdom such as man can scarce attain.
His birth was Royal; many a Tower of might
Gladly had own'd their Prince's lawful right;
But that his soul to mild pursuits inclin'd,
His humble wishes, unaspiring mind,
Rejected splendour, riches, power and fame,
An ample kingdom, and a regal name,
A land enrich'd with many a fertile plain;
Fortune display'd her choicest gifts in vain;

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These had no charms for him, for he despis'd
The gaudy trappings by ambition priz'd;
To others gave the pomp they lov'd, and sought
The heavenly joys by prayer and virtue bought.
The Bards invited sought Llanfeithin's walls,
Learning and wisdom mark'd those studious halls.
And many a kindling Sage and Druid hung
In pensive rapture o'er their founder's tongue.
The Druid's gentle superstition there,
And the rapt Poet, own'd his fostering care,
Forth from his lips the words like Music flow'd,
And Truth exalted in his actions glow'd.
Oft he exclaim'd in tones of fervent praise,
"How fair is knowledge! oh, how bright her ways!"
Then as the Bardic rules of wisdom taught,
He gave that learning which his followers sought.
These are his precepts to the listening youth:
"That Man alone is just whose guide is Truth,
Alone is happy, if his ways are right,
Bright shall his wreath be, if his virtue's bright.
God, self-created is the Sire of all,
And God alone is wise, whose kingdom ne'er shall fall.
Oh! may the Stone and Gospel aye combin'd,
Pour their full influence on the Sinner's mind;
These, and to bear the cross through toil and strife
Are the sole joys, sole objects of my life."

Safe in retirement were Llanfeithin's walls,
Virtue found refuge in its peaceful halls;
There rais'd the guileless bards the song of praise,
In calm seclusion flow'd their joyous days,
On God they call'd; His sacred name ador'd,
To Him their thanks, their grateful homage pour'd.
Yes! pure they were and rich in heav'nly grace;
These wise renewers of the Druid race;
Nature for them had pass'd her general laws,
To shower her gifts; for God sustain'd their cause!
Yes! God sustain'd their cause! He was their part,
The God who loves the worship of the heart,
The God of Truth, th'eternal source of might,
The blessed God, in matchless glory bright.

First of that host, and tuneful Lord of Song;
The Prophet Bard, Taliesin, flits along,
Light of the world, and glory of the age,
The fervid poet and the gentle Sage.
Skill'd to direct the sinner's erring road,
His native virtue in his precepts glow'd;
Unrivall'd, he in fancy's regions soar'd

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In strains sublime his mystic truths he pour'd;
A liquid voice, poetic visions fair,
Proclaim th' exalted Bard, the Druid of the chair.
Learning's bright torch, of doubts perplexing clear,
Gave light and wisdom to the instructing Seer;
Hear, with the Muse's choicest graces fraught,
The Poet's lesson by the Poet taught;
Hear (as with Angel voice *he* once was heard)
The glorious precepts of Llanfeithin's bard:

"Sublime the Muse pursues her airy flight,
The Star of Fame, the mirror of delight,
The ætherial essence of the liquid skies,
The fairest boon which Heaven to Man supplies!
He is the Bard, whose eye with rapture views
Nature's majestic scenes, her sunny hues;
Whose heart swells high, whose kindling bosom warms,
In contemplation of her varied charms;
Fill'd with her glories, by her beauties fir'd,
Who dares to follow what her power inspir'd?"

The Poet pass'd before my anxious gaze,
The lov'd of Science, and the theme of praise;
While life remain'd, the chief of bards was he,
First of the Brotherhood of Minstrelsy.

Next him, high tow'ring 'mid the Bardic throng,
Aneurin's muse demands the meed of song.
A gentle Bard, the golden Coelbren's Lord,
Nature on him her richest gifts had pour'd;
The favouring muse with varied stores combin'd,
To extend the boundless empire of his mind,
When to his precepts flock'd the attentive youth,
Expansive wisdom mark'd his words of Truth.

"From pole to pole the peopl'd earth survey,
Men of three spirits o'er its surface stray:
The *Man of God*, in whose unruffled breast
Virtue reposes in confiding rest;—
Heedless of human scorn, or human rage,
For evil good returns this generous sage.
The Man of Man, whose low and grovelling mind,
To the gross pleasures of this world confin'd,
Senseless, impervious to celestial rays,
Evil for evil, good for good, repays.
The Man of Satan, whose accursed soul
Revels in crime and sins without control,
Who, foe to virtue, unrestrain'd by right,
Evil for good returns with fierce delight."

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Whence steal those wailing accents on the ear?
Whose are those sighs, and whose that startling tear?
Another Bard advances o'er my sight,
Sad is his aspect, quench'd his joyous light.
The far-famed Llywarch once had youth and grace,
The happy father of a numerous race,
Thousands once bless'd their Monarch's generous reign,
Mighty his kingdom, ample his domain;
Till fortune ceas'd to smile; and frowning shel
Her vengeful thunders o'er the sufferer's head.
Once had the prosperous Monarch lov'd to share
The Orphan's sorrows and the Widow's care,
To check the wicked, to reward the good;
But sorrow pour'd her unrelenting flood,
And leaguered tyrants, and rapacious foes
Threaten'd his reign, and oped the source of woes.
Destruction gather'd—hostile powers assail'd
In force resistless;—and his treasures fail'd;
A houseless wanderer o'er the land he roams,
His subjects scatter'd, and despoil'd their homes;
The victor robbers seize his fair domains,
Where nought but sounds of woe and loud lament remains.

And Llywarch's race, the courteous and the brave,
Is gone,—the green grass springs above their grave;
No more those lov'd, those generous sons shall rise
To bless their wretched father's longing eyes!
Better the tranquil life of soft repose,
Than the wild conflict of unsparing foes;
The gentle smiles of peace are better far
Than the fierce tumult of tempestuous war!
Oh! that those hapless chiefs, from earliest youth,
Had scorn'd the world and sought the paths of Truth,
Had flung aside the hateful arms of strife
To embrace the Druids' inoffensive life!

Death spares nor great nor wise; its withering power
Hath brought wise Cattwg to his final hour.
Stretched on his couch, of mien angelic, lies
With tranquil breast, and heav'n-directed eyes,
The dying Sage; for now the realms of light
And opening Heav'n burst upon his sight.
While as the parting soul the body left,
Quitting its earthly friends of joy bereft,
Swift as it skimm'd along the liquid sky,
And near'd the blest abodes of purity;
What strain seraphic o'er the silence floats?
No mortal songsters wake those quivering notes!
Now smoothly rising, now the unearthly song

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Melts in soft cadence o'er the listening throng.
To soothe the soul releas'd from Mortal pains,
Rhianon's birds outpour'd those heav'nly strains,
Which gently wafted through the echoing sphere,
Fell like enchantment on the ravish'd ear.
Thus of the dying Man with silvery voice
Inviting Angels bid the soul rejoice!

May Britain's Isle, the glorious and the fair,
Truth her unfailing guide, her dearest care,
Dispense afar the Gospel's cheering rays,
To advance her people and adorn their ways:
May Peace e'er prosper, unassail'd by strife,
Secure in conscious purity of Life,
Her arts to cherish, to increase her might,
And lead her safely in the paths of Light;
Then, at the close, her weary journey past,
To banish sorrow, Hope shall dawn at last,
Shall smile at Death, reposing on the word
Of Jesus Christ, our Saviour and our Lord!

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Some typographical errors unfortunately crept into the previous portion of this translation, which we take this opportunity of correcting. Six lines from the bottom of page 241 for "there" read "here"; eleven lines from top of page 243 for "grasping" read "gasping"; fourteen lines from bottom of page 244 for "will" read "wile." The "Ode," it may interest our readers to know, was the chief production of the great Eisteddfod held at Cardiff in 1834, to which year also we owe the present translation.

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WELSH MEMBERS OF FORMER ADMINISTRATIONS.

IV.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

This gentleman's family is a branch of the noble house of Argyll. Archibald, second Earl of Argyll, fell at Flodden in 1513, leaving a numerous family. His second son, the Hon. Sir John Campbell, married Muriella, daughter and heiress of Sir John Calder, of Calder, and through him the descent is traced. John Campbell, eldest son of Sir Alexander Campbell, of Calder, was born about the close of the seventeenth century, and married 17th May, 1726, Mary, sole daughter and heiress of Lewis Pryse, Esq., of Gogerddan, Cardiganshire. In 1727, at the general election of that year, he was elected Knight of the Shire for the county of Pembroke, defeating the former member, Sir A. Owen, who had represented it in three Parliaments. Voting steadily with Sir Robert Walpole, honours now began to shower upon the country gentleman. In 1773 he supported the Government on the great Excise Bill, and he was appointed Governor of Milford Haven in the April of 1734. In May, 1736, on the promotion of Mr. Winnington to a Lordship of the Treasury, Mr. Campbell accepted office as a Lord of the Admiralty. At that time Sir Charles Wager was First Lord, and there were besides six junior Lords, of whom two were naval officers, and the remaining four being civilians, were styled (at least they would now be called) Civil Lords. These seven Commissioners had each a seat in Parliament, so it may be judged what immense influence the Government of the day would have over its members, and the natural claim it must have had upon their "votes and interest." In 1734 and 1736 Mr. Campbell had been re-elected without opposition, and it was not till the general election of 1741 that he had again to fight a contested election; on that occasion, however, he was once more successful, his opponent being John Symmons or Symmonds, who appears to have subsequently sat for Carmarthen. Sir Robert Walpole fell from power in February, 1742, and his young follower resigned with him. But coalitions were then rather the rule than the exception, and it was considered

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nothing out of the way or strange that a Lordship of the Treasury should be conferred upon the member for Pembrokeshire in June, 1746, and this cosy post Mr. Campbell held until the death of his chief, Mr. Pelham, in March, 1754, after which he did not hold office. In 1747 he was elected for Nairnshire, and in 1754 for the Inverness Burghs, for which he sat till the dissolution of Parliament, in 1761. He then remained out of Parliament till he was elected for the close borough of Corfe Castle, in Dorsetshire, in 1772, for which he sat till the end of that Parliament, in 1768, when he retired into private life. He died at Bath, on the 6th September, 1777. It may be taken that Mr. Campbell was not much of a politician, and that his chief delight lay in the pursuits of a country gentleman, for which he was eminently fitted. In politics, from a Whig he gradually became a Tory, but he was not a violent partisan of either party at any time. As regards his settlement in Wales, it is stated in Sir Egerton Brydges' edition of *Collins' Peerage*, that "the Campbells of Cawdor, in Scotland, acquired their seat and estate in Pembrokeshire by marrying the heiress of the Lorts, of Stackpole Court, in that county. The family acquired the estate of Golden Grove, in Carmarthenshire, under very curious circumstances. It is said that two ancestors of the Vaughans, of Golden Grove, and the Campbells, respectively, were shipwrecked, and that the two then made mutual wills, leaving the united properties to the survivor of them, which, eventually, was the ancestor of the Campbells.

Pryse Campbell,

eldest son of the above, was born in 1727. Married 20th September, 1752, to Sarah, third daughter, and co-heiress of Sir Edmund Bacon, Bart., of Garbaldisham, Norfolk. Was elected for Inverness-shire at the general election of 1754, for Cromarty and Nairnshire in 1761, and for Cardigan in May, 1768. Being of Tory principles, Mr. Pryse Campbell (who was a very popular man) was appointed a Lord of the Treasury in August, 1766, under the Duke of Grafton, and great hopes were entertained of his future political career, but all these were doomed to be blighted, for he died, at the early age of 41, on the 4th of December, 1768, greatly deplored, leaving an eldest son, John, who was created Lord Cawdor in 1796.

Sir John Phillips.

Sir John was descended from John Phillips, Esq., of Picton Castle, Pembrokeshire, who was created a baronet in November, 1621. He was the second son of the fourth baronet of the same name, and was born in the year 1700. At the age of 41 he entered Parliament for Carmarthen, and represented that

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borough for six years. He rapidly made his mark in the House, and, having joined the Tories, he soon became, together with Sir John Hanmer and Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, one of the leaders of the old country party, as those were called who strenuously and with much fervour and ability, opposed the Court. Horace Walpole has given him the name of "a notorious Jacobite." In October, 1743, his brother, Sir Erasmus, M.P. for Haverfordwest, was drowned, by a fall from his horse, in the river Avon, near Bath, and, leaving no issue, the title descended upon the member for Carmarthen. About this time occurred one of those striking instances of coalition which abounded in the reign of the first Georges. Overtures made by the Courtiers were accepted by the country party, and accompanied by that once formidable foe, Sir John Hynde Cotton, Sir John Phillips accepted a post under those Ministers whom he had so lately opposed. Hume, speaking of the re-arrangement of the Government, says: "And even Sir John Phillips accepted of a place at the Board of Trade, though he soon afterwards resigned it." To do him justice, however, Sir John was a Commissioner of Trade and Plantations for six months only—from December, 1745, to May following. This period was his full tenour of office. The undaunted patriot and the fiery orator could not endure the fetters of discipline. He was without a seat from 1747 to December, 1754, when, on the death of Alderman Beckford, he was returned for Petersfield, but his prestige was gone, as in the case of many a clever man. He was last elected for Pembrokeshire in 1761, and sat till his death, in June, 1764. By his lady (who died on the 28th September, 1788) he had one son, Richard, who was subsequently created Lord Milford. Sir John is but one instance of that somewhat uncommon, but eccentric, class of politicians, who, though possessed of brilliant talents, are unable to subdue that genius to the ordinary discipline and requirements of political life.

Thomas Morgan.

Mr. Morgan, of Ruperra, Glamorganshire, was of a very ancient Welsh family of distinction, and his ancestors very often served as sheriffs and as members of Parliament. He was the second son of John Morgan, Esq., of Tredegar, by his wife, the daughter of Gwyn Vaughan, Esq., of Trebarried, Breconshire. Born in the reign of William III., he entered Parliament as Knight of the Shire for Brecon, in 1723, and for this county he sat until his death, a period of 46 years. He married Jane, second daughter and co-heir of Maynard Colchester, Esq., of Westbury-on-Severn, by whom he had a family; his second daughter, Miss Jane Morgan, was afterwards married to Dr. Charles Gould. The only office Mr. Morgan (who, most probably, was a barrister) held

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was that of Judge Advocate and Judge Martial to H.M.'s forces, or, as it was popularly called, Judge Advocate General. He was appointed to this office by Sir Robert Walpole, in May, 1741, and he continued to perform his duties for a period of 27 years, during the successive Whig, Tory, and Coalition Ministries of the Earl of Wilmington, Mr. Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of Bute, George Grenville, the Marquis of Rockingham, and the Duke of Grafton, finally resigning it in 1768. It was not usual to swear the Judge Advocate of that period of the Privy Council, and so Mr. Morgan was debarred that honour. His office had, however, a very high privilege attached to it; in virtue of his duties the Judge Advocate was accustomed to present the proceedings of every court martial to the king for approval, and so Mr. Morgan often enjoyed the honour of a personal interview with His Majesty. This office, again, was singular in that, though it was held by a Member of Parliament, it was not till 1807 (and it had been created by Charles II.) that it became usual for its occupant to resign his position with his colleagues in the Ministry. Therefore, during Mr. Morgan's tenour of the post, it was practically a permanency. Once was his seat for Breconshire threatened; at the general election in May, 1754, he was opposed by Mr. Gwyn, when the numbers at the close of the poll were:—Morgan, 682; Gwynn, 433. In his country life Mr. Morgan was popular, and greatly respected, as his ancestors and descendants have always been; and he held the honourable posts of Lord Lieutenant of the counties of Brecon and Monmouth, and the rank of Brigadier-General of the Militia. He died on the 12th of April, 1769, a year after resigning his office.

Sir Edmund Thomas.

This Baronetcy was created in 1694. The first Baronet's great ancestor was Ievan ap Narpwaye, of Tresement, Herefordshire, who was married to Catherine, only daughter of Thomas ap Thomas, of Wenvoe Castle, Glamorganshire, and assumed in consequence the surname of Thomas. Sir Edmund Thomas was the eldest son of the second Baronet of the same name, by his lady, Mary, daughter of the Right Hon. John Howe (commonly called "Jack Howe"), of Stowell, in the county of Gloucester, sometime Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Mary II., and was born about the beginning of Queen Anne's reign. He succeeded to the title at an early age in 1723. He married in June, 1740, Abigail, the daughter of Sir Thomas Webster, Bart., of Battle Abbey, Sussex, and relict of William Northey, Esq., of Compton Basset, Wiltshire (the son and heir of Sir Edward Northey, Knt., Attorney-General). In 1741 he entered Parliament for Chippenham (Wiltshire), for which place he sat in two Parliaments till the dissolution of 1754. Sir

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Edmund possessed the confidence and esteem of Frederick Prince of Wales, and was appointed a Groom of H.R.H.'s Bedchamber, in November, 1742, and this situation he filled till the death of the Prince in March, 1751. In October, 1757, the Princess (Dowager) of Wales constituted Sir Edmund one of the (joint) Treasurers of H.R.H.'s Household. He was appointed a Lord of the Board of Trade in March, 1761, and at the general election of that year was returned for his native county—Glamorganshire. But he was yet to fill a higher office. In the May of 1763 he was appointed by the young king to the responsible post of Surveyor of H.M.'s Woods and Forests ("both North and South of Trent"), and thereupon vacating his seat, he was re-elected without opposition. The office of Woods and Forests is one of those few which existed in Sir Edmund's days, and which are still of importance at the present time, though now its affairs are managed by two Commissioners. The worthy Baronet died at Wenvoe Castle, in November, 1767, leaving three sons—Edmund, his successor in the title; Frederick, an officer in the Guards, who fell in a duel with the Hon. Col. Gordon; and John, who ultimately succeeded his brother as fifth Baronet.

Charles Nassau Thomas,

Son of John Thomas, Esq., and nephew of the above Sir Edmund Thomas. Born in the time of King George III., Mr. Thomas was a colonel in the army, and a devoted adherent of George, Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV). In January, 1795, he became Vice Chamberlain of the Household to H.R.H., and in March, 1812, on the appointment of H.R.H. as Prince Regent, Colonel Thomas was appointed his First Groom of the Bedchamber and Master of the Robes. This post he filled till the Prince Regent's accession to the Throne, in January, 1820, and he died in the following April, unmarried. He was never in Parliament.

Wilmot Earl of Lisburne.

The Vaughans are of a very ancient family. Their far remote ancestor was Colwyn ap Tagno, Lord of Ardudwy (now part of Merionethshire), in the time of Prince Anarawd. A.D. 875. From that chieftain descended Sir John Vaughan, Knight, a distinguished lawyer at the Restoration, who was created in May, 1668, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Bench (Common Pleas). His son, Edward Vaughan, sometime M.P. for Cardiganshire, and a Lord of the Admiralty, died in 1683, leaving a son, John Vaughan, who was created a Peer of Ireland in 1695, by the title of Viscount Lisburne.

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The third Viscount married Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Thomas Watson, Esq., and their eldest son was the subject of this memoir. The "Hon. Wilmot Vaughan, Esq.," as his name would have been given in the olden time, was born in the year 1728. In July, 1754, he was united to Miss Elizabeth Nightingale, only daughter of Joseph Gascoyne Nightingale, Esq., of Mamhead, Devonshire, but he had the great misfortune to lose his young wife before a year had elapsed. After giving birth to a son and heir (who subsequently became second Earl), on the 9th of May, 1755, the Hon. Mrs. Vaughan never rallied, and died ten days afterwards. Seeking for comfort in his great grief, the young widower gazed around for a seat in Parliament as a channel for diverting his distracted feelings. In the following November Mr. John Lloyd, Knight of the Shire for Cardigan, died, and thereupon a vacancy occurred in the representation of the county. Mr. Vaughan was the only candidate, and, on the 3rd of December, he was returned "by Indenture," a very curious way of being elected, and an interesting subject of inquiry for antiquarians. The first office he held was that of Secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to which he was appointed in April, 1761. This office is now called a "Private Secretary," and is one in whom the general public is not much interested, but a century and a quarter or so ago, it was a much more important position to fill; its holder was a member of Parliament, and several of them rose to eminence, as in the case of Mr. Justice Reynolds and the Right Hon. Henry Bilson Leggie, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Vaughan, however, did not occupy it long. At the general election of 1761 he was not returned, and remained without a seat till 1768, when he was again elected for the county of Cardigan, and which constituency he then continued to represent till the year 1796, when he retired from public life. In 1760 the Lord Lieutenancy of the same county was conferred upon him, and in February, 1766, on the death of his father, he became fourth Viscount Lisburne. In the same year his brother-in-law, Thomas Watson, Esq., of Berwick, died, leaving all his fortune to his Lordship. Three years before this, on the 19th of April, 1763, he had married, as his second wife, Dorothy, eldest daughter of John Shafto, Esq., of Whitworth, Derbyshire, and the issue of this marriage were a daughter and two sons, the elder of whom eventually succeeded to the title as third Earl. Lord Lisburne was in politics a Tory, and, having served his Ministerial apprenticeship, he was appointed a Lord Commissioner of Trade and Plantations in December, 1768, by the Prime Minister, the Duke of Grafton. Very curious was the constitution of this Board: it consisted of a First Lord, who acted as President (and who, for some years, held at the same time the seals of the American Department, or Third Secretary of State), and six or seven junior

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Commissioners, with a salary of £1,000 per annum each. Besides these there were a staff of clerks, with a secretary and under-secretary at their head, who did the real work; and when the office was re-modelled and its eight Commissioners put out of commission, their absence was not felt. And yet, notwithstanding these Lordships of Trade, as they were shortly called, were little removed from being sinecures, it may well illustrate the anomalies of official training in the eighteenth century to state the obvious fact that statesmen after statesmen, who afterwards held the highest posts, and rose to the foremost rank, almost invariably commenced their career by being in the commission, either the Board of Trade, the Treasury, or the Admiralty. In fact, it was no unusual thing for gentlemen to pass successively from the Board of Trade to the apparently somewhat higher status of the Board of Admiralty, and from thence to the Treasury. Among themselves the Commissioners took precedence according to the seniority of their first commission; in all subsequent commissions the old Commissioners were renamed along with the new members, and did not vacate their seat in Parliament (for the eight had seats) on each fresh commission. On this subject an interesting debate took place in the House of Commons about the year 1775, the Opposition failing in their attempt to have it declared that the re-insertion of a Commissioner's name in a new commission was equal to a direct and original appointment. In February, 1770, my Lord was transferred to the Admiralty, and a Lord Commissioner thereof he remained through many successive commissions till March, 1782, when, on the fall of his chief, Lord North, he retired with his colleagues, but, unlike that statesman, he never after joined a Ministry. Lord Lisburne was raised to an Earldom in the Peerage of Ireland in July, 1776, but this promotion did not interfere with his seat in the Lower House. His Lordship died on the 6th of January, 1800, in his 72nd year, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Wilmot. As a statesman he could not be said to excel, neither did he exhibit the power of oratory, but he was a steady-going politician of a mild type, and popular both with his colleagues and with his constituents.

Matthew Lewis.

This gentleman, in his official career, is a striking instance of the curious circumstances under which Government appointments of a permanent nature were filled in the eighteenth century. Born in the time of the Second George, and being a wealthy man, having large plantations in Jamaica, Mr. Lewis was, without having ever before held office, appointed to the responsible post of Deputy Secretary at War. Such a circumstance demands a little explanation and inquiry. The office of

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Secretary at War was created by King Charles II., the original title being that of Secretary to the Forces. As time went on, the staff of clerks became increased; and by the time of William and Mary, three chief clerks were appointed to superintend the War Office under the Secretary at War. The wars during Queen Anne's reign occasioned a vast increase of business, and, consequent thereon, the chief clerk now became known as Deputy Secretary, with, of course, a higher rank and more power. This office was always of a permanent nature, its holder never sat in Parliament, and he was appointed by each successive Secretary at War, and not by the Sovereign. Mr. Lewis was the only one who held this post without having previously held a clerkship in the War Office. But his appointment turned out a very satisfactory one, and for twenty-eight years, in times of peril and of war, he retained his position, and was the faithful guide and aid of many successive War Ministers. Originally appointed by Lord Barrington in December, 1775, he served under the Right Hon. Charles Jenkinson, Thomas Townshend, Sir George Yonge, Right Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick, Right Hon. William Windham, and Right Hon. Charles Yorke, and only resigned on account of his increasing age and infirmities in August, 1803, when his long services were rewarded with a pension. He died soon afterwards, leaving a son, Matthew Gregory Lewis, who became known as the author of a work called *The Monk*.

Sir Charles Gould Morgan.

An eminent civilian, he was born in 1725, and was the son of King Gould, Esq., who was for many years Deputy Judge Advocate, and who died at Little Ealing, Surrey, in July, 1756. Having adopted the same profession as his father—that of an advocate of the College of Laws (Doctors Commons), young Mr. Gould took the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, and soon attained to notice. About the year 1754 he was also appointed one of H.M.'s Council learned in the law, and in a few years' time he became deputy to Mr. Thomas Morgan, the Judge Advocate General. This subordinate post he filled with such diligence that in 1768, on the retirement of Mr. Morgan, he was appointed Judge Advocate General in his room. Dr. Gould had, therefore, it may be well believed, obtained the confidence and esteem of his chief; and it will be learned without surprise that the rising civilian was married to Miss Jane Morgan, the eldest daughter of the Judge Advocate. Several children were the issue of this marriage, the eldest of whom subsequently became second Baronet, and his eldest son was created Lord Tredegar in 1858. In 1778 Dr. Gould was elected for the borough of Brecon, in the following year he received the honour of Knight-

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hood, and in 1787 he was returned for Breconshire, which he represented till the general election of 1806, when, on retiring from Parliament, he received the unanimous thanks of his constituents. Sir Charles, in the year 1792, assumed, by Royal permission, the surname and armorial bearings of Morgan of Tredegar, in compliance with the testamentary disposition of his brother-in-law, John Morgan, Esq. On the 30th of October, in the same year, his Majesty conferred a patent of Baronetcy upon his faithful servant, in recognition of his long and eminent services; and during the Addington Administration, in September, 1802, Sir Charles Morgan was sworn of the Privy Council. He resigned his office in March, 1806, after having continued Judge Advocate for thirty-eight years successively, the longest period of official service in posts of such high rank. At the same time he quitted Parliament, and died soon afterwards, in December, 1806. His services speak for themselves, his honours bear testimony to the esteem in which he was held by his Sovereign, and the graceful act of his constituents proves that they were proud of his great career.

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THE HAPPY LAND.

Just off the shores of North Wales, and but a little way from Anglesey, is our favoured, our Happy Land. It is called Bardsey, a small island that has its history and its legends, and, hear it all ye who complain of the public burdens, here there is no income tax, no dog tax, no carriage tax, no servant tax, no game licence, no tax on armorial bearings, no tax on anything. Our happy land is, in brief and in fact, exempt from taxation. Favoured isle! If the primitive inhabitants are taxed at all, it is when the luxuries of life are obtained from the opposite coast; when the good dame gets her tea, and the farmer has his little parcel of tobacco, and a bottle or two of "something" to mix with the milk at night. Otherwise they may live unto the end of the chapter untaxed and in full enjoyment of the blessedness of perfect freedom.

The Welsh name of Bardsey is Enlli, supposed to be derived from *Yn y Llif* ("in the current"), a very appropriate name, as in the narrow strait between it and the mainland there is a furious "race," in which many a good man has gone down. The English name of Bardsey was given from its having been the place of retirement of a great number of bards and holy men. Bishops laid aside their mitres, warriors their swords, and there, in holy meditation, passed the remainder of their lives. No matter what party was in power, from the time of Alfred the Great down to that of Mary the "Bloody," and on to the Commonwealth, the waves of civil discord never touched this happy land. There, with no ambitious aim, no tie of the world, love, friendship, or business to distract the attention, the shades of life's evening passed silently into night, and the curtain fell noiselessly on the great drama of existence.

Twenty thousand saints or holy persons are said to have been buried in this little island, almost rendering literally exact the panegyric of the American poet on England, that each speck of dust was that of warrior, saint, or sage. All now left of its old character are the ruins of the cathedral, and the remains of the burying ground. The cathedral dates from 522, the time of the great Pelagian heresy, when it was founded by Dubri-

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cius. To this place, after the stormy meeting of the ecclesiastical council of Llanddewi-brevi, went our Saint to exile, leaving the field to St. Dewi. From some of the older Welsh poems one gains an idea of the cathedral and the times. Celli, *temp.* 1450, mentions its fine elegant windows and its chandeliers, and one is left to imagine a very ornate structure with all its accessories; but Deio, son of Black Evan of Cardiganshire, a noted poet, gives quite another view, and very likely the true one. We are apt to associate the monks of old with venison pasties and old port; in fact, with good living generally. Painting and song have handed this down as a tradition to us, and the holy friar with a rubicund nose, and a sly twinkle in the eye at Dame Dorothy, has become associated with historic certainties. Hear Deio, the son of Black Evan, whose experience of the abbot of Bardsey was a different one. Deio had heard a good deal of the abbot's bounty, and on the strength of it wrote a *Cywydd*, or poem, in praise of him. This is generally what bards did, especially when they wanted favours, such as the gift of a net, or some other necessary. Deio hired a boatman and crossed into Bardsey; but instead of a generous entertainment, venison and foreign wines, such as one of the bards describes as having been imported into Anglesey, he had musty bread, "lively" cheese, and sour buttermilk. He at once burnt his poem, and these are some of his reflections afterwards:—

Madog Ammhadog un hynaws a'i dy
Wedi ei doi a gwyngaws,
Ac es 'lio ei nenn a hen gaws,
A chare ei logell a chaws, etc.

The purport of which is that Madog was an awkward wretch, self-willed, with a house thatched and ceiled with dry cheese, and his cupboards filled with the same dry commodity. This austerity corresponds with the statements current in history of the self-denial and rigour of life practised there in preparation for the reward to come, the isle being known amongst holy men as the Gate of Paradise. One of the advantages of the place in ancient times was said to have been conferred on account of the prayers of Lleudad (Sanctus Laudatus). This was the privilege of departing this life by seniority, "so that like grapes in the vintage, the ripest, namely, the eldest, was cut down first." This privilege was enjoyed, so it is said, for many years, until the brethren "fell away from grace," when they lost it, and took to dying like ordinary mortals.

Bardsey is now a thinly populated spot, and its old glories have departed. The sixty or seventy people who live there earn a living chiefly by fishing, the produce being taken to Liverpool. Excellent barley is grown there. The inhabitants are tolerably independent of the opposite coast, and enjoy

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something like a primitive and paternal government. When one dies, the service is read by the most competent of the villagers, but generally the mourners like to take their dead by boat to Aberdaron. They have a king there, or had, up to a few years ago, in the person of one of the most comfortable of the farmers. After his death there was an interregnum, and we are not aware whether a successor has been appointed. The island is the property of Lord Newborough, and, as we stated, enjoys an immunity from taxation. Some time ago an effort was made to bring the islanders within the pale of imperial taxation; but, by the efforts of the Rev. J. Griffith, Rector of Merthyr, their freedom was confirmed. They were so delighted at it that the rev. gentleman has had to avoid visiting the island or, in spite of himself, they would have made him king. Once he informed us that, conversing with a Bardseyite on the government, he asked the latter, "Why not elect the widow of the late monarch? She is a comely, middle-aged woman—let her govern." "No, no," was the reply, "we don't want a woman to govern us." "But," said the Rector, "*we* have one, and we are happy." "Yes," was the rejoinder, "that's all very well for you who live on the continent; we islanders must have a king." Happy land! we have said enough to induce many a pilgrim to journey there in coming summer times. Those yearning for a new land, new sensations, may find both in Bardsey, and lest the cheese, bread, and buttermilk of Deio's time still linger there, we may say that creature comforts can easily be taken from the mainland.

EDITOR.

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THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE WELSH NATION.

By One of Them.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL CHARACTER.

II.

The foundation of society lies in the individual. If, therefore, we would ascertain what are the prevailing characteristics of a people, we must first of all enquire into the temperament, disposition, and tendencies of the individuals of which it is composed. The Welsh people are, like all their brethren of Celtic origin, emotional, and their feelings are of great depth and strength. They are, consequently, excitable, capable of great effort when aroused into enthusiasm, formidable when stirred with passion, and strong, often inordinately strong, in their attachments and hatred. They are not, however, so easily excited as are the Irish, and their emotion is of a much deeper kind than the lighter politeness and dash of the French. Nor is there anything among them approaching the ignorant frenzy or unreasoning noise of an English mob. Their feelings are deeper, stronger, more enduring, and they are held within much stronger restraint than in the case of their relatives and neighbours just mentioned. The excitability and liveliness of the Welsh are not often seen, except in public, by a stranger. There must be a degree of acquaintance and familiarity established before the native liveliness of the Welsh is displayed before others in private. The vivaciousness of their nature is repressed a good deal also by the loneliness of the life they live, spent, for the most part, as that is, in lonely farms and cottages among the hills, and in the quiet of villages and small towns. Perhaps, on this account, it breaks out with greater force on occasions favourable for its development.

Illustrations of the deep emotion, the excitability, as well as the self-restraint with which it is guarded, are seen, for example,

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in the earnest looks and rapt attention with which a great congregation listens to a favourite minister, and in the wild pathetic wail of a hymn sung to a favourite tune as it is repeated and repeated with increasing fervour and power. But, however exciting the religious service, we never, with the exception referred to further on, hear the ranting, the wild ejaculations, and the ill-placed responses, or see the intense nervous and muscular excitement which are so common among religious revivals in England, and in the services of those bodies of Christians which have taken the deepest hold on the masses of the English people.

Both the excitement and restraint are seen in the eager listening to, and appreciation of, a lecture, especially if it be on a political or controversial subject. It is amusing to see the upturned faces; the enjoyment of joke and repartee, and to hear the hearty applause, but seldom or ever is there anything like the egg throwing, the "Kentish Fire," and the other English methods of drowning a speaker's voice when unwelcome words are spoken. The excitability of the people is illustrated by the lively conversation among farmers and labourers in the public-houses at a fair, among those who are silent and sober for months between such gatherings, but seldom or ever is there the loss of self-control that leads to the scenes of brawling and fighting so common to both the Irish and English on such occasions.

The vivacity and sprightliness of the people are well observed, too, in a railway carriage, when young people of both sexes are returning from a fair, an eisteddfod, or a religious gathering. There is a quickness, a sprightliness, a flow of soul and wit in the conversation, and a demonstrativeness in the attentions paid to either sex which soon bespeak a Celtic origin; and more, there is all this without the grossness observed among similar classes in England after a pleasure fair—English peasantry and small farmers returning from a literary and musical festival being an occurrence which, until recently, was very rare. This last observation leads me to the consideration of a delicate subject, which I may not pass over, and which I desire to speak fairly of, and with care. This is the morality of the people; a point on which English writers often charge the Welsh with considerable remissness, and in proof of which they adduce the number of illegitimate births in Wales.

In answering this charge, it must be remembered first, that to a large extent the rural Welsh are the children of nature. They know, in their native country, but few of the restraints known under different conditions of society in town life in England. There is, also, it may be, more unrestricted intercourse and conversation between the sexes, when, on the occasion of great gatherings, they are thrown into each other's

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society. We must also take into account the ancient accepted customs of the country—customs that still exist without any sense of wrong being attached to them in all primitive conditions of society, as in the remoter parts of Lancashire and the Northern English Counties, in Scotland, and throughout the whole Scandinavian peninsula of Norway and Sweden—and the neglected spiritual and moral condition of the people up to the middle of the last century, together with the example set the common people by their superiors, and even their spiritual instructors up to that date. Then I think I may say boldly that, even if the charge of an excessive number of illegitimate births, as compared with other countries, were sustained, the general charge of immorality would not be sustained. There is little or no open and professional prostitution even in towns. Very few Welsh girls are ever found among "abandoned women" in English towns. As servants in English families, Welsh girls are noted for their respectability and propriety of behaviour. The marriage vow is held and kept very sacred. Children love their parents, and in all their wanderings they turn with loving, respectful eyes towards their Welsh homes. The truth is, that as in the other cases cited, possessed, as the people are, of strong passions, generally favoured with robust health, and thrown into close proximity as the sexes are by the general seclusion of their country life, there is the same self-restraint shown as manifested in the other illustrations I have given, otherwise the results would be worse than they are asserted to be. But, as a matter of fact, the charge of excessive illegitimacy is not sustained. In Scotland, in Westmoreland, and Lancashire, and in many English counties, it is exceeded.

Further, I think it may be fairly claimed for the rural Welsh that they are far above that state of vice and disease, which, as the master and mistress of many an English workhouse can testify, is the common condition of large portions of the English rural population. It is difficult to obtain statistics, but I may cite the testimony of a master of a workhouse on the border of North Wales, comprising both English and Welsh people. He writes in reply to my enquiry:—"Taking the last ten years, more English than Welsh girls have been confined in the house. There have been fewer Welsh than English inmates, and less out-of-door relief has been distributed in the Welsh than in English parishes." Still there is room for improvement, and magistrates in affiliation cases have frequent reason to condemn the close familiarity between engaged lovers, which is allowed and recognised by the peasantry of the remote districts in Wales. Bingley, writing in 1798, describes the practice of "bundling" as at that time it was known in America, and as then practised by the peasantry of Carnarvon, Anglesea, and Merioneth. "The lover steals under the shadow of night to the bed of his fair

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one, into which, retaining his clothing, he is admitted without any shyness or reserve." "This strange custom," he adds, "seems to have originated in the scarcity of fuel and the consequent unpleasantness of sitting up without a fire." The custom, happily, is far less prevalent in North Wales than when Bingley wrote, but it is still very largely practised in the counties of Cardigan, Carmarthen, and in the north-west of Pembroke, although, even there, owing to the spread of knowledge and the influence of religion, it is less common than it was. It will be easily understood that among people by whom the practice is recognised, the frequent consequences are not so seriously estimated as they would be among a different community. Still it is fair to the Welsh to say that the practice is by no means confined to them, being common in Lancashire, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, and in America. At the same time clergymen, ministers, and all persons possessing influence, cannot be too careful in trying to induce a higher and finer tone of feeling among the people generally. The Welsh are, generally speaking, a sober people. There is, it must be admitted, a good deal of drinking at times. For example, at fairs, farmers, who, except at such times, rarely touch beer or spirits, will drink a good deal. They meet in the public houses, partly to transact business and partly as old friends; and on such occasions glass after glass is drunk until they have had a good deal more than they ought. At such times every room in every public house is crammed full. The rooms also are filled with smoke, and the floor is in a very unpleasant state, the carpets, where there are any, having been carefully removed the day before. But there is very little ordinary public house drinking or "fuddling" in the Principality, and even less on Sundays, the principal exceptions being in the great centres of mixed population. The movement in favour of the closing of public houses on Sundays was almost universally supported by the inhabitants.

There are many practical teetotallers in Wales, and many of them are such without having taken a pledge or attaching themselves to a temperance society, the habit of sobriety arising partly out of the very frugal habits of the people, and partly through strong religious conviction and influence. Until within the last few years the Welsh Presbyterians insisted that all members of their churches should be total abstainers from intoxicating drinks. But this rule, if it still exists, is not now enforced. It was unnaturally strict, and so was often evaded, and it led to much duplicity and to difference in the churches. Still, most ministers are practically teetotallers, and do much to encourage sobriety among their flocks. Whether from the loneliness of their lives, or from any other cause, the Welsh are great smokers and chewers of tobacco. Both these

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habits used to prevail to a disagreeable extent among a former generation of ministers, as those who were accustomed to entertain them will well remember. There used to be a good deal of unseemly spitting, too, in the pulpits and pews and aisles of places of worship since I can remember, care not being taken in Welsh churches and chapels, as in those in Germany, to provide boxes filled with sand as spittoons for the male portion of the worshippers. This irreverent habit has almost entirely passed away, but the habits of the men are very apparent in railway carriages and in places of public resort. The officials of Welsh railways have much to do to confine the habit within proper limits. Indeed, they often seem powerless in the matter. It is a habit too often indulged in without the least regard for the comfort of fellow passengers. Therefore, although it is a habit by no means confined to the Principality, those who have the guardianship or guidance of public morals cannot speak too strongly against its untimely and disorderly indulgence.

The Welsh people are often charged with a tendency to prevarication, guile, untruthfulness,—in plain words, lying. That "Yes, indeed truth," is a Welshman's lie, is a common expression on the borders of Wales. The word "tandowy," whatever its etymology may be, is also a word often used to denote sneakish cunning, and duplicity in the same district. Then, as shopkeepers in border towns know, there is a good deal more bargaining and chaffering required in dealing with the Welsh than with the English customers. In buying of a Welshman, too, the common idea is that, like a Jew, he asks just twice as much for what he has to sell than what he is willing to take. The charge seems strengthened, too, by the apparently extreme unwillingness of a Welsh jury to convict a prisoner, although this is of less frequent occurrence than it was formerly; as I think on account of the reason I shall presently state. At first we are led to suppose, and indeed, the supposition may have some truth in it, that some of the finesse, the craftiness, and the wordiness that belongs to Eastern nations, especially in the matter of buying and selling, still lingers in the composition of the descendants of the ancient Cymri. The habits may also have arisen from the fear of being over-reached or taken in, a fear that would be naturally heightened by difficulties with respect to language.

These difficulties, allied, doubtless, with the clannishness of the people, have had much to do with the perversity of Welsh juries. All the process of the trial is in a language unfamiliar to them. They fail to understand the summing up of the judge or the pleadings of the counsel, couched, as these have been, in a kind of English least of all familiar to them. Magistrates, lawyers, counsel, and judge were all, until recently, aliens to them, either in sympathies or language, or both—the prisoner

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was one of themselves, and they gave him the benefit of any doubt. But with the better understanding of English on the part of the people, and with more sympathy shown with them by the educated classes of their own countrymen, this difficulty and reproach in connection with Welsh juries are being removed. That there are people in Wales given to duplicity and lying, as well as everywhere else, I do not for a moment deny; but the question is, is the duplicity greater in proportion to the number of the population, class for class, than it is in England—the falseness, for example, common in the highest circles of society, where servants are bidden to say their master or mistress is not at home; or the deceit and over-reaching and cunning common from the Stock Exchange to the remotest fair in the country. I think it is not. I speak from a good long experience, and I say that the most truthful, reliable, and honest servants I have had have been Welsh girls. Tradesmen on the borders will testify that the most reliable assistants and workmen they have had have been Welshmen. While the position to which Welshmen have attained as merchants, builders, bankers, and lawyers, and, as compared with Englishmen, in numbers far beyond their ordinary proportion, proves, I think, that there is no innate tendency to duplicity in the Welsh nature; that there is, perhaps, the average quantity of falseness that prevails in human nature, may be true. And this, seen in the members of a small community, free for the most part from flagrant crimes, and with a distinction in language and manners from their neighbours, has made the amount of the fault to become prominent and marked.

D. C. Davies, F.G.S.

(*To be continued*).

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A WELSH GHOST STORY.

I have not had many startling experiences to break the monotony of my quiet life; but to believers in ghosts, the following may prove acceptable. We have always been in the habit of forming a family gathering at my father's home by the sea-side every Christmas, and a very large and merry party we generally were, my four brothers, three sisters, and generally a stray college or school friend, who had no home to go to. Last year, in the beginning of December, my sister and I received an urgent invitation to break through our usual rule, and spend Christmas Day with two maiden aunts, who lived nine miles away in the heart of the most barren Welsh mountains. They were dear old ladies, and we could not disappoint them by refusing to go—more especially as they had become too infirm to join our Christmas party, which they had been in the habit of doing, and we knew that they would be feeling dull and lonely. Accordingly, on Christmas Eve we started, well muffled with furs and rugs to protect us from the frost, which was severe by the sea, but which we knew would be far worse up on the hills, whither we were bound.

A drive of two hours brought us to our destination, and what a splendid panorama of mountains lay out spread to our view! Plinlimon, rising in majestic grandeur, towered in front, surrounded by lesser heights, the deep caverns on whose sides formed wonderful dark shades, which threw up the dazzling white of the snow on the hills around with startling effect. The scenery was very wonderful and grand, but on this cold day we were glad to turn to the cheerful light coming from the open hall door, where stood our aunts, with their old fashioned servants clustering round, to give us welcome.

The house is small and very quaint in its arrangements. On either side of the narrow hall are two rooms, called respectively the north and south parlours. In the south parlour there are double doors, which, being opened, disclose two steps leading into the capacious kitchen, which is the largest room in the house. A dark, narrow passage leads from this to the south wing, where is the schoolroom, which had, apparently, been built on as an after-thought, and had no other approach. A

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brew-house, and numerous other quaint and now useless rooms, are attached to the kitchen part. There are three staircases; two lead to the bedroom floor, the third, which is in the passage leading to the schoolroom, was almost forgotten, as it is the approach to a disused room. It is in a very out of the way place, and my aunts' small household had ample accommodation in the front part of the house. The principal staircase, which runs up from the little hall, leads first to a large bedroom over the kitchen. On either side of this room are two well-rooms, so called on account of a rather steep descent of nine steps which are apt to take strangers unawares on opening the door, and to precipitate them to the bottom.

My aunts occupied the two rooms over the front parlours We sat down to an ample repast, for which we were very grateful, for the keen mountain air had sharpened our already healthy appetites. Afterwards we went into the pretty old fashioned drawing-room, where the scent of the *pot pourri* jars seemed in sweet accord with the dimmed colours of the faded furniture, and the quiet, almost Quaker-like, air of rest and peace over everything in the place. The dear old aunts were full of anxiety lest we should miss the merry home party; but the evident delight which our presence gave them was quite sufficient in itself to compensate for any gaiety we had lost by spending Christmas among the mountains.

"Well, auntie, how are old John Jones and his wife?" said my sister, "we have brought them up a little Christmas box."

"That was kind of you, Elsie; they are grieving over their little grandson, who seems gradually sinking, and yet we cannot find out what is wrong with him. What distresses us is that it gives an excuse for spreading the dreadful superstitious feeling which is so rife among the village people. They will have it that he is struck with the evil eye, and no amount of argument will convince them to the contrary."

"I have heard my father talk of their queer fancies, but he thought that the new board school would, probably, have driven such ideas out of their heads."

"On the contrary, the belief seems rather on the increase. There are two families whose women are believed to possess from generation to generation the gift of witchcraft, and the fear and dread with which they are regarded would be more suitable to some heathen land than to our Christian Wales. Ellen Rhys' grandmother once met your father on the road when he was an unmarried man, riding up to see his father, and he gave her a good talking to for frightening an old woman, a patient of his, by making use of all manner of threats to her. He told her that if he caught her employing her reputation for witchcraft to extort money, as she had been doing, he would have her prosecuted."

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"What did she say in reply?" said Elsie. "Was she angry?"

"All she did, children, was to fix her gaze on your father's face, and wave her stick slowly at him once."

"Did any harm come to papa? He never told us of it."

"An old labourer, who happened to be passing at the time, said, 'Oh, sir, ye had better ha' let her be; she'll sure do you a harm.' Your father only laughed and rode on; but that evening the mare he was riding, a very valuable animal, became stone blind."

"How very odd! Papa has never mentioned it to us."

"Well, my dear, your father was so anxious that the people here should not get hold of the incident, that he does not like talking of it. But, in spite of his precautions, it has leaked out, and you may depend upon it the story has lost nothing in the telling. His explanation that the mare took cold in our stables from being over heated, and, consequently, had ophthalmia, would be laughed to scorn by the wise people here."

"But, surely, I have heard that there is some tradition connected with this very house, though what it is I have never found out. Can you tell us? It would be so nice to have a real good ghost of our own."

At this unlucky remark of mine both the old ladies visibly recoiled in their chairs, and the elder said, "I think we have discussed uncanny subjects long enough, and the sooner we go to bed the better, for *Plygain* is at five o'clock to-morrow morning, and I suppose you will come with us to church?"

We both acquiesced; and, after a few desultory remarks, separated for the night. The rooms assigned to our use were the two I have before described as the well-rooms. Elsie took the one on the south side of the house, and I the one opposite; the large room between us was a state bedchamber, and was unoccupied. Elsie came to my room about five minutes after we separated, nominally to brush her hair, but really, as I found, to discuss the aunts' strange conduct when we had asked about the tradition of the house.

"Do you think the house can be really haunted?" she asked, "and they are afraid we should find it out."

"How can you talk such nonsense? You will make yourself quite nervous. Is it likely that the servants would have stayed here so long if that were the case?"

This seemed to reassure her, and by-and-bye we were both safely and snugly wrapped in the bed clothes. I was just slipping into dreamland when I heard myself thus addressed:—

"Oh, Annie, let me come and sleep in your bed, for I have a conviction that I shall see something terrible if I remain in that room alone."

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"Now, really, you silly girl, the bed is too small for both of us," said I sleepily; "and besides, you would seriously offend the aunts by giving way to such fancies in their quiet, orderly home. Come, go back to bed, remember we have to be up at five in the morning."

To my surprise Elsie threw herself across the foot of my bed, and burst out crying. Her nerves were certainly unaccountably upset. She was not naturally so sensitive. I got out of bed, and persuaded her to come back to her room, where, finding a larger bed, I consented to remain with her, intending to return to my own room when she should fall asleep, to avoid annoying the old ladies.

As we got settled the clock in the hall struck twelve; I was astonished at the lateness of the hour, and was making some moralising remark to myself about the loss of refreshing sleep, which we had suffered through Elsie's nervous attack, when suddenly a piercing shriek rang through the house, followed by another and another. They sounded so close as to make us almost think they came from our room. We had left a candle burning. At the first shriek Elsie started up in bed, with ghastly face and staring eyes. She was, apparently, bereft of speech by the terror she was in, and could only grasp my arm with such tension that I was powerless to move. At the repetition of the shrieks she gave a groan, and fell back senseless on the pillow. I jumped out of bed, and, without stopping to put on my dressing gown, rushed into the passage, where I found that the rest of the household had been almost equally alarmed. My aunts and the servants were congregated in a group, wondering what had happened.

"Where is Elsie, Annie?" they asked, seeing me come out of her room. "Is she ill? Surely it was not she who screamed so terribly?"

"No indeed, Aunt Janet, she is so alarmed that she has fainted. Do, pray, come and help me to bring her to. The noise seemed to come from the wall of our room; it was fearfully clear."

Elsie's condition became alarming, for it was a long while before she recovered her senses, and then she was so agitated that all her self-control had vanished. She vowed she must leave the house at once, that if she stayed any longer in it she would go out of her mind. And, indeed, she seemed pretty near that already. At last we took her into Aunt Janet's room, where one of the maids rekindled the fire, and we spent the rest of the night in trying to soothe Elsie, who sat wrapped up in shawls in a large arm chair, with her feet on the fender. I was very sorry to see how grave and careworn Aunt Janet looked. She was blaming herself for having brought us from home, as if she was answerable for the night's adventure.

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We found the servants had not been to bed again after the disturbance; and on Christmas morning our white faces bore visible signs of the night's watch. The mysterious screams were not repeated, and nothing further broke the stillness of the night; but Elsie alarmed us by her pale looks and by the violent shuddering which every now and then seized her. At eight o'clock in the morning old John, the coachman, brought round the fat mare, which took my aunts out about once in three months, and with one of the maid-servants to take care of her, for I refused to leave, Elsie was taken home, to the great surprise of the home party, and to my father's no little indignation at her having, as he thought, indulged in an attack of nerves, at the expense of her aunts' comfort.

"No doubt all this wonderful screaming was some benighted cat locked out in the cold; and if you had only exercised a little self-control, you would have saved a great deal of unnecessary fuss," was his anything but sympathising remark.

"Dick, you must ride up this afternoon, and see how they all are after the upset this sister of yours has given them, and you had better stay the night, so that Annie can return with you to-morrow. And try and help them to have a happy Christmas, my lad, if you can, for they have often shown you great kindness."

As we were preparing to sit down to six o'clock dinner—to which hour the repast had been transferred in honour of the day—to our great surprise my brother Dick rode up to the door.

"Well, aunties, may I spend the evening with you? Elsie's story has tempted me to come and hear the wonderful sounds. It really is quite Christmas-like if we could only see the ghost. What a silly bit of a thing she is!"

"My dear boy, Elsie's fright was very real, and we are so grieved about it; but come in and have some dinner."

After dinner we adjourned to the sweet-scented drawing-room, and spent the evening in quiet chats over past Christmas gatherings. As we separated for the night, my brother said to me: "Look here, Annie, someone has been playing you good people a trick last night, and I intend to investigate the matter. Is the room next to Elsie's occupied?"

"The one on the left hand side is empty, and there is no other on this floor; but I believe there is an old disused room, built in the south wing, whose only approach is through the kitchen, and which is probably next her room on the right hand side."

"When aunts are in bed, let us go and explore it. Neither you nor I are nervous subjects."

I agreed; and shortly afterwards we crept downstairs, through the hall into the kitchen, and then along the dark passage leading to the schoolroom.

"Whereabouts can the staircase be?" said Dick, for the

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candle we carried did not give a very brilliant light. A search, however, disclosed the spiral ascent, little better than a good sized ladder.

"Whew! this smells musty enough to contain a whole regiment of mice; but as to ghosts, the sooner that idea is dispelled the better."

By this time we were in the room. It contained a few old chairs, and a very old-fashioned table, but there was nothing remarkable about either, save the general air of disuse which hung about. The accumulated dust of years covered everything.

"If the screams came from here, no wonder we heard them clearly," said I.

"You don't really mean that you believe the silly nonsense Elsie told us?" said Dick, turning quickly to me.

"I don't know what to believe, but there is no doubt of the screams, for my aunts and the servants heard them, too, only less distinctly."

"Well, that decides me; I shall sleep in this room to-night!"

I hesitated, not quite knowing what to say. It is one thing not to believe in ghosts, and quite another to put oneself in the way of seeing—well, what one would rather not see; so I looked dissent.

"I have no patience with you, Annie," exclaimed Dick. "You are so wonderfully brave in theory, but when it comes to practice you are as silly as Elsie."

This undeserved taunt raised my spirit, and I replied,

"Well, I'll say no more about it; it is you who must suffer, and not I. I shall keep in Elsie's room," I added, half laughing, "so if you want anything you can knock at the wall."

Dick returned with me to get a rug to sleep on, and then, with a good night, we separated.

I lay awake for some time, but at length sleep came, that "death of each day's life," and I slept peacefully and dreamlessly, forgetting ghosts and ghost stories in the arms of the balmy restorer.

Short, however, was my rest. Once more did that frightful shriek ring through the room. As I started up in bed I thought at first it was a dream, the result of our last evening's conversation. But no; again it came, and adding to the horror, I heard Dick's voice shouting my name in tones of agonised terror. My limbs refused to move, and I was paralysed with fright. Oh, that I could go to him, but it was such a long way round to that hateful room. At this juncture my door was thrown open, and Aunt Janet came in, pale and trembling.

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"My dear, dear girl, this is too horrible; what can those shouts mean? I thought I heard your name."

"Oh, auntie," I cried, "it is Dick. He is sleeping in that empty room, over the schoolroom. Let us go to him at once."

By this time the servants had joined us, and we went together along the way I had travelled with my brother in the evening. How long it seemed to my anxious heart! All was silent, but the very silence terrified me the more. He might have fainted; he might, oh, horror! be dead. At the staircase all drew back, each apparently afraid of being the first to enter the room. I snatched a candle from one of the servants, and rushed forward, my anxiety for my brother quite drowning all fear of anything else. They all followed me in. There he lay, my darling brother, pale and senseless. All around him was as undisturbed as it had been when we visited the room in the evening; but he had apparently risen from the rug which formed his bed, in a vain attempt to reach the door, and within two feet of it he lay on his face, with a horrid wound on the side of his head, which had come in contact with the table.

We carried him into the front parlour, and John was ordered immediately to ride to A———— to fetch my father, as our efforts at restoring consciousness were of no avail. We had to wait five weary hours before he arrived. He looked very grave indeed on examining Dick, and insisted on our all returning with him, and locking up the house. We managed, with a little close packing into my aunts' carriage and our own, to get conveyed to A————, and very thankful I was to be one of a large party again, after my weird experiences of the last two nights.

A few days' careful nursing restored my brother sufficiently to relate the history of that awful night. He told us that after he left me, he went up to the deserted room, and wrapped himself, as comfortably as circumstances allowed, in the rug, and in a short time he was asleep. He woke with a start as the last strokes of the clock were sounding twelve to find the room lighted from some source which he could not discover. The light was at first dim, but as it brightened he saw, to his great surprise, a young and beautiful girl, who was standing at the table, looking with intense gaze towards the door. By her side stood an old woman who was apparently in a state of abject terror. Dick said he lay powerless to move or utter a sound. Presently the door burst suddenly, but noiselessly, open, and a man with furious mien and manner rushed into the room, and, facing the old woman for a moment, felled her to the ground. He then turned to the girl, stabbing her again and again with a dagger which he held in his hand. At her shrieks Dick recovered his voice, and shouted, as I had heard him, in an agony of terror. The next moment the man

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turned the dagger on himself, and, plunging it up to the hilt, fell, pierced to the heart. The light vanished, and Dick remembered nothing more until he found himself at home in bed.

Aunt Janet, who was one of Dick's auditors, said:

"You have indeed seen a wonderful apparition, for I can consider it nothing less, as it agrees in every particular with the old tradition of the house, which I refused the other night to tell your sisters, partly because such tales are better forgotten, and also as I had never before heard the screams (for they only recur once in a century) I had little faith in their reality. The legend is as follows:—Four hundred years ago, for the house, although it has had many alterations, is very old, there lived in it an ancestor of ours, Llewellyn ap Gilbert, who married, at the age of thirty, a very beautiful girl whom he had met in England, and who was an orphan, possessed of a fair fortune. He brought her down to his mountain home, and as long as the novelty lasted her life passed away pleasantly enough. But, by-and-bye, he began to tire of the girl who called him husband, and he introduced to the house men of loud voice and rough manner. This terrified the poor young girl to such a degree that she gradually withdrew from their society, and fitted up for herself a room, which is over what we used to call the schoolroom, and there her days were almost entirely passed. The only approach to this room was a steep staircase, built in the passage which lies between the kitchen and schoolroom, so she felt tolerably safe from intrusion. The faithful old nurse, who had accompanied her on her marriage to her new home, was always on the watch from the kitchen, to let her know what was passing in the other part of the house. One evening, as she was sitting working, lonely and sad, nurse Lucy came into the room, and urged her to go and sit in her (Lucy's) bedroom, for the excitement in the north parlour was getting loud. Through the double doors the servants heard their mistress's name several times repeated, and they feared that she might be sent for, as had once before been the case, to 'grace the head of his table,' as her husband had mockingly remarked, but, in reality, that she might be obliged to sit and hear the coarse, repulsive jokes which formed the staple of their conversation at dinner. Helen would not, however, be induced to move.

"'If he wants me, he will find me there as easily as here, and it will only enrage him the more; but nothing shall persuade me to sit at the table with his friends again. Of that I am resolved; I had rather die.'

"Poor girl! she little knew how truly her words were to come to pass. Even as she was speaking the doors into the kitchen were burst open, and steps were heard tramping noisily along the passage under her room.

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"'Leave me, nurse. He may do you a harm if you remain.' He had always been savagely jealous of the love Helen bore her old nurse.

"'Nay, my child, I will not leave you alone with them. They are no better than wild beasts,' she said.

"Helen rose and drew the bolt across the door, while a look of determination spread itself over her fair young face. Scarcely had she done so before the door was violently shaken, as though it was coming off its hinges, and her husband loudly demanded admittance for himself and his friends, who, he said, wished to pay their respects to her.

"She answered that she could not receive visitors at that hour, and begged her husband to dismiss his friends until the morning, when she would be happy to see them.

"By way of rejoinder there came thundering blows on the door, which every moment threatened to give way under the heavy pressure. The men who were outside with Llewellyn evidently became alarmed, and partially sobered at the fury into which he had worked himself, for Helen heard them propose to return to the supper table. However, he vowed that no woman should get the better of him, and he would teach his wife that she would have to bend to his will. Lucy became seriously alarmed for her darling.

"'You had best open the door, my child,' she said; 'he is so enraged.'

"'Never; till those men leave,' she replied. But by this time they had all crept back to the north parlour, leaving Llewellyn to vent his rage on the defenceless woman, like the true cowards they were. One tremendous blow shattered the lock, and Llewellyn and his wife stood face to face. Lucy vainly endeavoured to interpose between them, but a blow on the head felled her to the ground, where she lay unconscious of the horrible tragedy which was being enacted close at her side. Llewellyn rushed madly at Helen, and struck her in the breast with a dagger which he had brought, let us hope, unconsciously, with him from the north parlour. The sight of the blood which poured from his wife's bosom seemed to raise all that was brutal in the man's nature, and he struck her again and again until she fell dead at his feet, when he turned the dagger against himself, and fell, pierced to the heart.

"Their master's rage was so feared by his servants that they had fled from the kitchen to the other buildings, but Helen's repeated shrieks brought them all back, only to find, as they at first thought, three corpses lying on the floor of the room. After a short time Lucy revived sufficiently to tell the tale of horror. The sight of her mistress's murdered body was so great a shock to her that she drooped, and died in a couple of days.

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"Since that time the room has never been occupied until you, Dick, slept in it. The house itself was deserted for a couple of centuries, and it became a tradition among the country people that once in a hundred years the fearful scene of that night is re-enacted."

All I can add to my aunt's story is, that in removing their belongings from the house, for they have never returned there, the old manuscript containing the original account of what I have here written was found, giving the date at which the tragedy occurred as exactly four hundred years ago that Christmas week.

Aberystwith. MARY E. HUGHES.

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WELSH CHARACTER SKETCHES.

A CHILD OF THE EISTEDDFOD.

I want to add one more to my gallery of eisteddfodic children. He to whom I now refer was a character, and deserves a record as one of the old school of bards, now rapidly becoming extinct. He could recall a forty-five years' experience of an eisteddfodic life, dating back to comparatively primitive times. He may be said to have been one of the early temperance eisteddfod men, when the great national institution, as represented in small towns, had a very narrow escape from becoming simply an accompaniment to the public-house. He was one of the rescuers, a *Dirwestol* man, a *Cymmrodorion Dirwestol* man,

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born with an instinctive antipathy to "White Lions," to "Boots," to "Black Horses," or "Black Lions." He liked the eisteddfod for itself, and had no love for the divine afflatus emanating from the beer cask. It was astonishing the fervour he could exhibit. It almost amounted to intemperance. For weeks previous to the eisteddfod he was wild with enthusiasm, and on the day of the gathering in an ecstasy of delight. Certain as the day came he would carry off some small prize, either for a recitation or an englyn. The little bags in which the money was handed him he treasured, and the medals as well, as ardently as a lover does the trifling keepsake of his love. They were far more to him than any of his other household gods—his "chest of drawers," his round-faced clock, his chair. As a miser gloateth over his gold, spreading out the glittering mintages, and hearing them chink as they pass, a Pactolian stream, through his hands, so gloated David. The little bags, the faded silk, the medals, less resplendent than when he won them, would be brought out on state occasions, and the bard's mind would trace retrospectively their history. This one he carried off when a boy; that when another sat with him in the cottage home; this when a small resemblance to himself crowed out from a mother's arms its delight at father's victory.

So ran the history, and then as age and care stole upon the scene, he became more a spectator than an actor; always interested, but rarely taking part. Sometimes a shade of displeasure passed over his face. Prizes were awarded which should have been withheld; prizes withheld which should have been awarded.

"I will tell you what it is," he said to me one day, "I must go and show them how to do it properly; they're muddling." As a veteran with medalled breast "shoulders his crutch, and shows how fields were won," so David would enter again in the arena to show how to do it properly. And he did one day. He entered the lists, not for the prize, he had plenty of prizes; not for the honour,—was he not covered already with a halo?—but to teach the youth of eisteddfodau a lesson: "to show how it was done."

The old bard entered the ring, but the competitors were so numerous that it was necessary to weed out the poor ones at a preliminary hearing. When this was completed, David was left out in the cold! Of course an explanation was easy. Ab Somebody, whom our bard had often defeated, was in judicial authority. His eye twinkled when he saw David, and David's fate was sealed. Such was David's belief.

Perhaps—and I have thought this more likely—David's absence from intellectual jousts, and the long lapse of time during which he had been rusting, were the real causes of his failure. An age had arisen which knew not David; the old

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tide that had swept his feet came not up so far; he was stranded high and dry. A natural poet and a dreamer was our bard; keeping as much as possible aloof from the life of the world, its aims, and ambitions, yet linked to the world by those inevitable cares and sorrows which are the human heritage from the cradle to the grave. Children prattled around him, and the harmony of childhood, drooped in tone, became slower in its measure—faded away. His wife from the helpmeet became the sufferer, the patient lingerer on a bed of sickness, making the struggle harder for him till the end came, and he was alone. His children went out into the world, and had their own battle to fight, their own homes to make and to keep. So flows the current of most human histories.

Few men were more rigid in faith, more child-like in earnest patriarchal simplicity. His mind was full of the pictures which Bible illustrators have invented. "Bring me," he said in his illness, "bring me the picture of Noah." It was one of the cheap prints which adorn cottage homes. "Bring it," he said, "so that I may know him when I see him!" And David is gone to the realisation of his faith—the harps and the melody eternal.

AP ADDA.

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SOME WELSH CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

I have endeavoured to collect into the form of a paper a few of the old Welsh customs, traces of which still remain, and also a little of the superstition which the Welsh, like their brothers the Cornish, have indulged in, and do indulge in now, to some extent.

SHROVETIDE.

It was an old custom in Laugharne, and other places, to have a match at foot-ball on Shrove-Tuesday. The people of the town and country formed into two parties, contending who should be the first to impel the ball to a stated goal at either end of the town. Every house closed its shutters, and barricaded itself with boards. In this contest so many were injured, and the nuisance was so great, that the magistrates, in 1838, at Shrovetide, prohibited the game for all future time. The ball was called the Head of John the Baptist.

LAMMAS DAY.

On Lammas Day (corruption of Loaf-mass) it was the custom throughout the whole of Wales to construct huts of branches of trees and furze, with earth laid on the roof, and call them Lammas houses. They were put up in the morning in readiness for the afternoon, when a feast was made. The huts were often large, in the middle being a rude fire-place, formed with stones, for burning wood to boil the tea-kettle. This festival was conducted on strictly temperance principles. The company assembled brought apples, tea, sugar, butter, cheese, and little apple pies. The farmers near would send milk and cream. The apples were roasted. Having regaled themselves with tea, and indulged in some merriment, the guests left after sunset, setting fire to the hut to light them home. This custom originated in the desire to keep in memory those very old times when they built houses of white wattles and branches of trees to reside in during the summer. Houses formed of white wattles, interwoven with smaller twigs of various colours, representing figures of birds, flowers, and other natural objects, for summer residence on mountains and in woods, are often referred

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to by the poets. So late as the eighteenth century; even later than the year 1760, they were used on the mountains of Glamorgan and Monmouth for summer dancing. People ceased to build them in Laugharne about the year 1800.

ALL HALLOWS' EVE.

It was an ancient custom on All Hallows' Eve to cut branches of the Mountain Ash, and hang them about the room to keep away witches. Cakes were also made on this eve in some parts to keep away evil spirits. They were eaten with ale, called "cake ale." It is still the custom about Laugharne to bake a quantity of barley bread at the farm-houses for All Souls' Day (2nd November), and give it, with cheese, to the poor. Individual householders sometimes expended a large sack of meal for the occasion. Children have a feast of nuts on this eve. They say in Wales that the names of all who will die in the coming year are pronounced in the churches near midnight. An old woman, dead sixty years ago, is remembered by some as going on this eve to Laugharne Church, to stand by the chancel window, where they say she heard the names distinctly called, her own amongst the number. The Welsh word for this eve is "*Nôs-cyngauaf*," "the night before the winter:" *Nôs*, "night," *cyn*, "before," *gauaf*, "winter."

WEDDINGS.

Some very strange customs have prevailed in Wales at weddings. First there was a bidding. This was usual all over Wales, and is still observed in remote districts among farmers, and others of that class. Bidding letters were printed and sent to all their friends, inviting them to the wedding. This is a specimen of such letters:—

March 26th, 1821.

As we intend to enter the matrimonial state on Monday, April 23rd next (being Easter Monday), we purpose to make a bidding on the occasion, the same day, at the young man's father's house, called *Cwmslack*, in the Parish of St. Ishmael, Ferryside, at which place the favour of your good and agreeable company is respectfully solicited; and whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow on us then, will be thankfully received, warmly acknowledged, and cheerfully repaid, whenever called for on a like occasion, by your obedient servants,

John Jones and Anne Brown, late servant to Mrs. Smith.

P.S.—The young man's father and mother and sister desire that all gifts of the above nature due to them be returned to the young man on the above day, and will be thankful for all favours granted: also the young woman desires that all gifts of the above nature due to her, be returned on the above day, and will be thankful for all favours granted. Mrs. Brown and Mr. Brown will be thankful for all favours bestowed on the young couple.

Then besides these bidding letters, it was a very common custom in Wales for a person called a "Bidder (the Welsh term is *Gwahoddwr)* to go about the neighbourhood before the bidding day to proclaim the invitation, and ask for gifts for the young

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couple. He carried a long pole (nearly out of use everywhere now) called the "Bidder's Staff," with ribbons at the end of it. The form of words in which he put the invitation and requested gifts was called a *Rammas*. Any lengthy story or discourse is now called a Rammas. Before he entered upon his real business he gave a song or recited a rhyme, in which he described the dainties and good cheer of the wedding feast. In Laugharne a person called John Williams was the one last chosen for this office, but he died many years ago. When he went about proclaiming a wedding, and repeating the *Rammas*, he wore a white apron, and had a white ribbon tied in the buttonhole of his coat. With his bidder's staff he knocked at the doors. A bag was swung at his back, into which he put the bread and cheese which the people at the farm-houses in the country always gave such personages. The following is the substance of the Rammas, but I have been unable to get it in the rhyme in which he repeated it:—"I was desired to call here as a messenger and a bidder. David Jenkins and Ann Wilkins, in the Parish of Laugharne, the Hundred of Derllys, County Carmarthen, encouraged by their friends, make a bidding on Tuesday next. The young people make their residence in Gosport, No. 11; from thence they go to St. Martin's Church to be married. The two young people return to the young woman's father's and mother's house to dinner. They shall have good beef and cabbage, mutton and turnips, pork and potatoes, roast goose or gant, perhaps both, if they are in season, a quart of drink for fourpence, a cake for a penny, clean chairs to sit down upon; clean pipes and tobacco, attendance of the best and a good song. But if no one will sing, I'll sing as well as I can; and if no one will attend, I'll attend as well as I can. As it is a usual custom with us about Laugharne to hold a sending glove before the wedding, you'll please to come, or send a waggon, or a cart, a horse and a colt, a heifer, a cow and a calf, or an ox and a half, or pigs, cocks, hens, geese, goslings, ducks, turkeys, a saddle and a bridle, or a child's cradle, or what the house can afford—a great many can help one, but one cannot help a great many. Or send a waggon full of potatoes, a cart load of turnips, a hundred or two of cheeses, a cask of butter, a sack of flour, a winchester of barley, or what you please, for anything will be acceptable; jugs, basins, saucepans, pots, and pans, or what you can. Throw in a five pound note if you like; gridirons, frying-pans, tea-kettles, plates and dishes, spoons, knives and forks, pepper-boxes, salt-cellars, mustard-pots, or even a penny whistle. All *pwyths* due to the young woman's father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, aunts, brothers and sisters, and the same due to the young man's father and mother, &c., &c., must be returned to

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the young people on the above day. So no more at present. And if you please, order your butler, or under-servant, to give a quart of drink to the bidder."

The night before the wedding day was called "Sending-Gloves' Night," for on this eve friends came with their presents. Some would bring a sack of flour, some a cask of butter, cheeses, hams, &c., till there was enough to last the household for a year. Besides these they brought bread, butter, &c., &c., tea and sugar, for the nuptial feast. At the dinner on the wedding day a plate was handed round, and each guest gave a present of money, which was called a *Pwyth*. Those who gave these presents expected that, when their wedding day arrived, the bride and bridegroom, whom they now favoured, would bring them presents in return. The presents of money often amounted to £30 or £40. In remote districts these presents are still made, and in Cardiganshire the old wedding customs are heartily kept up. In Laugharne it is the custom, among the lower class, to have a tea-party on the wedding day, when the guests make presents of money, or of what things they please. Previously the bride and bridemaid call at the houses to invite people to come and give presents. They also go round selling buns, made for the occasion, in order to get a little money. For the same reason the family of the bride are allowed, for a few days before, to brew a quantity of beer, and sell it without a licence. On the evening of the wedding day they hold what is called a "spree," at which drinking and dancing are kept up sometimes till midnight.

I will just mention one other singular custom at weddings, discontinued now some years. When the bridal party left the church and mounted their horses, they would gallop away at a furious rate, heeding nothing and nobody; every one had to get out of their way. This seems to have some relation to a custom prevalent in parts of Asia—taking away the bride by force, and galloping off with her. The Welsh as Celts belonged to Asia. As late as twenty-five years ago it was usual, in some parts of Carmarthenshire, after the marriage ceremony was ended, for the young men to seize upon the bride and rudely drag her out of church.

WAKES,

have long prevailed in Wales, where the term for them is *Wilnos* ("wake"), from *wyl*, "a wail," and *nôs*, "night." They were observed in Laugharne fifty or sixty years ago. In the room where the corpse was laid out a number of candles were kept burning all night, the face of the deceased exposed. Friends who were invited to sit up in the room during the night brought presents of candles, tea, and sugar. An old inhabitant of Laugharne remembers a wake being kept when a number of men and

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women played different games during the night in the presence of the dead. One game was called "Trouncing." It was something like blind man's buff. If the young man who was blindfolded caught a young woman, she was his sweetheart for that year. The only remains of the custom in Laugharne now are the presents of candles, &c. On the occasion of a friend's death, in April, 1878, several old friends sent a number of wax candles, requesting that they might be burned over him at night.

I think I referred at a public meeting, some time ago, to the practice of giving cake and mulled beer to those assembled on the funeral day. This was very common even in my time. In Laugharne a large number of people always attend the funerals. Often on a Sunday afternoon you might hear the slow, measured tread of a large company passing down the ancient town to the last resting place. In times a little further back they used, on the way to church, to rest the coffin at intervals upon stones set up for that purpose. Two of these remain. They also used to put down the coffin at every crossway, kneel, and repeat the Lord's Prayer. They did the same upon entering the churchyard. Their care of the dead did not end here, for they planted the grave with shrubs and flowering plants—an ancient custom still observed in Wales. It is a pleasing spectacle to witness on Easter Eve those who have relatives buried in Laugharne churchyard busy putting the graves in order. Every Saturday or Sunday morning crosses or crowns, or simple bunches of flowers are laid on the graves. It is said the custom had its origin in a tradition that the living would not be happy unless they cleaned the graves for Sunday. Really, I think, there is something very striking and beautiful in the care the Welsh show for their dead. An author, writing in 1803, says:—"So great is the reverence of the Welsh for the resting places of the dead, that no one is ever known to touch a flower on a grave; it was considered sacrilege."

DEATH AND FUNERAL TOKENS.

A strong belief exists in the Diocese of St. David's that lights traverse the roads by which the dead will be carried to burial. The funeral procession, too, is seen previously, and the mourners distinctly recognised. One tradition says they appear in answer to the prayer of St. Lanon, who desired that the people might be warned before death came, and so have time to prepare themselves. Another says it was in consequence of a declaration made by Bishop Ferrars, who was burnt at the stake at Carmarthen, to the effect that if his doctrine was true a light would be seen before the death of every person in the Diocese of St. David's. These lights are only seen after sunset and in

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the darkness. I have had many accounts of these appearances related to me by parties of whose veracity and freedom from fanciful imaginations I am convinced.

FAIRIES.

This is the origin the Welsh give to fairies. "In our Lord's time there was a woman who had a great many children. Once, when the Saviour was coming towards her house, by some unaccountable impulse, she hid half her children, so that He could not see them. After He had left she went to the children she had hidden, and they were gone. She never saw them again. These children became the first fairies." Fairies were frequent visitors at Pendine, five miles from my home. The story goes that they attended the service in Pendine church one Sunday, and behaved well; before they entered they hung their cloaks on a sunbeam.

Builth. J. PHILLIPS.

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MARGINAL NOTES ON LIBRARY BOOKS.

ANNALS OF CHEPSTOW CASTLE.

The executors of the late Mr. John Fitchett Marsh, sometime Town Clerk of Warrington, and an industrious careful antiquary, have published in the form of a handsome quarto volume a work on which he had been engaged for something like seven years before his death, which took place in 1880. To this has been given the name of *Annals of Chepstow Castle, or Six Centuries of the Lords of Striguil, from the Conquest to the Revolution.* The editorship has been entrusted to Sir John Maclean, F.S.A., of Bicknor Court, Coleford, who, let us at once say, has fulfilled his task judiciously and with conspicuous ability. The title page informs us that the work was privately printed by Mr. Wm. Pollard, Exeter, to whom also a distinct word of praise is due. Anything better than the general get-up of the book it would be difficult to imagine. The type is an admirable old face, with tasteful black-letter page-headings; title page and dedication are effectively arranged; there are rubricated margins and catch-lines, the whole being printed on hand-made paper—of which the edges are left delightfully rough for preservation of a splendid margin—and bound in black buckram. Trust us for knowing a good book when we see one. Whether we can describe it or not is another matter, although this much we can honestly say: we were determined not to fail in the present instance for want of trying— a statement which must be our apology for this somewhat unusually long introduction.

The *Annals of Chepstow Castle* is only part of a much larger work projected by the author, who, Sir John Maclean tells us, contemplated a *History of the Castles of Monmouthshire.* He had scarcely completed that of the first (Chepstow) when his studies were prematurely brought to a close by a fatal illness in the summer of 1880. The Lords of Striguil, six centuries of whose history the book before us will be found to contain, being amongst the foremost men of the ages in which they respectively lived, the *Annals of Chepstow Castle* is

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something more than a local history. Striguil (Chepstow), named in Domesday Book as Estrighoiel and Strigoielg, is a word of extremely doubtful derivation, in discussing which the author appears to us to incline to the opinion expressed in Mr. Ormerod's *Strigulensia*, where it is suggested "that the name of Estrighoiel, Strighil, or Strigul, given to the Norman fortress on the bank of the Wye, was an adoption of the name of Ystraigyl, belonging to the neighbouring earthwork, which it superseded for purposes of defence"—a Romano-British encampment on Hardwick Cliffs, known as "the Bulwark," where it is supposed a British town at one time existed.

There is another view of the question, and one not here given, at least not in so many words, according to which it has been held that *Strigill* never was the name of the town of Chepstow, which is not of very remote origin, and is composed of *Cheap*, a market, mart, and *stowe;* from the Anglo-Saxon *ceap*, sale, &c., and *stow*, a place, habitation, dwelling, &c. By the Britons it was called *Casgwent*, or *Castell Gwent*, from a British castle situate a little distance west of the present Chepstow, near which, if not on its very site, was the *Venta Silurum* of the Romans, mentioned by Antoninus. It is now called *Caerwent*, and thought to have been the capital city of the Silurian Britons. A castle, five miles south-west of Chepstow, at the bottom of a hill, probably that of Caldicot, the remains of which are still to be seen, was called "Strigill." William Fitz-Osbern, or Osborn, Earl of Hereford, the founder, having been killed in the war with Flanders, and his son, Roger de Bretevill, having been outlawed, and dying without issue, the castle and the manor, together with others, descended to the Earls of Pembroke—the Clares—one of whom, Richard, called Strongbow, was the son of Gislebert, a descendant of Gislebert, Earl of Ewe, in Normandy, who came over as a soldier with William I.

There was another castle erected soon after the Conquest on a rock over-hanging the River Wye, which is the present "Chepstow Castle." This also came into the hands of the Clares, and was held by them and their retainers for a considerable time. The Clares appear to have made their home, at least at first, in Caldicot Castle. This was their mansion; here they held their manorial court, and dispensed justice to their vassals. But as courts came to be held in the other two castles just named, all three came to be called by the name "Strigill"—the castle of Chepstow as well as the other two. Hence Chepstow was anciently called "Strigill." The Earls of Pembroke (the Clares) in ancient records are often called Earls of Strighull, Strighul, Strigul, Striguil, &c. In more modern times, Caldicot Castle and that of Chepstow were called Strugle. To this very day the manor courts held here are called *Striguil*, or courts of Striguil. Thus, from the name of a neighbouring

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castle, *occupied* by the Earls of Pembroke, the Castle of Chepstow and, perhaps, the town itself, analogically, or in a judiciary sense, acquired the name Striguil. In Powell's translation of Caradog of Llancarvan's History the name is spelled *Strigyl*, but in the map to the same Strigule. Camden, in his *Britannia*, calls it Strig-hul, but in his map of Monmouthshire we meet with "Strig-hall at Strugle Castle," which place is marked at about five miles west of Chepstow. Further we find the following valuable remarks in Camden: "The lords of this place (Chepstow) were the Clares, Earls of Pembroke, who, from a neighbouring castle called Strig-hul, where they lived, were entitled Earls of Strig-hul and Pembroke. . . . Five miles to the west (?) of Caer-went is seated Strig-hul Castle, at the bottom of the hills, which now we call Strugle, but the Normans Estrig-hill."

Having ascertained the locality of "Strigill," or *Strig-hul*, or as it is called by the Normans, Estrig-hill, and the cause that Chepstow was so designated, the question remains, What is the meaning of Estrig-hill? Is it a Welsh, Anglo-Saxon, or a Norman word? As we do not find there was here anciently any hill called Estrig, Ystrig, or "Strig," it may be thought that the word "hill" or "ill" is a corruption of hall. Ystrig may be a Celtic word, meaning here a dwelling, a mansion, for we have to this day ystre, ystref, *trig*, trigva, &c., all meaning a habitation, an abode. But the Normans had such place-names as Estre, Astre, &c.; as Astre-vile, Esterling. Some think it probable, therefore, that Strigill is a word of Norman origin; and that the castle, in which the Norman lords lived near Chepstow, was called, not exactly as Camden says, Estrig-hill, but Estrig-hall; that is the castle in which the lord both dwelt and held his court; perhaps in contradistinction to other castles in which the lord himself did not dwell. In Anglo-Saxon times the word "hall" was used for the name of a court of justice, and manorial lords, nay, even kings, held their courts of judicature in their own dwelling-houses or the castles in which they lived. This is still done in Spain. The Anglo-Saxons called the court of the lord of the manor *Halle*-Gemot.

Mr. Marsh, unfortunately, did not reckon a knowledge of Welsh among his accomplishments, neither does Sir John Maclean. This would have helped the former in the collection and the latter in the editing of historical material pertaining to a county so thoroughly Welsh as Monmouth. The derivation of Striguil has been pretty generally supposed to be Welsh, or, if not Welsh, Latin of a form approaching Welsh rather closely. Roger Gale, Mr. Marsh tells us, and after him Mr. Wakeman, suggested "Strata Julia," or its Welsh equivalent, "Ystrad-Iwl," as the derivative. And although Mr. Ormerod, and with him the present author, may think differently, we must confess

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that we ourselves somewhat incline to the opinion that old Gale and Mr. Wakeman are not so very far off the mark. Let us add one more to the many etymological theories advanced on the subject. The Romano-British encampment on Hardwick Hill, already referred to, being the tarrying place or head-quarters of "Iwl" (or may it have been Hywel, or Hoiel?), the Roman commander, the district lord, what more likely than that the village or house-cluster, or whatever it might have been, springing up in the shadow, under shelter, *at the foot*, of this "Bulwark," should derive its name therefrom? "Troedyrhiw" is the Welsh nominative applied to a village at "the foot of the acclivity;" "Tynygarn" is "behind the mound." Ys-treig-Iwl, by a parity of reasoning, may mean "under the tarrying place of Iwl:"—*Ys*, under or beneath; *treig*, where tarrieth, from *treig-lê*, the tarrying place; and *Iwl*, Julius. Mr. Ormerod points out that "Ystreigyl is referred to by Cynzelw [should be Cynddelw, pronounced Kuntheloo, with the *th* as in "then;" one of those little slips which lead one to suspect the value of Mr. Ormerod's Welsh attainments], a bard of the twelfth century, as one of the extreme limits to which his hero, Owain Gwynedd, had extended his sovereignty." But enough of this. Having noted that Caradog of Llancarvan gives the name as "Strigill," and that from ancient chronicles and modern works Mr. Marsh adduces no less than seventy-one orthographical varieties of the word, from which he has selected "Striguill" for normal use, let us leave the region of etymological speculation for the somewhat firmer ground of historical fact.

According to Domesday Book, Striguil Castle was built by William Fitz-Osbern, Earl of Hereford and Lord of Wight, in England; Count of Breteuil, Pascie and Ivry in Normandy. He was son of Osbern de Crespon, whose father, Herfast, was brother of the Conqueror's great-grandmother. It is to him, if we are to credit the *Roman de Rou* cf Master Wace, the invasion and conquest of England are in a large measure due. Next to Duke William himself, William Fitz-Osborn was the prime mover in the expedition, if not indeed the man who planned it, and whose bold advice and unscrupulous scheming carried it to a triumphant issue. His earldom of Hereford comprised all of Gloucester lying between the Severn and the Wye, and portions of territory on the right bank of the latter river which had been conquered by the Saxons from the princes of South Wales, "forming the Lordship Marcher, which, from the castle here erected being the Caput Baroni, acquired the name of the Lordship Marcher of Striguil."

The Lords Marchers were the holders of a sort of roving commission under the crown; liberty being given them to get all they could from the Welsh, in return for services rendered in

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preventing the incursions of the latter across the English border. A kind of frontier police and freebooters they, holding courts of their own, and vested with powers of life and death; despots on a small, and thieves on a large, scale. Fitz-Osbern, or Osber, or Osborn, by an alliance with Caradoc ap Griffith ap Rydderch, "consolidated his power along the whole of the eastern portion of Gwent, and extended it at least as far westward as Raglan." His second son, Roger de Breteuil, succeeded to the English earldom and estate, but lost both, and was thrown into prison, where he ended his days, for participating in the Norfolk rebellion of 1074. From the date of the forfeiture to the time of Walter de Clare, who, in 1131, founded Tintern Abbey, the ownership of the Castle and Lordship of Striguil is involved in great uncertainty. How de Clare got into possession is not very clearly made out. We need not suppose such a man, in such times, to have been very particular as to his title. He was an inveterate land-grabber. With the succession of Bishop Urban to the see of Llandaff, in 1107, my Lord of Caerwent, as Walter de Clare came to be styled, was made to disgorge. The founding of Tintern is said to have been "a tardy act of reparation for plunder on estates of the Church in Gwent," previous to the advent of the good and redoubtable successor of Dewi Sant.

The Tintern Abbey of which the grand ruins are still left us, is not the Tintern Abbey founded by Walter de Clare, but a later structure. An admirable note on the subject of the locations of the older and the newer building is given at p. 30 of the present work, where it is suggested that de Clare's Abbey was erected in the parish from which it took its name, on the site of a building of which the remains still exist, on a steep bank on the north side of the present turnpike road, a little to the west of Tintern Church; and that when Roger Bigod, nearly a century and a half later, determined to rebuild the abbey on a scale of greater splendour, the site being neither large enough nor capable of extension, the abbey was erected on its present site, in the parish of Chapel Hill. In possession of Striguil Mr. Marsh places Gilbert, the brother of Walter de Clare, the estates of both these subsequently becoming united in the hands of one owner, the famous Gilbert Strongbow, grandson of Richard de Bienfaite, the son of Gilbert Comte d'Eu and Brionne, grandson of Richard I., Duke of Normandy.

With reference to this same Gilbert Strongbow there is a very instructive passage in Dugdale's "Baronage," which we shall use for a purpose quite different from that of Mr. Marsh. "This Gilbert," so runs the account, "having often made suit to King Henry I. to bestow on him some land in Wales, the King at length, discerning the Welsh to be unquiet among themselves, and that they had made great depredations upon each other, about the tenth year of his reign sent for him, and made

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him an offer of all the lands of Caradog ap Blethyn, in case he could win them; of which, joyfully accepting, he raised all the power he could, and, landing in Cardiganshire, brought the whole country in a short time to subjection, where soon after he built two castles, one towards North Wales upon the River Ystwith, and the other towards Dyvet upon the River Teivi, at a place called Dungerant, where Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, had beforetime begun to fortify." A cooler thing could not be imagined. Here we find an English Earl afflicted with territorial hunger supplicating an English King for satisfaction in a form which neither the English King had any right to grant nor the English Earl to desire. For this concession, which he had no earthly business to make, the King found an excuse worse than no excuse at all. The Welsh were unquiet among themselves: made great depredations upon each other, and therefore, forsooth, Gilbert Strongbow must be given permission—and that by one who had no permission to give—to win, otherwise to steal, as much of another man's lands as he could! The transaction is about as infamous as any that disgraces history.

We would advise the reader not to omit Mr. Marsh's definition of *comes* and *comitatus* occurring in his history of the early Clares; for not only is it interesting in itself, but valuable as elucidating the rights and duties attached to some of the older titular dignities. After arriving at "a period when all historical claims of the Clares had centred" in the Earl of Pembroke, the author epitomises his conclusions; and to these, occurring at the commencement of chapter three, we may safely refer the reader who has not the time or the inclination to pursue at its proper length an extended antiquarian inquiry. From this point on it is pretty plain sailing. The topics touched upon are of the liveliest interest, embracing, as they do, the history of the Irish invasion, and the connection, not only with Chepstow, but with all Britain, of the Marshal, Bigod, Manny, Hastings, Norfolk, Mowbray, Tudor, Somerset, and Cromwell families, of which (the Cromwellian excepted) full pedigrees are given at the end of the book. We must not forget to mention that there is a capital index to the work, a circumstance which will enhance its value very materially to the student.

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LITERARY AND ART NOTES OF THE MONTH, &c.

Dr. Karl Breul, of Hanover, has re-edited the Early-English Romance of *Sir Gowther* from its two MSS.,—one in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and the other in the Royal Library (King's MSS.), British Museum. The story is that of a child born to a lady by a demon, Merlin's father. The boy turns out a fiend in human shape, burns nuns and hermits, kills and tortures folk, till he learns his mother's secret. Then he goes to the Pope, who orders him to eat no food except from a dog's mouth, and to speak no word till he is assured of God's forgiveness. These behests Sir Gowther obeys; but having helped the Emperor of Almagn thrice against his foes, and rescued him from the enemy, the Emperor's lovely dumb daughter is given speech, declares Sir Gowther pardoned, and marries him, the Pope declaring that he is now God's child. Then he rules well, marries his mother to his father-in-law, and founds an abbey of black monks to atone for the nuns he once burnt. Dr. Breul, in his text, leaves out all the final *e*'s which editors usually put for contraction-marks, and prints "all" for "all*e*," "mon" for "mon*e*," to moan. This is a mistake. In l. 101 he has "tempe" for "temp*te*."

Writing to *Notes and Queries*, with reference to the Roman milestone recently found at Llanfair-fechan, Major North says:—"I will complete my note upon this stone by stating that it and another stone with a Roman inscription upon it have been removed to the British Museum, where they now are. The second stone I now mention was found a few weeks ago, at about ten yards' distance from the Hadrian stone; it was unfortunately broken, the conclusion of the inscription being apparently missing. I did not see this second stone myself, being away from the neighbourhood, but I have been allowed to see Mr. Franks's reading, which is this:—

IMP . P CAES
L . SEP SEVERVS
P . P . ET . M . AVR
ANTONINVS
AVGG . ET P

The stop is certainly after the first P, but should, of course, be

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after the second. Mr. Franks extends the inscription thus:—'Imperatores Cæsares L. Septimus Severus pius pertinax et M. Aurelius Antoninus Augusti et P. Septimus Geta nobiles Cæsar.'"

Apropos of the recently held meetings of the Cambrian Archæological Association, a correspondent of the *Oswestry Advertiser* writes:—The late Mr. Lever, when he was Her Majesty's consul at a post on the Mediterranean, wrote a paper in "Blackwood" in which he stated that to satisfy the curiosity of the natives he had told certain of them that Cook's Personally-conducted Tourists were harmless lunatics sent abroad, under charge, the English asylums being overcrowded. Probably the aborigines of Fishguard, to whom the sound of a railway whistle is a novelty, would think last week that Mr. Cook had brought a party of the same intellectual calibre to their district, when they saw grave and reverend seigniors driving in break-neck vehicles, over stony hills, merely to take rubbings of gate posts they had driven cattle through, and stones in the walls of the churches they had slept in any time these twenty years. "I wouldn't work like they do, if I was paid for it," remarked one native to another as we set out one especially wet morning from Fishguard. "And perhaps they wouldn't either!" replied his companion. The latter, probably, made a shrewd guess. But what I took up my pen for was to say that if the outside public supposed the Cambrian Archæological party is as grave as its pursuits, they themselves fall into a grave error: and to put on paper a few of the good things "passed around the cars." One morning the lending of books was the topic of conversation, and an old book-plate inscription was recited, which will be new to your readers, and runs as follows:—

A Book is one thing, Hemp is another,
Steal not the one for fear of the other!

A stone was described, of the "Bill Stumps" order, and said to have been placed on a common not far off, with on it:—

FO-RAS-SESTO-RVBON.

But the best thing of all was a wonderful Latin inscription, which many may not have seen in this or any other form: -

Isatome hereis ago
Fortibus sis in aro
O nobile Themis trux
Ascaris colan pes andux.

These are samples of the conversation that not infrequently relieved the tedium of more learned discussion, and helped to fill up time when we waited for the sappers and miners to level roadways and remove obstructions on byeways little frequented at any time, and perhaps never traversed before four-in-hand.

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According to the *Pall Mall Gazette* Nell Gwyn is about to receive the only canonization which the English Church can bestow. The *Athenæum* asserts that the Bishop of Hereford has given his consent to the fixing of a memorial tablet in her honour on the outer face of his garden wall, so as to mark the site of the house in which she was born. If this assertion be correct, the "Protestant" mistress of Charles II. will owe much to the occupants of the episcopal bench. It is true, if anything in history is true, that Ker refused to give up his prebendal house at Winchester for her to live in for a time, but Archbishop Tenison preached her funeral sermon when he was vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and the Bishop of Hereford has now allowed her name to be commemorated on his garden wall. Is it a fact, however, that she was born at Hereford?

The Paris correspondent of the *Weekly Mail* writes:—Brittany is going in for ancient honours; she is able to trace her Cymbric ancestors up to the table land of Central Asia; near relationship hence with Adam and Eve is but a detail. When Adam awoke after his deep sleep it appears he exclaimed, on beholding the first woman, "Eva," which, in the language of Brittany, means "mine;" and Eve replied "Adam," which signifies "my lord."

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DRACONIGENÆ.

On a Sunday in November, 1797, "while the clergyman was reading prayers in Llanen Church, Cardiganshire, a hare was started by two dogs from under the church coffers, and chased several times round the inside of the church." Jolly for the boys!

* * *

"Tenby Paint" is becoming a favourite term to apply to the brown tint given by a few weeks' location on the delightful sands of Tenby. And a very expressive term it is. We were glad to see so many of the hill residents painted this year. Far better to be "done brown" in this sense than be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" acquired in dusty coal pit or dingy office.

* * *

The Rector of Merthyr is of opinion that "but for the circumstance that he wrote in Welsh, 'Brutus' would have gained as great a distinction as that attained by Thackeray." Is the language of Wales, then, so hard of translation that Englishmen thus lose a new pleasure? Some of our most popular novels are translations from the French; and from the Italian, German, and Spanish we are not without English readings that form standard works in our libraries.

* * *

The editor of the *British Medical Journal*, at a professional dinner, in returning thanks for his health being drunk, quoted a humorous American poem, in which these lines occur.—

"Can he leave all his wrongs to the future, and carry his heart in his cheek?
Can he do an hour's work in a minute, and live upon sixpence a week?
Can he courteously talk to an equal, and browbeat an impudent dunce?
Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and do half-a-dozen at once?
Can he press all the springs of knowledge, with quick and reliable touch,
And be sure that he knows how much to know, and knows how to not know too much?
Does he know how to spur up his virtues, and put a check-rein on his pride?
Can he carry a gentleman's manners within a rhinoceros' hide?
Can he know all, and do all, and be all, with cheerfulness, courage, and *vim*?
If so, we, perhaps, can be making an Editor 'outer of him!'
And 'tis thus with our noble profession. and thus it will ever be: still
There are some who appreciate its labours, and some who, perhaps, never will."

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Seventeen years ago Tennyson wrote a sonnet, published in *Good Words*, which was much canvassed at the time. It was as follows:—

"I stood on a tower in the wet,
And the New Year and Old Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing;
And I said. 'O years that meet in tears,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing?'
Seas at my feet were flowing,
Waves on the shingle pouring,
Old Year roaring and blowing,
New Year blowing and roaring."

It so happened that about the time these lines were the passing topic of criticism, Severnshire possessed a Chairman of Quarter Sessions who, albeit a man of great erudition as a lawyer, lacked perspicuity as a speaker. One day in court, when the Chairman was addressing the assembled magistrates, the following parody on the Poet Laureate's lines was penned by one of the audience:—

"I sat in a Court in a pet,
Where the Great Unpaid had met,
And * * * * was prosing and droning;
And I said, 'O Beaks now that he speaks,
Says he aught that is worth the knowing?
Statutes enough and so boring—
Magistrates coming and going—
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing?'
Still * * * *'s words came flowing,
A stream that went on pouring,
Reporters swearing and groaning,
* * * * droning and prosing."

These lines were published in the local papers of Severnshire, and got very generally copied elsewhere. They were written, we believe, by one who is now known to the readers of the *Red Dragon* as an occasional contributor. We refer to Mr. Askew Roberts.

* * *

A correspondent points out "a curious error" in the *Red Dragon* for July. He remarks that the ballad of "The Diving Friar," instead of being by "Crockett Hall" (as stated), should have been "from *Crotchet Castle*," a novel written by the late Thomas Love Peacock, the friend of Shelley, 'an eminent classical wit, and a gentleman of high scientific acquirements.' One of his novels—*The Misfortunes of Elphin*—which is not lengthy, would be a welcome addition to the pages of 'the National Magazine of Wales.'"

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A recent number of *Punch* gives, as "A Welsh Rarebit," the statement that "A gentleman from Wales visiting London for the first time obtained from the member for his borough an order for the Speaker's Gallery of the House of Commons on one of the evenings last week when some of the Irish members (we follow a patient example, 'and won't 'name them') so pre-eminently distinguished themselves by the violence and vulgarity of their behaviour and language. Being afterwards asked by his friend what he thought of the proceedings he replied that they had not struck him as being very remarkable, as he happened to be the chaplain to a large lunatic asylum!"

* * *

Who would imagine it possible for a Bishop of Llandaff to have been captured by pirates and taken away upon the high seas? It did so happen, but then it was a thousand years ago. One Cyfeiliawg, otherwise Cimilgeacum, was then bishop, and the first of the Welsh bishops to submit to the direction of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Ethelred was then Primate, and he was so pleased to have a Welsh bishop to submit to his authority that he consecrated him in his own house at Canterbury. This was in 872, according to Florence, of Worcester. Forty-three years after this a number of pagan pirates, who had not molested Britain for nineteen years, came over from Brittanny under their leaders Ohter and Rhould, and having sailed around West Saxony and Cornwall entered the mouth of the Severn. They then appear to have invaded the country of the Southern Britons, and destroyed all they found on the banks of the river until they came to the neighbourhood of the present Cardiff, and in the district known as Ircenefield had the good fortune to fall in with the Bishop of Llandaff, whom, with great rejoicing, they conveyed to their ships. When the news reached King Edward the Elder the Bishop was ransomed for forty pounds.

* * *

The following curious example of the power of the Welsh language is given in Jones' *Relics of the Bards*. It is formed altogether of vowels, and is called "Epigram on a Spider":—

"O'i wiw wy i weu e â,—a'i weuau
O'i wyau e weua;
E weua ei we aia
A'i weuau yw ieuau ia."

Translation:

"From his own eggs the busy worm
Attempts his hasty webs to form,
Like rings in ice, they seem to view
Beauteous like those and brittle too."

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St. David's Day, writes a correspondent, used to be observed in Cheltenham with a good deal of musical spirit. I should be glad to know if there is any observance now-a-days. In 1856 an old resident named Davies collected the Welsh inhabitants of the place, and favoured them with a thoroughly national treat. A Welsh peasant, attired in the national costume, sang the "Bells of Aberdovey," "Y Deryn Pur," and "Y Gwenith Gwyn." "Pen Rhaw," with its charming variations, and "Sweet Richard," were given on the harp; and the newspapers of the day, even the *Morning Post*, described the effect upon the large and fashionable audience as electrical.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The story, "MARRIED BY ADVERTISEMENT," *concluded in the present number, will be followed by a serial from the pen of Mr. John Saunders, author of "Abel Drake's Wife," "Israel Mort, Overman," and other well-known works, entitled* "HIREL," *of which the chief events take place in Wales. The work is full of Welsh colour and character. It has been Dedicated, for literary reasons, to Mr. Gladstone, and acknowledged by the Premier under peculiarly interesting circumstances, in the following letter, which he has given full liberty to publish:—*

"11, CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE,

"Dear Sir,

"I postponed thanking you for your note of the 13th ult., and for the very obliging present of your work, from my desire to peruse the volumes in the first instance.

"A recent indisposition (one that perhaps excited even more alarm than the recent one) found for me the opportunity sooner than I had expected, and I have read the whole with great interest and much admiration, both of its power and its moral aims.

"I have the honour to be,

"Dear Sir,

"Your faithful Servant,

"J. SAUNDERS, ESQ." "W. E. GLADSTONE.

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NOTABLE MEN OF WALES.

JOHN GRIFFITH
(Y GOHEBYDD).

On the 13th of December, 1877, there disappeared from the scene the most remarkable man, in some respects, produced by Wales within the present century. John Griffith, better known as "Gohebydd," was conspicuous among those who have emerged from obscurity by means of their own powers, industry, and perseverance; for he made his name a household word wherever the Welsh language is spoken. He did not wait upon circumstances to open for him a door of usefulness, but created a peculiar sphere for himself, which he filled most efficiently to the end. He was beyond doubt a benefactor of his nation, for there was hardly any national movement during the last thirty years of his life in which he did not take a prominent part.

John Griffith was born at Bod-Gwilym, a farm-house near Barmouth, on the 21st December, 1821; and was the second child in a somewhat numerous family. Of his father there is little to be said; but his mother, Maria Griffith, was the daughter of the saintly John Roberts, of Llanbrynmair, a renowned Dissenting minister in his day. She was a woman of great mental power, of extraordinary shrewdness, and of distinguished piety; and unquestionably her early influence over her son was a most important factor in the formation of his character. His veneration for her increased as he grew into manhood, and even while he climbed the heights of fame; whatever he might be engaged in—whether in writing, in lecturing, or in guiding public movements—her approval was more precious in his estimation than the applause of a nation. Young John received the best education that his parents could afford to give him, and he made the best use of his opportunities. But the educational advantages of the district were too meagre to admit of his becoming a scholar; he did not, in fact, advance beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic, though he acquired considerable command over the English language,

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which was a somewhat uncommon accomplishment in those days. It must be admitted that he suffered more or less all through life from this lack of early training; and the fact that he achieved so much in spite of this drawback is a proof of the original strength of his mind. It is probable that a consciousness of his own shortcomings in this respect intensified his efforts to secure the means of higher education for the rising generation. While yet a boy he was apprenticed to the grocery business at Barmouth, and it is said that he soon mastered the mysteries of the trade; but it is in connection with literary and religious movements that he is best remembered by his former associates in that town. It was evident, even then, to those who knew him best, that Providence had something better in store for him than retailing tea and sugar, and that he was unconsciously preparing himself for the high position he was destined to occupy.

He removed from Barmouth to Liverpool, where he did not remain very long, for we find him a short time after at Llangynog, in Montgomeryshire, managing a business which belonged to the late Mr. Charles Jones, of Llanfyllin. There he soon attracted the attention of his neighbours, and became the leader of the young in every good work; his services as a lecturer at temperance and other meetings being much appreciated. When he left the place, a public meeting of the inhabitants was held for the purpose of expressing the esteem in which he was held, and of wishing him God speed—no small honour when we consider his youth at the time. Just then, about the beginning of 1846, the subject of popular education excited general interest throughout the kingdom, owing to the stirring debate in the House of Commons on Sir James Graham's Education Bill. Sir Hugh Owen (then Mr. Hugh Owen, of the Poor Law Board) undertook the task of establishing a number of free schools in Wales, under the auspices of the British School Society. But he soon found that official and other duties pressed too heavily upon him to allow him the leisure necessary to carry on the undertaking. At this juncture he was directed to John Griffith as the very man to help him, and consequently secured his services. This made it necessary for John Griffith to take up his abode in London, where he afterwards spent the greater part of his life. He did not continue long, however, in that work, and so he was compelled once again to take to business, and resided for some years in various parts of the metropolis, at first as an assistant, and subsequently on his own account. This part of his life was to a great measure thrown away, for he devoted to business pursuits the valuable time which he might have given to higher objects. But even then he was a great reader, a diligent student, and a close observer of the world. To live in the

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metropolis was of great advantage to a man of his calibre and taste. He found himself at the very centre of political life, and at the fountain head of the most important movements of the age. He made the metropolis and its numerous institutions his special study, and soon acquired a mastery over all the details; so that he could explain mysteries which were beyond the ken of the majority of those who had been bred and born within its precincts.

It is well known to London Welshmen that the Congregationalists had for several years a Welsh Church in Aldersgate Street, near the General Post Office. To that church John Griffith joined himself when he first settled in London; and though the church passed through many vicissitudes, and more than once changed its dwelling-place, he adhered to it faithfully to the last. The old chapel in Aldersgate Street was a most gloomy, unsightly, and inconvenient structure at best, and the congregation that worshipped in it was scanty in its palmiest days; for though the renowned orator Caledfryn was among its succession of ministers, even his bewitching eloquence, which was listened to by eager multitudes elsewhere, attracted scarcely more hearers than did the religious teaching of the immortal scientist, Michael Faraday, who discoursed on Sundays in the same locality to a mere handful of humble disciples at the time when Royalty attended his scientific lectures on week-days. But this unpretending little flock was remarkable for its brotherly love, and especially its attachment to its place of meeting. It furnished a religious home to many young men and women from the country, and helped them to cling to the religion of their fathers amidst the seducing influences of the metropolis. John Griffith soon became the leading spirit of the place; in the Sunday School and in the society meetings his personality was paramount. To hear his original, racy, and stirring observations in the society meetings at the close of the Sunday evening services was a sufficient recompense for walking a long distance. He had a rare knack of seizing upon the most interesting points in all that he saw and heard during the week, and of utilising them for the edification of his fellow members. But though he took such great interest in his own denomination, and particularly his own chapel, he was well known to all the Welsh congregations in London, and was always welcomed among them as a true friend and brother.

He commenced writing for the Welsh press under the *nom de plume* "Wmffra Edward," and it was evident from the outset that he had in him the making of a powerful writer. Whatever subject he took in hand, he treated it in such a clear, free, fascinating style, that he never failed to interest his readers. His graphic descriptions of the Great Exhibition of 1851 were so true to nature, that they were read with avidity

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by simple-minded rustics in the most secluded glens of the Principality. A short time after the appearance of the national Welsh newspaper, *Baner Cymru*, in 1857, the editor was fortunate enough to secure his services. He began a series of letters "From Our Own Correspondent," on "The Events of the Week," and continued them almost without interruption until his death. These letters commanded universal attention in his native land. And no wonder; for their freshness, their ability, and their robust common sense were simply incomparable. Few persons knew then who wrote them, and no little ingenuity was expended in finding it out. As might be expected, they were attributed to several literary men of established reputation. Many who plumed themselves upon their superior discernment traced in them the peculiar characteristics of their favourite authors. No one suspected that they were thought out behind the counter, amidst the incessant distractions of business; and that the writer, weary with the toil of the day, had to sacrifice his rest at night for the sake of instructing and entertaining his readers. He confined himself at first to the doings of Parliament, and the gossip of the town. He was quite at home with these subjects, and could handle them with charming lucidity. He never had much taste for business, and always longed to get out of it; so that in 1860 the publisher of the *Baner* prevailed upon him to place all his time henceforth at the disposal of that excellent newspaper. He was now universally known as "Gohebydd Llundain" (London Correspondent), and subsequently as "Y Gohebydd" (The Correspondent). And we are not aware that anyone ever begrudged him the title. Both he and his letters were so different from the common run, that there was a striking fitness in designating him as "The Correspondent" by way of pre-eminence. When Parliament was not in session he used to leave London to wander about the country in quest of materials for his weekly effusion. Wherever there might be a meeting of unusual importance, in connection with any religious denomination, he would not only make it a point to be present, but would throw himself heartily into the spirit of the proceedings—no less heartily when the meeting belonged to another denomination than when it belonged to his own. In reviewing the proceedings he would criticise, praise, blame, and advise with the same earnestness as if his own personal interest had been at stake. In large eisteddfodau and political gatherings he was indispensable, and neither expense, nor distance, nor inconvenience would keep him away. His movements from place to place were so rapid, and his appearance whenever "killing a pig" took place was so regular, that a facetious friend called him "Pobman" (Everywhere), a sobriquet which stuck to him ever after.

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He probably did more than any other man towards forming a taste for reading among his monoglot countrymen. Welsh journalists now-a-days write for ready-made readers; they supply materials to meet an existing demand; but he had to face a very different state of things. Scarcely any interest was taken in political affairs by the rural population before his time, the distinctions between great parties being all but unknown; so that his work at first was more or less that of a pioneer. He had frequently to expound first principles, as well as to overcome the inertia of indifference, before he could venture to approach his subject. And he did this so effectually that a new spirit was infused into many a sleepy locality where previously the inhabitants cared little who were rulers, or how they were ruled. He was therefore doubly successful, for he not only succeeded to provide a supply, but also to create a demand. The free, easy, rollicking flow of his letters led many to suppose that they were produced spontaneously and with contemptuous disregard of the art of composition. There never was a greater mistake. Some of his most colloquial, and apparently unstudied, paragraphs cost him hours of arduous toil. In fact, he never allowed a sentence to stand until he was quite satisfied with its form, and would sometimes write the same sentence over and over again to give it the final touches. The perfection of his art, however, lay in the consummate skill with which he concealed it. Uncompromising purists found fault with him for using so many English words and phrases, and one wag went the length of offering a prize for a translation of his writings into Welsh! We are not concerned to defend him in this matter; but we may safely affirm that he adopted the style best suited to express his thoughts, and best adapted to serve his purpose. Had he adopted a more literary style, he would most assuredly have fettered himself, and his productions would have been deprived of their unique power. It was his constant aim to fix upon the most intelligible, striking, and appropriate word, and he never stopped to inquire into its pedigree. He had the daring to subordinate every consideration to utility—beauty, correctness, dignity, and even the good opinion of critics! But there was one thing about him which even his greatest opponents were bound to admire, and that was his uniform good nature. Though he wrote much on controversial subjects in the midst of very stirring times, and though it was his duty often to attack unjust institutions and to chastise unscrupulous persons, yet so free was he from everything like venom, malice, or vindictiveness, that he made fewer enemies than most men in a similar position.

Gohebydd was a born traveller; and had his strength and means permitted, he would doubtless have distinguished himself in this respect. About the close of 1865, after the

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great rebellion in America had been suppressed, he paid a visit to that vast country. He remained there for a considerable period, and made good use of his time in going to see the widely separated Welsh settlements and other places of interest and renown. He was enthusiastically received and hospitably entertained by his own people, and made numerous friends wherever he went. Scarcely anything worthy of note seems to have escaped his attention during these wanderings, and his letters were accordingly read with eagerness by thousands in this country. He had always been an ardent admirer of the American Constitution, and what he saw of the inhabitants on this occasion greatly raised them in his estimation; but his Trans-atlantic experiences, pleasant as they were, did not weaken his attachment to his own country. In 1867 he paid a visit to the great Exhibition in Paris, and was accompanied by a number of friends, who were glad to enjoy his exhaustless fund of humour on such an expedition. He had taken an extraordinary amount of interest in the first exhibition, held in London, in 1851; and that made him eager to see all subsequent exhibitions, and qualified him in a great measure to pronounce an opinion upon their merits and defects. In 1873 he paid a visit to the great exhibition in Vienna, and in his somewhat protracted journey had a rare opportunity of witnessing the habits and customs of several continental nations. He was painfully impressed with the superstition and indifference of Catholic communities, in which he found infidelity and priestcraft vieing with one another in degrading their adherents. His health was never very robust, but of late years it had become much worse than usual, and he was ordered by his medical advisers to spend the winter of 1875 in a more genial climate. The place he selected was Mentone, a well-known town on the Mediterranean, where many invalids from this country resort to escape the severity of winter. There the temperature is mild even in December and January; for the coast is exposed to the warm breezes which blow over North Africa, while it is sheltered from the cold winds which sweep down from the Alpine range. He availed himself of this opportunity of visiting Naples and Rome, and with his customary tact succeeded in seeing everything and everybody of importance in those ancient cities, and, among others, the Pope and Garibaldi. The letters he wrote for the *Baner* at that time were wonderful specimens of descriptive power, and clearly showed that if he had become early connected with the English press he would have taken a high position among the best "special correspondents" of the day. His last visit to the Continent, though not successful in re-establishing his health, was nevertheless the means of prolonging his life; at the same time it was evident to his friends that his days were well-nigh numbered. It was resolved, therefore, to

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carry out what many of his compatriots had devoutly desired for years, namely, to present him with a national testimonial. This would have been done much sooner had it not been for his persistent opposition, but now his admirers would not be put off any longer; and so a handsome sum was collected without any effort for the purpose, and this was presented to him at a public meeting in London, in which several of our leading men took part.

Gohebydd was universally recognised—by opponents as well as friends—as one of the ablest political agitators in Wales. He did a great work in that capacity—work whose beneficial effects will be felt for generations to come. When he commenced his labours, Wales had few representatives in Parliament worthy of the name. There was hardly one among them that could open his mouth on any subject whatever, and as a rule they voted without reference to the judgment and wishes of the constituencies which elected them. Gohebydd opened the eyes of the people to the real state of affairs, and convinced them that a thorough change was possible. At the general election of 1868, when the fate of the Established Church in Ireland was to be determined, the country was ripe for the tremendous struggle which then took place; a struggle which resulted in sending the dummies and obstructives about their business, and in returning proper representatives to fill their places. And when some high-handed landlords in the county of Cardigan, imbued with the antiquated notions of feudal times, punished their tenants for voting according to their convictions, by turning them out of their ancestral homes, he was the prime mover in convening the magnificent meeting held at Aberystwith to express sympathy with the sufferers; and, in his memorable letters on the subject, he covered with eternal shame the cruel conduct of the oppressors. He was regarded as an authority on all matters relating to Wales, and was constantly consulted as such by members of Parliament and others in need of information and advice.

As a wise tactician, and an earnest worker, Gohebydd had few equals. His presence in a committee was a most valuable acquisition. The institutions which enjoyed the best share of his services were the Eisteddfod, the Brecon Memorial College, and the University College of Wales. These three lay very near his heart, and made large demands upon his attention. He was, indeed, seldom absent from the committees of the colleges, though he had to travel hundreds of miles at his own expense to attend them. "When I am put on a committee," he used to say, "I take it for granted that the business will not be properly conducted without my assistance." It was not his conceit that made him speak thus, but his determination to perform to the

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best of his power the duties entrusted to his care. Whenever any difficulties presented themselves he was always deliberate in grappling with them; he would patiently view them from all possible standpoints, and would ultimately suggest solutions which generally proved acceptable. He was a true friend of the students, and constantly devised schemes for their benefit. At the same time he was a staunch supporter of the authorities; his help could be invariably relied upon in times of trouble; he believed that a strong government is essential to ensure success. His varied efforts on behalf of the Eisteddfod, his repeated attempts to elevate its tone, to make it a power for good, and to bring it into harmony with the times, are well known. He was grieved to see it too often managed by men who had no higher qualifications to commend them than sheer ignorance, boundless vanity, and intolerable assurance--men who imagined that their empty bardic titles made up for every deficiency. He was persuaded that the frequent holding of second-rate eisteddfodau all over the country was only calculated to aggravate the evil—it enabled small men to make use of local influences to push themselves forward. He therefore hailed with gladness the proposal to hold one national meeting every year under the title of "Yr Eisteddfod," and threw himself heart and soul into the movement. He wrote and laboured on its behalf, and travelled long distances to attend its committees, solely from a sense of patriotism, without expecting payment, or recognition, or fame in return. It was amusing sometimes—though certainly very grievous—at the grand annual festivals which ensued, to hear loud-voiced orators on the platform, shouting "Oes y byd i'r iaith Gymraeg," and the assembled multitude greeting them with applause—men who cared for nothing but gain, and honour, and popularity for themselves, and would never be seen until the next demonstration—while he and a few others kept in the back-ground, and nobody seemed to remember that it was their silent, unobtrusive, self-denying labours which enabled the institution to exist. But this never troubled his mind. The moral and intellectual elevation of his countrymen was to him a matter of such paramount importance that he was content to work for them for the very love of the work. He was far from being satisfied with the actual results achieved by eisteddfodau, and was strongly opposed to those childish practices which mar their usefulness; but he believed, nevertheless, that they were capable, with certain well-considered improvements, of fostering the best aspirations of the people.

In Gohebydd's death the Principality sustained an irreparable loss. He was at the zenith of his usefulness when the distressing malady, which had tormented him all through life, cut short his career. The blank thus caused has never been filled.

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His funeral was unique; for it was attended by representatives of all classes—rich and poor, Radicals and Conservatives, Churchmen and Dissenters—who seemed to forget their conflicting interests and party differences under the shadow of a common sorrow. He was laid to rest beside the mother he loved so well at Llangollen Cemetery, one of the most romantic spots in Wales. The ancient ruins of Castell Dinas Brân adorn the summit of the neighbouring hill, a lasting monument of the noble achievements of days gone by; while the river Dee rolls on majestically in the vale below, symbolizing the ceaseless progress of modern times. There may the distinguished patriot sleep in peace until the sound of the last trump shall break upon the silence of his tomb.

Brecon College. DAVID ROWLANDS, B.A.

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A MONMOUTHSHIRE TALE.

"'Never say die,' old man; if we are not on our legs again after to-morrow's races I am very much mistaken. I mean to lay long odds on Firefly."

"Right you are. I shall back Fair Maid of Perth for a place."

"I believe we shall land a pot of money, and slightly astonish the weak nerves of our dearly beloved, though somewhat inconvenient, paters, when they know that our debts are once more paid."

The speakers were the Hon. Algernon Osborne, and his college-chum Lord Henry Fitz-Gibbon, then on a visit at a mansion in Eaton Square, in the brilliant room of which the above conversation took place.

Both of them were heirs to estates in Monmouthshire. They had lost very heavily at cards; and the fathers of both had refused to supply the means of paying their frequently recurring debts. Both were deeply in love with each other's sisters, but they well knew that all hope of marriage was out of the question, unless their debts were paid.

Prettier and jollier girls than Edith Osborne, aged twenty-three, and Alice Fitz-Gibbon, aged twenty, never hit a tennis ball. The former of the two was a brunette, whose dark, wavy hair and saucy eyes had turned the heads of most of the junior, and not a few of the senior, unmarried officers quartered at Newport, in the neighbourhood of which town they resided when not in London for the season. Without being too stout, Edith had a figure which was fully developed, though her hands and feet were so small as to be an object of envy to many of her girlish friends. No one could see her without perceiving, at a glance, that she was a "pure thoroughbred."

Alice Fitz-Gibbon was a blonde, and what the French term "mignonne," being barely five feet in height; but her figure, without being absolutely faultless, was as nearly so as abhorrence of tight lacing and all artificial means could make it. Between the two girls there existed a friendship of the deepest kind. Where one went, there was she generally accompanied by the other. On the present occasion, having procured a married friend as chaperone, they had promised Lord Fitz-Gibbon and Mr. Osborne, with a few others, to accompany them on the next day to Ascot Races; his lordship driving them there in a well-appointed drag. Punctually at the time fixed they started; the day being lovely.

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After a merry drive, during which a stranger would have imagined that neither Lord Fitz-Gibbon nor his friend knew what pecuniary trouble, or, indeed, care of any kind meant, they drew up near the Grand Stand, which was filled with many of England's noblest aristocracy, and not a few distinguished foreigners. Many were the subdued remarks among them as Lord Fitz-Gibbon's drag, with its lovely freight, drove up. "Are they not lovely!" "How perfectly dressed!" "How well they look!" "Lucky fellows, Fitz-Gibbon and Osborne!" while among the general crowd were heard such observations as: "My eyes, Bill! arn't they a pair of stunners!" "They don't want no *paint* to set off their pretty faces."

Presently the cry is heard "They are off! They are off!" Standing up, with her dainty little hand on his shoulder for support, Miss Osborne said to Lord Fitz-Gibbon, "Harry dear, I bet you a box of cigars to a dozen pair of gloves that Fair Maid of Perth does not get a place."

"Anything to oblige you, dearest," he replies, "but she *will*, though, or you are not the most charming girl I know."

"Now, Algey dear," cried Miss Fitz-Gibbon, laughingly, holding a *bon-bon* near his moustached mouth, "don't you wish you may be as near winning as this sweet is near your lips."

"So that I win *you*, my love, I don't care, but I shall win, though, you'll see," replies Mr. Osborne.

The post is passed by a strange horse, on whom no one appeared to have laid anything; when all at once, with a tremendous stride, Fair Maid of Perth shot ahead of him, closely followed by Firefly." Shouts arise, "Firefly wins! No! the Maid!" "What odds on the Maid?" "Anything you like," cries Lord Fitz-Gibbon. "Done with you, fifty to one in ponies," cries a gentleman near the drag, Lord Eustace Mountstuart, his rejected rival for the fair hand of Miss Osborne. In less time than it takes to write Fair Maid of Perth came in the winner, a neck ahead of Firefly. Need we say that hearty were the rejoicings of Lord Fitz-Gibbon and his friend, whose winnings were respectively five thousand and three thousand pounds. With difficulty could they restrain their lady friends from dancing a *pas seul* on the roof of the drag. The drive back to town was full of fun, and before many days had passed not a single debt was left unpaid by the two gentlemen.

CHAPTER II.

Deep was the wrath of Lord Mountstuart, who, being at his club on the day following the races, swore to his friend Colonel Trumppington that he would be "even with that fellow Fitz-Gibbon yet." This Colonel Trumppington was as unprincipled a "Man about Town" as any in the fast set to

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which he belonged. His advice to his friend was worthy of Mephistopheles. It was that Lord Mountstuart should write to Lord Fitz-Gibbon, renouncing all thought of again prosecuting his unsuccessful suit with Miss Osborne, and congratulating him on his large winnings, at the same time sending him a cheque for the amount won from himself, but, notwithstanding this apparent friendliness, to lose no opportunity to entice him into high play at cards, knowing that to be his fatal passion, and by this means and bets on the turf to get him into his power by offering, as an act of pretended kindness, to wait for payment till he came into possession of his estate; provided he would in consideration thereof give him a mortgage on his reversion.

Méanwhile, Lord Fitz-Gibbon and Osborne having paid off their debts and promised to eschew all kinds of gambling in future, had obtained the consent of their parents to their respective marriages. Their joint wedding took place on the same day at a very pretty little church near to Newport, and two prettier brides and happier bridegrooms never knelt together in that little church.

On their return from the honeymoon, Lord Fitz-Gibbon took a house near Abergavenny. While he and his wife were at lunch together one day the footman brought in a card inscribed

MR. F. J. HOLBROOK,
PITTVILLE,
CHELTENHAM.

"My love! who on earth can he be?" cried Lady Fitz-Gibbon, as soon as the footman, having been told to show him into his master's study, had left the room.

"Darling! I never even heard the man's name in all my life before; but I must not keep him waiting, though I cannot imagine what he wants to call on me for. Finish your lunch, my pet, and I will come to you to the drawing-room when he has gone."

"Ta! ta! my darling."

On seeing him, Mr. Holbrook informed Lord Fitz-Gibbon that he was Lord Mountstuart's solicitor and agent, and had been instructed by his lordship to offer him on lease a furnished house near Cheltenham, which would, he said, be sure to charm Lady Fitz-Gibbon equally with himself.

Lord Fitz-Gibbon, believing the offer to be meant as friendly, replied to Mr. Holbrook, "I will consult Lady Fitz-Gibbon, and write to you in the course of a day or two."

"Pardon me, my lord," said the crafty lawyer, "if I could only see her ladyship, I feel persuaded that she would urge you to accept so very desirable an offer. May I ask for the very great favour of an introduction to her ladyship?"

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"That I think really not quite necessary," replied his lordship with well-bred hauteur, "I will convey to her ladyship all that you tell me and bring you her reply. You will find the *Times* on that table; I will return as soon as possible." On entering the drawing-room he found his wife sitting in a low chair arranging flowers at a table, a thorough-bred pug watching the operation most attentively.

"Smut, old man," cried Lady Fitz-Gibbon, "is not he a nuisance to interrupt me?" but at the same time giving her husband one of her brightest smiles.

"I know, darling, it is a beastly shame to spoil such a charming picture, but I want to tell you what has brought Mr. Holbrook here."

On hearing the intelligence she danced about the room exclaiming, "Oh! how awfully jolly! you know that Algey and his wife live at Cleeve; we shall be close by each other. Oh! you dear old darling! I believe you have planned it all as a surprise to please me."

"No indeed! I only wish that I had, as you are so pleased, my little kitten," said her husband, catching and fondly kissing her.

"There! go back to this Mr. Holbrook, do, and tell him that I say you must take the house. Just look here, you horrid tease! here is all my hair coming down, you *hateful* thing! I *mean* you dear jolly old boy! There, go now."

Poor young things! How very little did they think that their "love's young dream" would have the sad result which their misplaced confidence in Lord Mountstuart's pretended kindness would eventually bring to pass.

CHAPTER III.

Lord Fitz-Gibbon and his wife had been about a fortnight in the house which he had taken of Lord Mountstuart, on a lease of three years, when he found that himself and his friend Colonel Trumppington were staying at Pittville, for Lord Mountstuart left his card and a note, inviting them to dinner, which invitation they thought it would be ungracious to decline, though much disliking to meet Colonel Trumppington. The first person they saw on arriving was Mr. Holbrook, to whom Lady Fitz-Gibbon expressed herself as much indebted for their charming residence.

On the gentlemen joining the ladies after dinner, cards were produced and loo proposed. The Osbornes, who were present, and Fitz-Gibbons declined playing, with many apologies for doing so, and some well-bred badinage from the rest of the company. After this a succession of invitations followed, but though high play was invariably the order of the evening, they could not be persuaded to join in it; until one evening Colonel

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Trumppington remarked to Lady Fitz-Gibbon. "I have been told when he was at Oxford, and up till within a few months of his marriage, Lord Fitz-Gibbon was an inveterate card-player. Surely if you persuade him he will not refuse to join us."

Alas! never refusing his lovely young wife any request, he could not refuse that which she made then, and once again he held in his hands the cards whose touch brought back all his former passion for gambling. The party broke up at a late hour, and he was a winner—so cleverly had the bait been adjusted on the hook which was finally to land him in debt and sorrow. Matters went on week after week, and with varying results; sometimes he won, but oftener lost.

His friend Osborne was always present, and, without playing himself, carefully watched the game, to the extreme annoyance of Mountstuart, Trumppington, and Holbrook, who, however, were far too wary to betray it in any way. Osborne too never made any remark, though a close observer would have seen that he was occasionally under the exercise of the strongest self-restraint. One evening, at Mr. Holbrook's, having drank more wine than he was in the habit of drinking, Lord Fitz-Gibbon, after much reckless play and heavy loss, offered to double the stakes. Lord Mountstuart saw that his long wished for revenge for the loss of Miss Osborne's hand, and his further heavy pecuniary loss at Ascot, was now merely a question of a few weeks; for already Lord Fitz-Gibbon was in his debt for a large sum. That night it was increased by several hundreds.

Step by step his tempters got him deeper and deeper into the net; until at last, having drawn a cheque for the whole sum due, he received from his bankers a politely worded, but very definite, refusal to honour any more of his cheques until the large amount for which he had overdrawn was replaced.

In his perplexity he applied to his friend Osborne for a loan, which, to his surprise, he distinctly though courteously refused to make. Then as a last forlorn hope he applied to his father, from whom he received the reply that, besides having manifested extreme want of common sense, by having allowed himself to become involved in difficulties with two such notorious gamblers as Trumppington and Lord Mountstuart, he had forgotten his promise made before his obtaining his consent to marry—never to be connected with any gambling transaction again; and, therefore, although he felt most deeply for Lady Fitz-Gibbon, he must refuse to help him in any way whatever. Driven to desperation, he suggested to Lord Mountstuart that they should play three games for the two best out of three, the stakes being double the amount now due from him. To this Lord Mountstuart affected unwillingness, but at last it was agreed that they should meet that evening at Mr. Holbrook's. The result was that Lord Fitz-Gibbon lost. Osborne was

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present, having consented to act as umpire; and shortly before the conclusion of the game, Col. Trumppington noticed that his face wore a very strange expression, though he said nothing; and of course Colonel Trumppington was also silent, as he knew that this was absolutely necessary to avoid suspicion of anything unfair.

Lord Fitz-Gibbon went home, feeling that he had been the dupe of his own reckless infatuation for play. Three days after Mr. Holbrook called on him, and in his blandest manner informed him that his client, Lord Mountstuart, feeling sincere regret, but being unable to forgive so very large a debt, as he was in want of money for the purchase of the house at Pittville now only rented by him, had instructed him to state that he was perfectly content to wait for the debt if Lord Fitz-Gibbon would consent to give him a mortgage on his reversionary interest in his father's estate at seven per cent., and another on his house near Abergavenny at five per cent., the interest on the former to be allowed to accumulate till he came into possession, and the principal and interest to become payable at any date after six months had elapsed from his doing so, if the first instalment of interest was not paid punctually. Believing that unless he complied with these terms he was at the mercy of Lord Mountstuart, he agreed to them.

CHAPTER IV.

Three years had passed since the events recorded in the last chapter, and Lord Fitz-Gibbon, by reckless gambling, had very largely increased his debt to Lord Mountstuart, who had from time to time obtained as security from him further mortgages on his reversion; so that on his coming into possession of his estate, he found that the total sum amounted to more than half its purchase value. Shortly after he had come into possession he was called upon by Mr. Holbrook, who informed him that as more than eight months had passed and no interest had been paid; and as Lord Mountstuart had, in order to protect himself, bought up all his other debts, he must at once foreclose, and then he added, "I can only express a hope, my lord, that you may find some means of escape out of your difficulty, but I feel compelled to say that, having been fully aware of the power possessed by my noble client to call in the whole amount due, if the first instalment of interest were in arrear, and two months have been permitted by you to pass without any reference even to the matter, you cannot justly complain of being treated harshly. Good day, my lord! Good day. Pray remember that the whole sum due must be paid at my office before twelve o'clock on this day week, or my client will proceed to a sale of the mortgaged premises. Once more let me wish you good day."

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That afternoon he received a telegram from Osborne to meet him at the Plough Hotel, Cheltenham, next morning. On doing so, he informed him that on the evening on which they had met at Mr. Holbrook's, he had, as umpire, watched the play, and observed Lord Mountstuart pass a slip of paper under the table to Col. Trumppington, who had accidentally dropped it, when he had at once placed his foot upon it to prevent his recovering it. "What that paper is I purpose telling you in the presence of Lord Mountstuart, Mr. Holbrook, Colonel Trumppington, and my own solicitor, Mr. Ferraby, who will be here on the day appointed for the payment of the sum claimed. Meanwhile, dear old man, let me tell you that, with the sanction of my sister, your wife, I purposely allowed you to involve yourself as you have, knowing that it was the only way to prevent your fatal love of gambling proving your utter ruin. Your tempters have, however, been rather too clever—as you will find on seeing them."

On the day fixed the parties named met at Holbrook's office. Turning to Lord Fitz-Gibbon, Mr. Holbrook said, "I suppose, my lord, I have to congratulate you on having been fortunate enough to secure the good offices of your friend, Mr. Osborne, to take up the mortgages to my noble client, Lord Mountstuart?"

To this Mr. Ferraby replied, "Pardon me, sir; you, as a brother in the legal profession, are aware that we are not in the habit of repudiating any *just* claim on behalf of our clients. I have learnt from Mr. Osborne that Lord Mountstuart has bought up all Lord Fitz-Gibbon's debts, and the exact amount. I think you will find this cheque covers it."

"Perfectly correct, sir," answered Mr. Holbrook, "but we cannot be expected to waive our other claim protected by the several mortgages, and shall have no alternative but that of at once proceeding to a sale of the mortgaged property if it be not also satisfied."

"We are fully prepared," was the reply, "to prove, in evidence such as any court would accept, that the claim is not merely fictitious, but, to say the least of it, such as no gentleman would *dare* to set up."

On this Lord Mountstuart exclaimed, "What do you mean to insinuate, sir; do you *dare* to call my honour in question? Holbrook, of course you will note down the words. They are actionable, I believe, are they not?"

"Undoubtedly so," was the reply, "and I am astonished at a brother in our profession being so extraordinarily rash as to lay himself open to an action."

"Mr. Osborne," then said Mr. Ferraby, "kindly hand me the paper you have, and I flatter myself that I shall be perfectly able with its help to satisfy my legal brother that he is rather in error."

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"*Gentlemen*, sir," said he, "are not usually guilty of inviting others to the house of their solicitor and using marked cards to defraud them. Yes, sir, I use the word advisedly—to defraud them of large stakes. This paper contains an exact division of all the sums to be won between Lord Mountstuart, Colonel Trumppington, and yourself, sir; and further, it has the names of the cards marked. Mr. Osborne acted as umpire, and seeing that Colonel Trumppington had dropped the paper secured it unobserved. As I have received instructions to proceed against each of you, I will reserve anything further I may have to say till the proper time and place."

"Our friend seems to have adopted a very clever way of evading his debts, but if that paper can be proved to be a forgery he will have to pay them. If Lady Fitz-Gibbon had not manifested the bad taste of marrying a gambler, whose love for cards has evidently exceeded that for herself, she would not have become involved in the by no means unnatural results."

No sooner had Lord Mountstuart uttered these insulting words than Lord Fitz-Gibbon coolly walked up to him, and looking him full in the face, with one hand held his nose as in a vice; and with the other, catching him by the throat, forced him back, and after pommelling his head against the wall caught him by the coat, and flung him across the room with such violence that he knocked over Holbrook, against whom he fell. Flinging the mortgage deed which was lying on the table at both of them, he said, "I am going to your club to tell all the members whom I meet there of the manner in which I have treated a pitiably contemptible blackguard."

The following day Lord Mountstuart, Holbrook, and Colonel Trumppington were informed that proceedings had been commenced against them for an attempted fraud by deliberate cheating at cards. At the trial they were found guilty. The sequel was, that after undergoing their sentence Lord Mountstuart, who was cut in society and expelled from every club of which he was a member, left this country for the Continent, where he supported himself by his wits. Colonel Trumppington was turned out of the army, and went to America; and Holbrook, being struck off the rolls, sold his house in Cheltenham, and became connected with a gambling saloon in Paris, where, being detected one night at cheating, he received such treatment as rendered his life in danger, and necessitated his removal to a hospital.

Lord Fitz-Gibbon and Osborne are firmer friends than ever, and the former never touches a card. Two prettier married women than their wives are not to be seen in the whole county; and their daughters, Gertrude and Emily, bid fair to rival their mothers in beauty.

Tenby. REV. S. C. CHURCH.

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SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

Within less than an hour's walk from the town of Kington, once and till the advent of railways the market for the produce of the whole of Radnorshire and some other parts of Wales, is an eminence known as Knill Garraway. It is steep and abrupt on its western side, but approaching it from Kington on the south-east, by way of another eminence, Bradnor Hill, where is a Roman and British camp, and where Offa's Dyke is very distinctly marked, the walk is comparatively easy, and on a fine day one that would not soon be forgotten. From the south-east and east sides of Bradnor most magnificent views open before you, while the air is so pure and bracing and exhilarating that it is difficult to retain one's gravity, and we have known persons on reaching the summit for the first time fairly scream with delight. When we say that the Clee Hills, in Shropshire, the Malvern Hills, in Worcestershire, and sometimes the Cotswold Hills, in Gloucestershire, with the Sugar Loaf and other eminences in Monmouthshire, the Black Mountains and lesser elevations in Herefordshire, and, grandest of all, the Brecknock Beacons, with all the intervening country, lie like a vast panorama before you, we only convey the simple truth.

Passing over, as it were, the shoulders of Bradnor, this view gradually disappears, but the little less imposing views to the west rise to enchain your attention. Hergest Ridge is quite near, and so are Herrock Hantir and the Stonner Rocks, some of them in Herefordshire and some in Radnorshire. Other Radnorshire hills crowd the prospect, encircling the Vale of Radnor, on the steep side of one of which you descry Old Radnor Church, picturesque every way, near to which, in a house called "The Stones," Charles I. is said to have passed the night, 6th August, 1645. The geological features of the country are interesting, and the limestone, now extensively worked at the quarries near Dolyhir station, is of first quality. But conspicuous above every object in the distance rises the magnificent range of Radnor Forest, where you look in vain for a tree, excepting on its lower slopes. The highest point is said to be Black Mixon, which is 2,136 feet according to Smith's reduced ordnance map; though a greater elevation by thirty-four

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feet is claimed for a point a little to the south-west. Reaching what we have called the abrupt eminence of Knill Garraway, while you lose nothing of the fine prospect just described, there breaks upon you a view which we may call picturesque, delightful, and enchanting, but shall have conveyed even then no adequate idea of it. It lies at your feet, enclosed in a frame-work of hills and woods, and when the trees are clothed with their verdure and the sun is shining on a clear day the picture is something exquisite. Some three or four hundred feet below you are the green meadows, with the cattle grazing, and a streamlet meandering to and from a small weir, the music of whose waters is as a lovely song upon your delighted ear. To the right is Knill Court and its small park-like grounds, within which is the neat little church where the few parishioners assemble on Sundays in fine weather, and in the burying ground of which lie the remains of Sir Samuel and Mrs. Romilly. Leaving now the picturesque surroundings of the quiet resting-place of Sir Samuel, whose residence at Huntington Park, four miles to the south-west, is still occupied by a branch of the family, Henry Romilly, Esq., we come to trace in a few pages his history and achievements.

The Romilly family in its origin is neither Welsh nor English, but French. Like the Barings, the Fonblanques, the Bourdiens, and many other distinguished families, it came to be nationalised in this country as the result of expulsion or enforced exile from its own. The great-grandfather of Sir Samuel was the proprietor of an extensive landed estate near Montpellier, in the South of France. He was a Protestant when the religious tyranny of the French king made it highly dangerous to profess that faith. We all know something of the Reign of Terror, the wanton excesses and brutal cruelties which followed the revocation of the great Toleration Act of France, known as the Edict of Nantes. Old M. Romilly wished to retain his lands and his faith too, and as the persecution was especially fierce in his neighbourhood, he so far dissembled as openly to side with the popular creed, though still in private to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. He succeeded so far that he was not greatly molested, but in the end the estate passed from the Protestant branch of the family. His only son was brought up carefully and well instructed in the Protestant faith, and he came to have and act out faithfully his strong convictions of its Scriptural truth. When the lad was seventeen years of age, at his father's desire and in accordance with his own wishes, he travelled to Geneva, for the sole purpose of receiving the Lord's Supper at the hands of a Protestant pastor. While there he met the celebrated preacher and divine, M. Saurin, who was on a visit, and at the height of his reputation. He was held by all Protestants in the greatest esteem, and was revered by some as an apostle, many of his

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sermons having been made familiar to English readers, having been translated by the eminent Baptist pastor of Cambridge, the eccentric Robert Robinson.

Young Romilly was so impressed by his preaching, combined with his high character and his kind and affectionate manner in the interviews he had with him, that his religion and his Protestantism were greatly deepened, and new views and a new life opened before him. The result was a resolution to abandon his native country and all his associations and prospects, and seek a livelihood by his own industry in a land where he would be free to worship God according to his conscience, which there was no hope of his doing in France. He came to England and commenced business as a wax-bleacher, in the village of Hoxton, near London. With the help of substantial remittances from his father he maintained his position, and married a daughter of another refugee, Judith Monsallier. Their youngest son, Peter, was the father of Sir Samuel. When the great grandfather died, his son, Peter's father, was excluded from inheriting the estate, on account of his religion and his expatriation, and the property passed to the next Catholic heir. This was a sad blow to the gentle spirit of the disinherited, and, following upon other trials, his rather feeble health gave way, and at the age of forty-nine he left his wife a widow with eight children, with very small resources. Peter was apprenticed to a jeweller in Broad Street, in the city, and subsequently married a sister of his fellow apprentice, a young woman of French extraction, of the name of Garnault. The proposed marriage was not approved by Miss Garnault's friends, who were rich, and who wanted to match their poor relative to one with ample means. The lovers were true to each other and waited. Peter went to Paris and worked as a journeyman at his trade. He acquired great proficiency, and, what is more, filled his purse, and so Miss Garnault became Mrs. Romilly. Six of their children died in infancy, and the mother soon followed them. She was a woman of great excellence and her husband's delight. He was a skilful performer on the flute, and he not unfrequently aroused his wife from her slumber in the morning by playing at her bedside. An anecdote of Peter will show that the philanthropy for which Sir Samuel and others of the family have been noted was a family characteristic. It was when Mr. Peter Romilly's business as a jeweller was very much smaller than it afterwards became, that he observed on several occasions a woman lying on a door-step near his house, in rags and dirt, half naked, and frequently intoxicated, with a female child crying at her side. He pitied the starving babe, and had no difficulty in persuading the depraved and wretched mother to give up her child to him. He took her into his house, fed, clothed, and educated her, and at a fitting age placed her out

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as a servant, in which situation he lived to see her continue with reputation and comfort. It will give some idea of the greatly altered state of London and its surroundings, when we mention that after the loss of his six children, Mr. Peter Romilly hired some rooms in *the village of Marylebone*, where, during the summer months, the family found a purer air and country scenes.

Sir Samuel's education was far from liberal. What little he had at home of direct instruction he owed chiefly to a pious female friend of his mother, Margaret Facquer, who lived with the Romilly family for forty years. The Bible, the *Spectator*, and an English edition of *Telemachus* were the chief books. Much he owed, too, to the affectionate care of a domestic servant, one Mary Evans—a Welsh woman, no doubt—who was to him in the place of a mother. "I loved her to admiration," says Sir Samuel in one of his autobiographical MSS. "I remember, when still a child, kissing, unperceived by her, the clothes which she wore; and when she once entertained the design of quitting our family and going to live with her own relations, I received the news as that of the greatest misfortune that could befall me, and going up into my room in an agony of affliction, I fell upon my knees, imploring God to avert so terrible a calamity." The result was in accordance with his prayer. Good, kind Mary Evans did not leave the Romilly family. Young Samuel was a boy with a strong imagination and tender affection, which last was seen in his devoted love to his father. His susceptibility of impressions from scenes of horror and suffering was so great that they were frequently reproduced in his dreams. So constantly was his slumbers haunted with such dreams, that he frequently asked God to suffer him to sleep unmolested by them.

We have spoken of the education which he received at home, and we may now mention that his first and only other teacher was a certain French refugee named Fluck. It would appear that this Fluck conducted his establishment very much on the same principles as the Mr. Squeers in Nicholas Nickleby, not for the purpose of teaching the youth committed to his care, but to provide an income. Sir Samuel describes himself as "severe, ignorant, pretentious, and unamiable."

His real education did not begin till afterwards, and he was indebted to no one for his acquirements so much as to himself. His father had thoughts of putting him to study the law, but the only lawyer he had an opportunity of knowing was one whose office and residence were in Threadneedle Street, and he only inspired him with a disgust at the profession. This lawyer is described by Sir Samuel as follows:—"He was a shortish, fat man, with a ruddy countenance, which always shone as if besmeared with grease; a large wig sat close on his head, his

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eyes were constantly half shut and drowsy, all his motions were slow and deliberate, and his words were slobbered out as if he had no power, or was too lazy to articulate them. His dark and gloomy house was filled with dusty papers and voluminous parchments, and in his scanty library there was not a book to tempt a boy who was anxious to read and learn."

No wonder he was disgusted with the man and the profession alike. His father had two cousins, Sir Samuel and Mr. Thomas Fludyer, who were at the head of a great commercial firm in the city. Young Romilly was designed to be a clerk in this famous house, but before he could well prepare himself for the appointment his brilliant prospects of employment, and perhaps wealth and fame, in the commercial world were abruptly dissipated by the death of both the principals.

It seemed then that he must look no higher than to share his father's business with his brother. This would have been no mean start for a young man, for the business had so increased that the annual returns were now about twenty thousand a year, and the profits must have been considerable. But the study of languages, poetry, and books of criticism was more to his mind than work in his father's shop. He commenced the study of Latin, and, though he had no teacher, in four years he had read almost every prose Latin author of the period of Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus. In fact, he pursued his studies with such ardour and success that he soon became possessed of a large amount of useful knowledge. A change took place in his father's circumstances, which favoured his design of making Samuel a lawyer. A rich relative of his wife bequeathed to the family property little less than £15,000, of which amount £2,000 was to fall to the share of Samuel. This led to the family removing to a house at Marylebone, while the business was continued as before. Samuel was now articled to one of the clerks in Chancery, a gentleman in every respect the reverse of the slouching solicitor of Threadneedle Street. Romilly thus describes him:—"A strong natural understanding, improved by much reading and much knowledge of the world, a high sense of honour, the purest integrity, a very brilliant fancy, great talents for conversation, an extraordinary flow of spirits, and a most convivial disposition, were the predominant characteristics of this amiable and estimable man."

This was an admirable arrangement for young Romilly, as he had opportunities of attending the Court of Chancery; also the Masters' and other public offices,—and of thus laying the foundation of great practical knowledge of the mechanical and subordinate grounds of his profession. And yet, as we know from his own statement, he found no amusement in these occupations. While in this situation he became acquainted with the Rev. John Rogêt, the officiating clergyman of the

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French church where the family attended. This gentleman afterwards married Miss Romilly. Mr. Rogêt was a man of considerable attainments, and it was by his encouragement and advice that the desire to distinguish himself at the Bar was fixed in the mind of young Romilly. His money had been invested in his father's business, and this was an extra inducement to him to look to the Bar for an income and for future distinction.

At the age of twenty-two he entered himself at Gray's Inn, and prosecuted his studies with such unremitting devotion that his health began to suffer. He went to Bath to drink the waters, but any benefit he might have derived was rendered abortive by an unwise proceeding on his part. A law library was put up for sale by auction; he bought many of the books, and by fresh applications to study aggravated his illness. He returned home prostrate, and very despondent. He had not recovered when the Gordon riots broke out in 1780, and, as a member of a volunteer corps, he stood sentry at Gray's Inn gate several nights under arms. This postponed his recovery, but, to beguile the tedium of this forced cessation from his legal studies, he commenced the study of Italian. The infant child of his sister, Mrs. Rogêt, and her nurse, required someone to take charge of them on a journey to Geneva, and family circumstances led to Romilly accompanying them. They travelled at the easy rate of thirty miles a day. The change did wonders for the health of the young barrister, and his stay of a month at Geneva, and of a shorter period at Paris, was the commencement of friendships which continued to the close of life. Romilly was in many respects unlike not a few aspiring young men of the present generation. We mention one point only here—his estimate of women. "There is nothing," says he in his autobiographical notes, "by which I have through life more profited than by the just observations, the good opinion, and the sincere and gentle encouragement of amiable and sensible women."

Romilly was called to the Bar in 1783, but for ten years he derived but slight pecuniary advantage. Afterwards, following the advice of Mr. Justice Heath—a plain man, who refused to be knighted—he joined the men attending the Quarter Sessions at Warwick. Here he began to obtain celebrity. He acquired distinction in the Court of Chancery, and, on the promotion of Sir John Scott (afterwards Lord Eldon) to the bench of the Common Pleas, a new career of profit and honour opened before him. An important event in his life happened in 1798, when he was in his forty-first year. He was married to Anne, the eldest daughter of W. Garbett, Esq., of Knill Court, near Kington. The circumstances of their first meeting were remarkable, and so evidently the result of the designs of Providence, that we

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cannot pass them over. He shall tell the story himself:—"Some miles from Bowood (near Calne, Wilts, the seat of Lord Landsdowne) is the form of a white horse grotesquely cut out upon the Downs, and forming a landmark to a large extent of country. To that object it is that I owe all the real happiness of my life. In the year 1796 I made a visit to Bowood. My dear Anne, who had been staying there some weeks with her father and her sisters, was about to leave it. The day fixed for their departure was the eve of that on which I arrived, and if nothing had occurred to disappoint their purpose I never should have seen her. But it happened that on the preceding day she was one of an equestrian party which was made to visit this curious object. She over-heated herself by her ride; a violent cold and pain in her face was the consequence; the father found it necessary to defer the journey for several days, and in the meantime I arrived. I saw in her the most beautiful and accomplished creature that ever blessed the sight and understanding of man—a most intelligent mind, an uncommonly correct judgment, a lively imagination, a cheerful disposition, a noble and generous way of thinking, an elevation and heroism of character, a warmth and tenderness of affection, such as are rarely found even in her sex, were among her extraordinary endowments. I was captured alike by the beauty of her person and the charms of her mind. A mutual attachment was formed between us, and which at the end of little more than a year was consecrated by marriage. All the happiness I have known in her beloved society, all the many and exquisite enjoyments which my dear children have afforded me, even my extraordinary success in my profession—the labours of which, if my life had not been so cheered and exhilarated, I never could have undergone—all are to be traced to this trivial cause."

Knill Court now became to him, as often as his growing duties would admit of his retirement thither, a sort of earthly paradise. Writing to a friend, he speaks of it as "a retreat which I think, if you were to see it, you would say it was worthy of Switzerland." In 1800 he was advanced to the rank of King's Counsel, and soon became, as he continued all his life, the undisputed leader of the Equity Bar.

Honours now crowded upon him. In 1805 he was appointed Chancellor of Durham, by the Bishop of that Diocese; quite early the next year he was made Solicitor-General, and immediately after he was elected M.P. for Queenborough, taking his seat in the House 24th March. A career of public life, with its many trials and distinctions, now opened fully before him. He was appointed one of the committee to conduct the trial of Lord Melville. A day or two later he consented, at the request of Wilberforce, to speak and take an active part in measures for the abolition of the slave trade. Parliament dissolved in the

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autumn, and Romilly was re-elected for Queenborough, but, upon a change of Administration, the Solicitor-Generalship passed to Sir Thomas Plumer. The next year the Catholic question brought about another dissolution, and Romilly was elected for Horsham. In 1808 he was unseated, but in the following April was returned for Wareham. In 1812 he was nominated for Bristol, but was not returned; but he took his seat shortly afterwards for Arundel. In 1818 Parliament was again dissolved, and Sir Samuel received requisitions from Liverpool, Chester, London, and Westminister to represent them in the House. With the last he complied, and, after a scene of unparalleled excitement, he was returned at the head of the poll, with nearly 6,000 votes. Unhappily he never took his seat. He died prematurely 2nd November, 1818, in a paroxysm of brain fever, brought on by his overwhelming grief at the death of his wife. They were interred in the same grave at Knill.

We might close this sketch at this affecting point, but we should hardly do justice to his work, his memory, and his worth were we not to glance again at the public life we have passed over with such slight touches. Regarding him as an advocate, it must be borne in mind that, notwithstanding all his attainments in his profession, he never cordially liked it. This his private correspondence, given in the three volumes of his "Memoirs and Letters," edited by his sons, clearly proves. The various philanthropic measures which were then being cradled won his ardent sympathy, such as the Abolition of the Slave Trade, Prison Discipline and the Education of the Lower Classes. So much was this the case, that though the Catholic question, the French Revolution, the works of Howard, the insurrection of the Negroes at St. Domingo figure conspicuously in his letters, there is never any reference to any legal decision, or any matter or question relating to legal proceedings. Nevertheless, he so mastered all the details of his profession, and so perfected himself in the art of oratory, that he was one of the most refined, the most elegant, and at the same time the most nervous and forcible speakers at the Equity Bar. "Although called upon, as he repeatedly was," says one who knew him intimately, "to speak on the spur of the moment, and necessarily unprepared, he never wasted time by unnecessary and frivolous remarks, or dwelt long on matters of minor importance, but kept the question in hand as the landmark of his address." The same writer adds:—"Nothing struck me with more surprise than the difference between the character of his address at the Bar and that before the House of Commons. Somewhat apathetic in manner, with downcast looks, and a tinge of melancholy on his countenance, resting his hands upon his upright brief, he poured forth the full and ready

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stream of language applicable to the case before the court; but in the House of Commons, taking up the subject under discussion upon the broadest grounds of public policy, with an earnest and animated tone of voice, he stood erect, and was by no means wanting in that energy of manner and action so useful and becoming in a mixed popular assembly. Indeed, he was a splendid exception to the general rule, that lawyers fail as orators in Parliament."

His first work as a jurist was written as early as 1788. It had a curious history. Having made the acquaintance of Mirabeau in Paris, on his return from Switzerland he visited the prison of the Bicêtre. What he saw, both in the prison and in the hospitals, shocked and disgusted him. Mirabeau requested him to put down in writing the impressions he had received. He did so soon afterwards, and showed them to Mirabeau, who translated them into French, and published them as his own, under the title of "Lettre d' un Voyageur Anglais sur la Prison de Bicêtre." The work was suppressed by the police, and Romilly published his own sketch as a translation of the French pamphlet. Other works which may be ranked under this head were:—"An Essay on the Constitutional Power and Duties of Juries in cases of Libel;" an "Answer to Madan's Thoughts on Executive Justice," and a tract on "The Codification of the Law." Many unpublished papers—too numerous to mention—were found among his MSS. As a legislator he shone with no common brilliancy. His summing up of the evidence given in support of the impeachment of Lord Melville was a masterly performance, occupying nearly four hours in its delivery. It was when he had lately entered the House, and it lifted him at once to esteem and honour. It is not less surprising than remarkable how his benevolent mind and far-seeing judgment anticipated very many of the great and beneficial reforms which have marked the progress of legislation and the triumph of liberty.

The reader may well be startled on finding that three-quarters of a century ago this advanced thinker, this Radical legislator (as no doubt some thought him) had, so to speak, down in his programme—The abolition of the slave trade; the relaxation of the severity of military and naval punishments: the discontinuance of lotteries; the liberty of the press; the diminution of the expense and shortening of duration of proceedings in Chancery; the amendment of the bankruptcy laws; the reform of the Courts of Justice in Scotland; the making real estates assets for the payment of debts; a general registration of deeds; the education of the poor; the diminution of taxes on law proceedings; the abolition of the sale of seats in Parliament; the prevention of cruelty to animals; the building of penitentiaries; the prevention of the evils of transportation; the alter-

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ing of the punishment for treason; and other needed changes in the law. But above and before all he was desirous to change the bloody character of our criminal code. As it then existed there were nearly two hundred offences equally punishable with death. He directed his unceasing and untiring efforts to effect those changes which have since been made. An extensive programme, the reader will say; how could he expect to get to the end of it? We question if he did. But what is never begun will never be ended.

His disinterestedness and contempt for patronage at the expense of liberty and integrity was strikingly displayed in the discussion of the Duke of York's (George IV.) case. The whole of the Court party and almost all the influential lawyers were opposed to inquiry and punishment. Sir Samuel took the other and more righteous course. His speech was received with the greatest enthusiasm all over the country. From the Livery and Common Council of London, from the inhabitants of Westminster and Southwark, from the freeholders of Middlesex, and from the inhabitants of Norwich, Nottingham, Sheffield, Worcester, Reading, and Liverpool, and from public meetings in many of the counties, he received votes of thanks and addresses. His last speech in the House of Commons was on a Bill relating to the law of naturalisation. He denounced in trenchant terms the policy and conduct of the then expiring Parliament. A passage or two will show how fearless he was in denouncing wrongdoing:—"Let us recollect that we are the same Parliament which refused to inquire into the grievances stated in the numerous petitions under which our tables groaned; that we turned a deaf ear to the complaints of the oppressed, that we even *amused ourselves* with their sufferings. Let us recollect that we are the same Parliament which sanctioned the employment of spies and informers by the British Government, debasing that Government, once so celebrated for good faith and honour, into a condition lower in character than that of the French police. . . . Let us recollect that we are the same Parliament which sanctioned the shutting of the ports of this once hospitable nation against unfortunate foreigners flying from persecution in their own country. This sin is what we have done; and we are about to crown the whole by the present most violent and unjustifiable act. Who our successors may be I know not, but God grant that this country may never see another Parliament as regardless of the liberties and rights of the people, and of the principles of general justice, as this Parliament has been."

But though he was thus so thoroughly out-spoken, every one was so entirely convinced of the purity of his motives, that though he sometimes had many opponents, he had no enemy. What the late Richard Cobden and his noble compeer, John

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Bright, did for the Corn Laws, and what the member for Merthyr, Henry Richard, would do in the extension of his peace principles, Sir Samuel Romilly advocated even then. He sowed the seed and others have reaped the harvest, or have entered into his labours.

But our paper must end, and we cannot, we think, conclude it better than by quoting the words of his intimate friend, the good and great William Wilberforce. Speaking of him at the time of his decease, he said:—

"He was a man in whom public and private excellence were so united, and so effectually balanced, that it is difficult to say which had the predominance. Those who knew him only as a member of Parliament will probably hold that his *public* principles had the predominance; while those who enjoyed his friendship will feel satisfied that the general benevolence of his views and projects was even exceeded by the endearing qualities of his *domestic* life."

Kington. R. SHINDLER.

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WELSH MEMBERS OF FORMER ADMINISTRATIONS.

V.

Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis.

The Lewises of Radnorshire had been settled at their seat, Harpton Court, for a long time and through many generations. Country gentlemen of the old school, they had often filled the office of Sheriff for the county, and one member of the family—Thomas Lewis—being elected for the Borough in the time of George I., represented it without interruption for some fifty years. Thomas Frankland Lewis, the only son of John Lewis, Esq., of Harpton Court, by his second wife, Anne, the second daughter of Admiral Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart, of Thirkelby Park, in the county of York, a distinguished sailor, was born in London on the 14th May, 1780. At the usual age he was sent to Eton, and from thence he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford. In March, 1805, he was married to Miss Harriet Cornewall, fourth daughter of Sir George Cornewall, Bart., of Herefordshire. At this time he appears to have been residing in his native county, taking an active part in its affairs, which his position fully entitled him to. When the proud designs of Napoleon sent a thrill through each British heart, Mr. Lewis threw himself with great ardour into the preparations for the defence of his country, and in 1806 was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Radnorshire (local) Militia, which he held till the end of the war in 1815, when his regiment was disbanded. His loyalty had, however, gained the attention of Lord Liverpool's Government, and being possessed of great tact and discrimination, he was named one of a Commission, appointed in 1821, for inquiry into the revenue in Ireland, and from 1822 to 1825 he sat on a similar Commission for the whole of the United Kingdom, the result of which inquiries was the consolidation of the three boards (in England, Scotland, and Ireland) of Customs and Excise into one. From 1825 to 1827 he was First Commissioner of Inquiry into Education in Ireland. His business qualities

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had by this time become fully recognised, and in September, 1827, Lord Goderich appointed him to the hard-worked position of Financial Secretary to the Treasury. It should have been previously mentioned that at the general election of 1812 Mr. Lewis was returned for Beaumaris, for which borough he was re-elected in the Tory interest at the general elections of 1818 and 1820. On the dissolution of Parliament in 1826 he transferred his services to Ennis, in Ireland, for which he sat two years. The Financial Secretaryship was eminently fitted for Mr. Lewis's training and temperament, and he proved himself a great success, so that when his chief left office in February, 1828, his successor, the Duke of Wellington, prevailed upon the member for Ennis to continue in office, but in a higher position. This involved no change of party or principle on either part. Lord Goderich had resigned on a purely personal question, and it was a change rather of men than of measures when his former colleague, the Iron Duke, became Premier in his room. The Vice-President "of the Committee of the Privy Council appointed for the consideration of all matters relating to Trade and Foreign Plantations," as his official title was, was an unpaid officer for many years after the re-institution of the Board of Trade in 1784, and it was not till 1817 that a salary of £2,000 a year was attached to it. In that year the office of President (to which no salary was attached for some time after) was annexed to that of Treasurer of the Navy, so that the chief work of the department fell upon the Vice-President. Mr. Lewis at the same time was sworn a Privy Councillor, according to usage. In May, 1828 (about which time he was elected Knight of the Shire for his native county, in the place of Walter Wilkins, Esq., deceased), he resigned office along with Lord Palmerston and Mr. Huskisson, on a difference of opinion with the Cabinet, but Mr. Lewis did not join the Opposition, and in his case the breach was soon healed, as in February, 1830, he re-entered the Wellington Ministry as Treasurer of the Navy (for which the Presidentship of the Board of Trade was at this period again separated), with a salary of £3,000 per annum. This was the highest political rank to which Mr. Lewis attained. In August, 1834, the celebrated Commission was appointed for inquiry into the working of the Poor Laws, and Lord Melbourne, without hesitation, placed Mr. Lewis at the head of it; consequently at the general election in December, 1834, he did not seek re-election for Radnorshire. The Poor Law Commission lasted for the long space of thirteen years, and its labours were immense; but in January, 1839, its chairman relinquished his post, leaving the able work to be concluded by his most efficient and valuable colleagues, Mr. George Nicholls and Mr. Shaw Lefevre, and his place was taken by his son, the future Chancellor of the Exchequer. In 1838 the first Mrs. Lewis had died, and in the

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October of 1839 the squire of Harpton took, as his second wife, Miss Mary Ann Ashton, only surviving daughter of Captain John Ashton, of the Guards. In 1843 Mr. Lewis was on the Commission to inquire into the Rebecca Riots in Carmarthenshire, and although his political opinions appear to have gradually become changed, Sir Robert Peel recommended him for a Baronetcy, which honour Her Majesty was graciously pleased to bestow upon him in June, 1846. The following year Sir Thomas was returned unopposed for Radnor Borough, and no opposition was offered to the return of the veteran statesman in 1852. In "Dod" he is described (at this date) as a Liberal, but opposed to any further religious endowments," but his Liberalism was of a near relation to Whiggism. On the 22nd of January, 1855, he expired at his country seat, in his seventy-sixth year, being succeeded in title and Parliamentary representation by his eldest son, the celebrated Sir George Cornewall Lewis. There can be little doubt that Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis took first rank among that class of hard-working politicians who, because of the very abstruseness and intricacy of their useful labours, are often overlooked and forgotten by the side of the brilliant orator, or the more showy statesman. Sir Thomas has been described as "a careful and accomplished man, but formal, verbose and dull."

Sir George Cornewall Lewis.

The Right Honourable Sir George Cornewall Lewis, second Baronet of Harpton Court, in the County of Radnor, Member of Parliament, one of the Most Honourable Privy Council, one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, and a Trustee of the British Museum, was born 21st October, 1806, and was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Frankland Lewis, previously mentioned, by his first wife, Harriet, fourth daughter of Sir George Cornewall, Bart., of Moccas. He received his earlier education at Eton School, under Dr. Keate, and there carried off many prizes. From thence he proceeded in due course to Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. with high honours in 1828, taking a first class in classics, and a second class in mathematics. He then studied under a special pleader, Mr. Barnes Peacock (afterwards Chief Justice of India), and on 25th November, 1831, he was called to the Bar, at the Middle Temple. But the legal profession had no charms for him, and he hardly, if ever, practised. In 1835 he became an Assistant Commissioner to report on the working of the relief of the Poor in Ireland, and in the following year he was a member of the Commission of Inquiry into the affairs of Malta. Then he became Secretary to the Poor Law Commission, and his conduct occasioned such satisfaction, that in January, 1839, he was

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appointed to succeed his father as one of the Commissioners. This post he resigned in July, 1847, and the following month was elected for the county of Hereford, as a supporter of Lord John Russell. There his name had preceded him, and in three months time (one of the quickest instances of promotion to office) he became Joint Secretary to the Board of Control. This he exchanged in May, 1848, for the more congenial post, to him, of Under Secretary of State for the Home Department, and in July, 1850, he became Financial Secretary of the Treasury, an office requiring much application to work of a very dry nature. In February, 1852, Lord John Russell resigned, and Mr. Lewis of course followed his chief's example. At the dissolution that followed he lost his seat for Herefordshire, and was also unsuccessful at Peterborough. He remained out of Parliament for three years, during which time he edited the *Edinburgh Review* most successfully, until February, 1855, when (on the death of his father, 22nd January) he succeeded to the Baronetcy, and was elected for New Radnor. On the 21st February Mr. Gladstone had resigned his office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the following month he was succeeded in that important position by Sir George Cornewall Lewis, who was then sworn of the Privy Council. His appointment created much surprise at the time, but he disarmed suspicion by the great financial capacity he displayed, and his prudence and caution in dealing with the national revenue won him the confidence of the country. He resigned with his Government in the February of 1858, and on Lord Palmerston's second accession to power in June, 1859, Sir George joined him as Secretary of State for the Home Department, a post for which he was pre-eminently fitted, and it was here that he specially acquired a high and well deserved reputation as an able administrator. The death of Lord Herbert of Lea in July, 1861, placed the Ministry in a dilemma as to his successor at the War Office, and at a great sacrifice to himself, Sir George accepted the seats of the Secretaryship for War. Here the details of his official work had to be mastered anew, and it is believed that in his conscientious desire to perform his duty he greatly overstrained his strength, and thus brought on his premature decease. His death took place suddenly, after a short illness, from congestion of the lungs, at his seat, Harpton Court, Radnorshire, on the 13th April, 1863. The House of Commons immediately adjourned, and in seconding the motion for that purpose, Mr. Disraeli observed "the Queen has, in that death, lost one of her best servants, and the Commons, a member who possessed universal regard and respect." Sir George had married 26th October, 1844, the Lady Maria Theresa, daughter of the Hon. George Villiers, and grand-daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Clarendon, and widow of Thomas Henry

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Lister, Esq., of Armytage Park, Staffordshire (a lady of great literary attainments and authoress of several works), but leaving no issue he was succeeded in the title by his brother, the Rev. G. F. Lewis. "Mingled with the feeling of regret," says a contemporary, "which every one has experienced at the premature death of Sir George Lewis, there is much to wonder at the extraordinary aptitude for labour which his whole life exhibited. Fitted by taste for the recluse life of a scholar and a philosopher, by sheer perseverance he engrafted on his nature the character of a statesman; ungifted with the surface qualities which stand for so much in a Minister and a Member of Parliament, he yet became an excellent administrator, and held a universally influential position in the House of Commons." A characteristic anecdote is related of him:—When in a railway carriage on his way to an audience of the Queen at Windsor, as soon as the train had started, and he had carefully exhausted the columns of a daily newspaper, he was observed to draw from his pocket a small volume, in which he became absorbed for the rest of the journey. A curious fellow passenger was able to discover that the book was—Æschylus! Sir George was no less distinguished as an author, and his literary works were numerous and very highly esteemed. As a scholar and a writer, as a man of erudition and vast knowledge, he stood acknowledged among his compeers. In the intervals of an active and public life he found time for research into most abstruse subjects. With ancient literature and early Roman history he was most familiar, and his extensive knowledge and painstaking toil enabled him to dispel the illusions of old chroniclers. In early life he contributed to the pages of the *Classical Journal* and the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, and at the age of twenty-one he published a translation from the German of Boeckh's Treatise, "On the Public Economy of the Athenians." In 1830 he published a translation of Müller's "History and Antiquities of the Doric Race." Other works were treatises on "The Use and Abuse of Political Terms," "The Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion," "Matters of Observation and Reasoning in Politics," "An Inquiry into the Credibility of Early Roman History;" Essays on "The Connection of Church and State, and the Principles of that Connection," "The Extradition of Criminals," "The Astronomy of the Ancients," "The Romanee Languages," "A Glossary of Provincial Words used in Herefordshire," and a treatise, "Remarks on the Government of Dependencies." It will thus be seen that Sir George was equally at home in such a miscellany of subjects as politics, political economy, jurisprudence, astronomy, antiquities, and general literature—a most astounding instance never surpassed. A curious trait in his character was the persistent belief that no man ever lived to be a centenarian. Again reverting to his political career, it

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may be mentioned that many moderate men, irrespective of party, looked forward to see him occupy the position of Prime Minister, as a most fitting successor to Lord Palmerston. His opinions were very like those of his chief, and by his moderate Liberalism he gained the confidence of all. In recording his death, the *Times* said:—"He was more especially trusted because he possessed that peculiar form of common sense which is found to be inseparable from honesty." So one of Cambria's brightest ornaments passed away in the blush of honours, in the sorrowing esteem of the nation, quietly and gently, like one who sought his rest, worn out in the service of his country. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* The *Illustrated London News* bore its tribute to his memory:—"In private life he was remarkable for the gentleness of his manners, and for the blameless and even tenour of his conduct, as he was noted in public life for his integrity, his consistency, his high principle, his moderate opinions, and his large toleration. Esteemed by his friends, and trusted even by his political opponents, he was destined, as we believed, for a still higher position in the State than that which he held at his death. He was an adequate Poor Law Commissioner, a competent Secretary to the Board of Control, an efficient Secretary to the Treasury, a trusty Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a Home Secretary whose work came easy to him, but not so easily as not to be well done." And of his death:—"Men started and stared blankly at each other when the tale was told, for it came upon all with a melancholy suddenness, and on most with a sense of bereavement." It is stated that in moving the adjournment of the House Mr. Walpole (a Conservative) appeared struck with grief; Lord Palmerston, who seconded the motion, was flushed and agitated, and Mr. Disraeli's usually calm manner evidenced unusual emotion. There was a solemn stillness and absence of emotion in the House which was most impressive, and at the close, slowly, and something funereal in their movements, members passed in a body from the House, and all was silent; for the feeling evinced was not for the Minister—the very keystone of the Ministry, but for the man.

JOHN JEFFREYS.

Probably the son of John Jeffreys, Esq., of Sheen, Surrey, sometime Sheriff and M.P. for Breconshire, and kinsman of Sir Jeffrey Jeffreys, Knight, and Edward Jeffreys, both members for Brecon. He appears to have been born at the close of William III.'s reign, and was of a Breconshire family, though of his early life nothing is known. At the general election of 1734 he was returned for Breconshire, and was re-elected in 1741. He seems to have soon attracted the attention of the

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leading Ministers, and in December, 1742, was appointed Joint Secretary of the Treasury, his coadjutor being the noted John Scrope. This post he maintained till May, 1746, when he resigned. In the election of 1747 he transferred his services to the Borough of Dartmouth, or, as it was named, Clifton Dartmouth Hardness. On the promotion of James West to the Joint Secretaryship of the Treasury in May, 1752, Mr. Jeffreys succeeded him in his place of Secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This appointment was more one of convenience than anything else, and was not considered as conferring an inferior position in politics upon its holder. On Mr. Pelham's death this office was also vacated in April, 1754. At the general election following Mr. Jeffreys was again returned for Dartmouth, and in July of the same year he attained to the important office of Warden of the Mint, on the death of Mr. Herbert. On vacating his seat he was at once re-elected without opposition. The Warden of the Mint occupied a somewhat anomalous position. He enjoyed the honour of being the chief official in the establishment of the Mint; but latterly the second officer, the Master or Worker, had in practice become the most important personage, and he had a salary of £600 a year, while the Warden had only £400. It must be remembered that every office in those curious times had attached to it many perquisites and fees. The Deputy-Rangerships of Saint James' and Hyde Parks, on the death of the Earl of Pomfret, fell to his lot in addition, in December, 1755, and these three posts he filled until his decease in January, 1766. Mr. Jeffreys seems to have been a personage of some note in his day, and is noticed in Lord Walpole's entertaining work as "a patron of the Opera House and of White's."

Sir Richard Lloyd.

Sir Richard was more of a lawyer than a statesman. Having been called to the Bar, he attained a good practice, was created King's Counsel in 1738, and became Solicitor-General in April, 1754, when he received the honour of knighthood. In December of the same year he was elected for Totness (Devon), in the room of Sir John Strange, deceased. On a change of Government he quitted office in November, 1756, but in November, 1759, was elevated to the Bench as a Baron of the Court of Exchequer (salary £1,500). His judicial career was, however, cut short by death on the 6th of July, 1761, and he expired at Northallerton, Yorkshire, on returning from circuit. He married in August, 1740, the widow of Thomas Bates, Esq., of Holiwell, Northumberland, which lady brought him a fortune of £4,000.

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Hon. John Talbot.

Mr. Talbot was born in the year 1712, and was the second son of Charles Talbot, Esq., afterwards Lord Talbot, and Lord High Chancellor, by his wife, Cecil, only daughter and heiress of Charles Matthews, Esq., of Castle Menich, Glamorganshire. In December, 1733, his father was raised to the peerage on accepting the Great Seal, and his children thereupon became entitled to the courtesy designation of Honourable. Soon after this young Mr. Talbot, adopting his father's profession, was called to the Bar by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn. He entered the House of Commons as member for the Borough of Brecon, at the general election of 1734, and for this place he sat in three Parliaments, up to 1754. Through his father's influence he obtained in April, 1740, the judicial post of "A Welch Judge," or more properly speaking, he became second or Puisne Justice of the Great Sessions for Chester, Denbigh, Flint, and Montgomeryshires; and he presided at the Chester circuit, as it was called, until his decease. On accepting this post he of course vacated his seat, but was immediately re-elected without opposition. Soon afterwards he also became Recorder of Brecon, which he likewise enjoyed till his death. At the general election in 1754 Mr. Talbot was returned for the borough of Ilchester, or as it was then styled, Ivelchester. While still holding his two judicial posts, such was the nature of public offices in his days, that in December, 1755, the Duke of Newcastle appointed him a Commissioner of the Board of Trade and Foreign Plantations, with a salary of £1,000 per annum, and on acceptance of this fresh office he was re-elected to Parliament; but this new place he was not long to enjoy, for he died in the month of September, 1756, at the early age of forty-four. It is a curious incident that his death is mentioned in the *Gentleman's Magazine* as having taken place in June, 1751, but that is very evidently a mistake. The Hon. John Talbot was married twice, first in May, 1737, to Henrietta Maria, daughter and co-heir of Sir Matthew Decker, Bart., a young lady with a fortune of £12,000 (Historical Register), by whom he had no issue. This lady died in September, 1747, and his second marriage took place in the following August, to the Hon. Catherine Chetwynd, the eldest daughter and eventually the heiress of John, Viscount Chetwynd. By his second lady he left four sons, the eldest of whom succeeded to the estate of Ingestrie, and succeeding his uncle as Lord Talbot in 1782, was two years afterward raised to an earldom.

John Edwards.

The only information that can be gleaned about this gentleman

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is that he held the office of Deputy-Cofferer of the Household of King George I. for some years previous to May, 1723.

William Gwyn Vaughan,

Of Trebarried, in the County of Brecknock, M.P. for Breconshire, as a Whig, from 1714 to 1734. Appointed a Commissioner of the Customs 21st June, 1728 (salary £1,000); resigned this post in June, 1741, and died 31st August, 1753.

Gwyn Vaughan.

Eldest son of the above, married to Miss Price, 13th November, 1727. Also appointed a Commissioner of the Customs, in December, 1744, which he held up to the time of his decease, on 20th of March, 1758.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

GOWER ROMANCES.

THREE CLIFFS.

List! to the mystical music of the ripple that beats on the shore;
Gaze on those three smiling maidens who are passing in shadows before;
Hearts with steps vieing in lightness, ringlets all flowing and fair;
Eyes as the sky in its brightness, free from the shadow of care.
"To the caves, to the caves," they are singing,
"We shall bring you back sea grass and shells,"
And the cliff with the echo is ringing,
Is ringing—but ringing their knells.

We still hear the mystical music of the ripple that beats on the shore;
We think of the three smiling maidens, remembering they came back no more;
The fond hearts that beckoned them onward, and waited for sea grass and shells,
Were wrecked by the loss of their darlings, ere ceased the toll of the bells.
Well may'st thou, cruel Ocean, be moaning,
And tears of remorse dashing o'er
Those cliffs, now so grandly enthroning
The three little treasures of yore.

Swansea. ROBT. D. BURNIE.

LIFE'S CHAIN.

The ties are loosening one by one,
That bind me to my earthly home;
Yes, one by one, day after day,
Those weary chain-links fall away,
And as they fall—I feel more free
To step, O God, nearer to Thee.

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When youth was fresh, and cares were few,
That chain seemed bright and fair to view,
But in the wear of lengthened years
'Tis rusted o'er by fallen tears,
And here a grief, and there a sin,
Has made the brilliant chain look dim.

And links which once seemed light and fair
Have proved a heavy load to bear;
The time-worn links, though, cannot last
Long in the future as the past!
I grieve not now as day by day
I feel some worn-out link give way.

The welcome sound but proves to me
The weary heart must soon be free,
And life, with all its grief and care,
Will snap the chain it bade me wear;
And then, my God, at last set free,
May I be found at rest with Thee.

Tenby. F. P. GWYNNE.

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THE NIGHTINGALE.

From the poetic mythologists of ancient Hellas, who feigned to hear in the sweet sad strains of the invisible songstress, thrilling the stillness of Attic nights, the wail of the hapless Philomela, telling the story of her wrongs and of the foul treachery of the false Tereus in floods of plaintive melody, to the sweeter singers of later English days, bards who tuned their throats "unto the sweet bird's note," wandering by banks of Thames or Avon,

> "Shady rivers by whose falls
> Melodious birds sing madrigals,"

the Nightingale has been always the bird of poets, the inspiration of fancy's visions, the associate of the fond remembrances of youthful romance, the typical embodiment of all the ideal melody of nature. But her song, to be heard aright, must have its fitting accompaniments of time and place; not in broad day, in the full glare of the noon-tide sun of May, for then—lark and linnet, sparrow and barn-door fowl, all conspiring to swell the noisy concert of rejoicing life—the magic note may well pass unheeded in the joyous clamour, or become to the ear little less commonplace than the blackbird's whistle; but choose some soft dark night in late April or early May. All is still, save for sounds born of the darkness and akin to it; the indescribable murmur of earth's thirsty mouth drinking in the warm spring rain, the subdued sigh of the south-west wind through the branches of the half-clad elms; below, all gloom; above, an occasional gleam of sickly moonlight shimmering through breaks in the wild rack of fast scurrying clouds, serving only to intensify the after darkness; a night when fickle nature seems in her saddest mood, with no promise of the morning joy in her night heaviness; and the human mind, taking its colour from her, is subdued to thoughts of gravity and gloom. Suddenly, out of the thickest darkness, one sweet long drawn note of music flashes like a beam of light; and anon comes a burst of plaintive song, of pathos so infinite, as to touch the toughest hearts, and move to exercise of unaccustomed fancies the most unimaginative of natures.

It is this sense of unexpectedness that is the great source

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of effect in the nightingale's singing. Although association has for long ages linked her name and song with the inky shades of night, there is yet something always new, always weirdly sad in the idea of the lonely bird passing in solitary song the long night watches, when all other of her tribe are at rest. One can understand how, in old days of superstition, she seemed to embody the conception of some restless spirit doomed, darkling and alone, to pour out her soul for ever to the solitude in strains reminiscent of some past bitter anguish; and so the myth of Philomela, most sad and cruel of all the legends of old Greece, was born, and its tragic story for ever interwoven with the little grey minstrel, to whom

> "Dim shapes of ancient crime,
> Moan through the windy ways of Time,
> 'Wail! wail!'"

Our older poets, with their mania for classicism, are full of allusions to the legend. George Gascoigne, in his "Complaynt of Philomene," is absolutely exhaustive in his treatment of it. He tells how—

> "In sweet April, the messenger to May,
> When hoonie drops do melt in golden showres,
> When every byrde records her lover's lay,
> And western windes do foster forth our flowres,
> Late in an even I walked out alone,
> To heare the descant of the Nightingale,
> And as I stoode I heard her make great moane,
> Waymenting much, and thus she tolde her tale."

Then some mysterious personage, afterwards identified as Nemesis herself, takes up the narrative, and recounts the whole history of Pandion's luckless race, of Tereus' baseness, and the horrible revenge of the indignant Progne and her outraged sister, with the final judgment of the offended deities; the poet eventually exercising his ingenuity in interpreting the notes of the bird's song to fit the allusions of the story. Thus she,

> "For her foremost note
> 'Tereu! Tereu!' doth sing,
> Complaining still upon the name
> Of the false Thracian King.
> * * * *
> Her second note is 'fye,'
> Which worde declares disdaine.
> * * * *
> The next note to her 'fye'
> Is 'Jug, Jug, Jug,' I gesse.
> * * * *
> Some thinke that Jugum is
> The jug she jugleth so,
> But Jugulator is the worde
> That doubleth all her woe.

Finally—

> "She calls on 'Nemesis,'
> The goddesse of all just revenge."

All this is very ingenious, with an ingenuity not uncommon to

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the artificial school which Gascoigne represents. Tenderer and finer far are Spenser's "birds' love-learned songs," Ford's splendid "Contest between a nightingale and a Musician, and Barnefield's lovely lyric "As it fell upon a day," so long accredited to Shakspeare, and instinct with the naturalness of true Shakspearean poetry.

Keats lying on his death-bed, sighing his soul away in pain and sleeplessness, was, however, more than all of them, genuinely inspired by the lay of his feathered rival in his immortal "Ode to the Nightingale." He, indeed, "framed to the bird's sweet note"—

> "A sweeter song,
> More sweet than ever a poet's heart
> Gave yet to the English tongue."

Beginning in gloom and sadness, worn with

> "The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
> Here, where men sit, and hear each other groan,
> Where palsy shakes a few sad, last grey hairs;
> Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
> Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
> And leaden-eyed despairs;
> Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
> Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow,—"

the "plaintive anthem" seems to quiver through stanza after stanza of the ode, suggesting to the poet's mind dreamy visions of natural beauty, vague, sad, unutterable yearnings for rest and peace:—

> "I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
> Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
> But in embalmed darkness guess each sweet
> Wherewith the seasonable month endows
> The grass, the thicket and the fruit tree wild;
> White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
> Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
> And mid-May's eldest child,
> The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
> The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.
>
> Darkling, I listen; and, for many a time,
> I have been half in love with easeful Death,
> Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
> To take into the air my quiet breath;
> Now more than ever seems it *rich* to die,
> To cease upon the midnight with no pain
> While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
> In such an ecstasy!
> Still would'st thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
> To thy high requiem become a sod."

Such songs as these come over the senses "like the sweet south, breathing on a bank of violets."

There has always seemed to me a strange connection between this real death-bed scene of the English poets and the imaginary one in Hans Andersen's charming fairy tale of "The Nightingale." There the dying Emperor, stripped of his rich belongings, deserted by his time-serving courtiers, lies alone

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with Death leaning over his couch, until the banished "little grey bird" comes to the casement, and pours forth through the night such songs of life and beauty, that pale Death raises his head to listen, and anon steals away, his errand unfulfilled, while the revived Emperor's tears, a rare and precious gift, pay his preserver's pains.

Suggestions of strongly contrasted effects in material nature are the most powerful instruments for exciting emotion in the human mind. Light to arise in darkness, the favourite image of the Hebraic poets as applied to the Advent of the Messiah; the tombstone in Poussin's Arcadian landscape; the death's-head at the banquet; the bier at the Egyptian festival—are images that, however well-worn, never fail to arouse reflection, or to excite hope, sorrow, or fear; so every suggestion of a moral effect, in contrast to surrounding material conditions, is instinct with a similar power. The sweet notes of the nocturnal bird, so little allied in their clear incisiveness to the idea of gloom and heaviness, convey almost inevitably to certain minds an effect as of light breaking through darkness—an effect purely sympathetic, to be felt rather than defined; but that has always seemed to me to have a parallel in imaginative art in some of the weird pictures of that mad visionary Martin, where, in defiance of all natural laws, lurid unearthly lightning flashes, or beams of heavenly effulgence cut through the intense darkness of his Cimmerian deeps, *without illumining it*, effecting by force of strong contrast a result none the less powerful on account of its representing a natural impossibility.

In much the same spirit was conceived the hackneyed night-scene in *Il Trovatore*—the gloomy frowning battlements, the exterior of the tower where lies the prisoner, whose death the morning light will herald; the voices of the monks chanting in the distant chapel a solemn *miserere* for the soul about to die—all attune the mind to the lowest key of gloom and depression, when the clear thrilling notes of the tenor voice rise through the darkness, moral and material, with an irresistible suggestion of light. Much of the popularity of this *scena*, which never fails to arrest the sympathies and touch the heart, however vulgarised it may have become by popular associations, is doubtless due to this unexpressed effect upon the mind.

But sentiment in this our age is subject to rude attacks. Somebody not long ago wrote a book; the subject ostensibly, I believe, travels; incidentally it treated *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, and the learned author diverged ever and again from his track, to attack with virulence some cherished popular prejudice. In one of these *excursusus* the poor Nightingale, I remember, was altogether demolished as a pretender to musical taste. Upon some grounds of scientific musicianism

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(I am not exact in my knowledge) her song was pronounced, in accordance with the fundamental laws of harmony as expounded by its latest, and therefore its wisest, professors, inferior to that of certain Pies and Jays, and other feathered fowl. George Robins' famous remark was henceforward to be accepted in sober earnest, and the Nightingale's "din" to be regarded as a literal fact, and not a veiled recommendatory advertisement. Scientific accuracy is, in sooth, a wonderful thing. One admires at the critic's over-cleverness with an underlying sentiment of true thankfulness for the untrained ignorance that leaves intact one's heart and sympathies, weakens not the force of one's associations, and lets one view the world of nature with the same eyes as the seers of old, and not in the line and rule spirit of those by whom, if the golden age returned once more, and the sun God Himself revisited earth—

> "Apollo's self might pass unheard,
> Or find the night-jar's note preferred."

London. F. C.

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LEAVES FROM A CRIMINAL NOTE BOOK.

(With Original Illustrations.)

XVIII.

LAWYERS.

There is no end of fun to be got out of a scene in which the chief actors are a pompous, cross-examining lawyer, and a shrewd, cool witness. One of these latter I knew completely turning the tables upon a most experienced hand in the neatest way imaginable. Our lawyer had taken him for a timid fool, and, acting upon that assumption, framed his questions and demeanour to suit the occasion. To the surprise of everyone, and the utter humiliation of his enemy, the witness stood fire like a brick, and succeeded in holding up Mr. Skaggerack to the scorn of the court as one whose ignorance bordered on imbecility.

Then again there was the notorious case in which the bullying lawyer Templetop met witness Hurtleben, a snob by occupation, but by nature a blackguard. The dialogue was something as follows :—

"Your name, I believe, is—well what *is* your name, now ?"

"I've told it twice already."

"I didn't hear you."

"Perhaps you didn't want to."

"None of your impertinence, sir."

"None of yours either."

Things were getting warm here, and Templetop asked the bench to interfere. Bench did so; witness growling that he would be as civil in his answers as Mr. Templetop was in his questions. Cross-examination continued :

"You're a shoemaker, I think ?"

"Yes."

"Anything else besides ?"

"Yes."

"What ?"

"Coal merchant."

"Just so; and you owe my client a bill ?"

"True."

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"Do you owe him a grudge as well?"

"Not at all; don't grin, Mr. Templetop; you look too much like a gorilla as it is."

This was a thunderclap. Court again interferes, and witness retorts:

"I'm sorry your Worship shouldn't come down on *him* for a change. He carries on just as if he was the master here, and not you."

At this slap of the Court's face there was a general titter, and down went the heads of all the lawyers round the table to hide the smiling.

"I repeat my question, sir—you owe my client a bill, do you owe him a grudge also?"

"Why should I? If every man paid his bills in grudges, you would have paid me mine long ago, I expect. I've quite failed to get the money out of you."

There was a sound of revelry in the court, in the midst of which Templetop's voice was heard expostulating: "I must get answers, not arguments, from the witness, your Worship."

I must get answers not arguments from the witness, your Worship.

"Right," responded Hurlteben drily, "arguments aint always convenient."

"I must really ask the Court to interpose between me and this witness," observed Templetop, now fairly boiling over. "If you do not behave yourself better, sir, I shall move for your committal."

"I should like to hear you do it. A speech on manners from *you* would sound well."

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"Will your Worship—

"Yes, I was going to ask your Worship to order the gentleman out. He is not fit to be heard in decent company."

"I'll have you committed, sir," screamed Templetop.

"Can't do it, sir," replied the witness, in the same shrill key, only the notes in his case were sounded piano instead of forte. "That's magistrates' work," he added quickly, "not yours. You can commit yourself—and you've done so pretty often already—but you can't commit *me*, my good man."

Templetop made a mad dive for his hat, and bounced out of court, ruffled all over like a beaten rooster.

XIX.

PROVINCIALISMS

are great stumbling blocks to English lawyers practising in Welsh courts. Perhaps Judge Cox, who has recently been condemning Welsh witnesses wholesale for the faults of only a few, would like to take note of what I, a Welshman, knowing the nation better, and possessed of a longer Court experience than his English Honour, am just about to say. Welsh witnesses, as a rule, object to give evidence, except through an interpreter, and are often set down, in consequence, as crafty and designing knaves, who had made up their minds not to tell the truth, the reason for these imputations being that a Welsh witness, understanding the English language, gains time while the question is being asked and interpreted to study the answer. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred such an assumption is utterly silly and unfair. Even in the hundredth it is unlawyer-like, the well-known practice of the profession being to hold every man innocent until he has been proved guilty. Often has it occurred that a Welsh witness, allowing his scruples to be overcome, translates the idioms of his own tongue for the benefit of his English hearers in a way altogether unintelligible. I remember an English magistrate dreadfully puzzled by the simple expression, "had the sack," used by a witness in describing the circumstances attending the detection of a fellow-servant in the commission of a theft of corn.

"Had the sack indeed!" exclaimed his worship. "Then why wasn't he charged with stealing that as well as the corn?"

The witness who told the Court that at the time a certain event happened he was "eating a faggot washed down with a blue" was very much disgusted at the prevailing ignorance with regard to the somewhat recondite expression.

A lawyer, seeking to make out that this man was the worse for liquor, and therefore had no more than the haziest of impressions as to what had actually taken place, asked him how much he had had to drink before this particular "blue."

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"Only a Dobbin, s'help me," replied the witness.

A Dobbin is, if I remember, the half, and a "Blue" about two thirds, of a pint. Both measures are invariably spoken of in connection with beer.

Interpreting the native idiom is attended with still more puzzling results. A Welshman will talk to you of a blue (silver) shilling—by the way almost everything Welsh is "blue"; blue sky, blue field, blue horse, blue earth, &c.; poverty of language, I suppose, the cause—the forehead (pine end) of a house; the leg (handle) of a hammer; the fingers (toes) of his feet, and so on. Pembrokeshire English, they say, is often more difficult of comprehension than this literal rendering of idiomatic Welsh. Who, for instance, could understand such expressions as "extraget the horse from the veecoole and stabbleising un." "He's bin feedin' un wi' lutrishous ollaments." "The superality of the shugger taks away the flavorality of the tea an' maks it obnoxious to me test." "He's in a state of rabid convalescency." "If thew dosn't believe it thew canst handleise it." "T'other was the most numerical of the lot." "If me dictation (diction, I suppose) is bad thee canst mek a transmogrification of it."

Well, replied the officer, profoundly, I should say no; they were both on a nequal basis.

The attempts of witnesses to give polish to their utterances are sometimes very amusing.

"She's *ancient*, y'r worship," was a sergeant's description in my hearing of a female prisoner's condition. The beak was mightily puzzled to find the witness's meaning. I suggested *enceinte* and the mystery was cleared up.

"Was one more drunk than the other?" said a lawyer defending a couple of ebriose blackguards whom a policeman was charging with riotous conduct.

"Well," replied the officer profoundly, "I should say no; they were both on a nequal basis."

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"Will your Wash-up be good enough to grant me a suspended order of removal in the case of David Jones, residing at Cwmnantygroes, in the parish of Marlgwyn, in this Union, collier?" once asked a fearfully illiterate relieving officer of the chairman of our bench.

"Why a suspended order?" inquired his Wash-up.

"He was took very bad last night, and the doctor says he cannot be removed."

"What is the matter with him?"

"Here is the certificate, sir—a case of Cobbler's Marbles, I'm afraid."

"A what!" exclaimed his worship in alarm. "Oh, I see! Cholera morbus; we'll grant the order"—and laughter.

"Policeman," said a severe old Judge of Assize once in a case with which I had something to do—"Policeman, speak in English. Neither the gentlemen of the jury nor myself understand Latin or French. When it next becomes your duty to refer to this particular article of female dress, give it its proper Saxon name. We shall know then what you are talking of."

This was the very same Judge whose long harangue to a hardened Welsh criminal was condensed for the benefit of the latter into the single sentence: *Mae'r Judge yn dweyd mae dyn drwg diawledig y'ch wi;* of which the English is "The Judge says you're a devilishly bad fellow."

"Have you told him all I said, Mr. Interpreter?" quoth his Lordship.

"Every word, my lord," replied the intepreter, with a face solemn as an owl's.

"Then I must say," observed his Lordship, blandly, "that the Welsh is a very comprehensive language."

Having in my usual rambling fashion drifted into this subject of interpreting, allow me, while I am in it, to remark that the importance of a correct interpretation cannot be over-estimated. I knew an honest upright man whose character and liberty were seriously imperilled once by the wrong rendering of a single word. He was charged by a constable with stealing a lump of coal belonging to his employer. His defence was that he was allowed by the owners of the works to carry home as much of the mineral as was necessary for household consumption—a common custom enough in the colliery districts. The constable, however, maintained that the custom was not in vogue at this particular pit.

"Then I did not know it," said the prisoner emphatically; "I had only just gone to work there."

"Oh! but you did," rejoined the officer; "you remarked to me, when I took you into custody, 'Well, well, and I have got myself into all this trouble for so small a *crime*.'"

The majority of those on the bench thought this conclusive

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of the point that the prisoner knew he was committing a felony. One of the magistrates, however—marvellously shrewd and quick-witted at all times—quietly, and with an air of apparent unconcern, asked the officer to give the prisoner's observation in Welsh in the very words the man had used. The request being complied with, it was at once made manifest that the witness had misinterpreted "thing" (*am bêth môr fâch:* for so small a *thing*) into "crime;" and the case ended in the acquittal of the accused instead of in his imprisonment, and the ruin of the unblemished character he had taken a lifetime to build.

XX.

LEGAL BLUNDERING.

Human fallibility is never more forcibly or oftener illustrated than in the law, except, indeed, it be on the field of battle. I will not descend to individual cases; I will not enlarge upon the foibles of that well-known special pleader of ours, who used to roll as sweet morsels under his tongue the words "exceptionable," "unmentional," "prummanent," and "fimmomenon;" neither will I dwell upon the unpleasant consequences once threatened him who awkwardly referred to the "long firm's name" instead of to "the firm's long name;" nor will I attempt to make you laugh—at least not now—at the ludicrous displays of the man who, with "damned iteration," used to stretch into yards sentences which ought to have been measured by inches—thus: "I hope you'll consider and take into consideration, your worship, the considerable trouble my client has been put to in the assessment of damages in this case, where nothing that is assessable could be considered a real assessment, even though it was valuated by the most skilful valuator that ever tried his hands at a calculation of value," &c., &c., &c. I will not follow in his classical maunderings the man who, never tired of airing his college education, could never make himself intelligible—the man, I mean, who, instead of denouncing in downright English his strongest opposing witness's story as one which had neither head nor tail, mumbled some incoherent remark, which he rounded off with *nec caput habentia nec caudam*——I will not, I say, dwell upon these, their places being hardly high enough, the theme being hardly noble enough, to merit the serious notice of the historian—ahem! Let us draw the quill at larger game; yea, even at the multitude of counsellors which assembleth at Westminster; at

Acts of Parliament and the Framers.

Nothing disgusts the practical administrator of the law so much as the ignorance of detail, and as often as not of principle, displayed by the man entrusted with the drafting of an Act of

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Parliament. Your mis-called "expert" frequently knows no more than the child unborn the law of the particular case he is called upon to deal with, or the state of public opinion with regard to it. Frequently he repeals statutes that were never passed, and leaves untouched those he ought to have repealed; the result being endless work for judges and endless cost to litigants in their endeavour to set matters right. A fertile source of trouble is the inability of the draughtsman to say, and say briefly, in plain English, what he means. The lay reader who attempts the mastery of a section of an Act of Parliament finds himself at last in very much the same disappointed frame of mind as Ixion, when, instead of Juno, he embraced a cloud. Like Mr. Gladstone's meaning, or George the Fourth after Thackeray had stripped him of his waistcoats, the verbiage of an Act of Parliament has nothing underneath; nothing, that is to say, which is comprehensible to the intelligence, ordinary or extraordinary: what there is of definitive intent being at last ascertained only by a sort of metaphorical throw of the dice.

The inordinate length to which sections of Acts are spun out is best illustrated by the statement of Bentham, who found that between the "whereas" and "repealed" of one statutory sentence, there were as many words as would go to make up an ordinary three volume novel. Old indictments used to be every bit as bad. Thus a man charged with shooting another would have to answer an accusation that in and upon the body of his victim he feloniously did make an assault: after which would ensue a mile-long farrago attempting a description of the precise spot whereon the pistol was placed, what it was loaded with, how the murderer held it, how his victim received it, the immediate and prospective results of the act, and so on. Now we simply say that A. B. did "feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought kill and murder C. D.," which besides being far shorter is much more effective, and gives the murderer infinitely less chance of escape.

I will conclude the present "leaf" with a few jottings illustrative of the bungling work of the professional lawyer. Under the early Affiliation Acts, forms were drawn up for working purposes, which were found to be all wrong. Nothing remained to be done but to pass another Act to declare that what was before wrong was now right. The Registration Act (52 George III., c. 156) provided a penalty of fourteen years' transportation, half of which it was ordered should go to the informer and the other half to certain charitable purposes. The Joe Miller who framed this precious statute might be fairly presumed to have had a hand in the Bill brought forward in the same reign, which provided that the pecuniary penalty levied thereunder should go, half to the King and half to the

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informer. In committee, the punishment was altered to whipping and imprisonment, but "Joey" allowed the application to stand—half to the King and half to the informer. One of the Dogs' Acts I remember helping to administer had to be amended by another before we could tell whether the proceedings could be taken under Jervis's Act—by which nearly all magisterial procedure is regulated—or under some other, or under no Act at all. The Affiliation Act passed for the purpose of *amending* the old Act, 7 and 8 Vict., was found to contain a schedule *repealing* that Act. No provision being made for the obtaining of an order by a woman, the father of whose child had paid money for its maintenance within twelve months after the birth, another Act had to be passed to give her a proper remedy. Quite a crowd of scamps in our district having got wind of this fact, stopped making payments which they knew could never be enforced, and considerable hardship was experienced by the mothers and their progeny in consequence. I would fill pages with instances of blundering like this if I did not fear you had had more than enough of proof already that nothing now remains like the innocence of those ancient times, when, according to old Burton, "a deed to convey a whole manor was *implicité* contained in some twenty lines."

In trouble.

MERLIN.

(*To be continued.*)

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FROM GLYN NEATH TO THE CAPE.

About one hundred miles due east from Port Elizabeth lies the town—I beg its pardon—the Cathedral City of Grahamstown, *alias* "City of the Settlers," *alias* "City of the Saints." It was founded in the year—ever memorable in colonial history—1820, by a band of English emigrants who arrived in the colony some four thousand strong, and fixed on the eastern frontier as their future home. They could hardly have chosen a more delightful site, or one more closely resembling, in many respects, the most favoured spots of the land they had just left. At the time of settlement the site of the present city, and the whole country for hundreds of miles eastward and northward, was lying in the undisturbed possession of the Red Kaffir, the lion, elephant, buffalo, koodoo, and countless droves of antelopes, blessboks, quaggas, and various other species of the native fauna. Many are the thrilling tales related by the early settlers, a few of whom still survive, of strange adventures by flood and field—incidents sufficiently varied to enrich the repertoire of any Fenimore Cooper of the future, should one arise, and brimful enough of romance to throw a halo of enchantment around scenes and adventures fast receding into the dim and uncertain realms of tradition. Proximity to the numerous tribes on their immediate border, and the necessity for being incessantly on the alert to protect their stocks and homesteads, produced a hardy, fearless class of colonists, whose coolness and indomitable courage, and skill in the use of the rifle, have been proved in many a border skirmish.

Grahamstown is pleasantly situated in a grassy hollow. The streets are somewhat irregularly laid out, not having that "rule and square" precision characteristic of Dutch towns generally. This, doubtless, arises from the undulating, irregular formation of the ground on which it stands. The Kowie river takes its rise a few miles above the town, and after skirting its western boundary falls into a deep, thickly-wooded ravine, along which it continues its devious course through scenery of surpassing beauty, and ultimately, after traversing a distance of some fifty miles, empties itself into the sea at Port Alfred, a pretty little watering-place, much frequented during the hot summer

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months by those in search of health, pleasure, or change of scene. Inseparably connected as its interests and welfare are with the town of Grahamstown, a few passing remarks as to the distinctive features of this place would, perhaps, not be irrelevant here. The river Kowie, some few miles before it reaches the harbour mouth, broadens to such an extent that small craft may often be seen filled with pleasure-seekers and picnic parties, gliding along its placid bosom, whose sides are fringed by beautifully-wooded dells, ravines, and grassy knolls, where even now may occasionally be seen, in all their wild freedom, the lordly bush buck, the agile, sinuous gaited duyker, and the timorous, fleet-footed gazelle. The village has a population of about one thousand, and is irregularly scattered over both sides of the mouth of the river. Crossing from one side to the other has to be done by means of a ferry boat, or else a punt. The dreaded "bar" at the entrance is, unfortunately, a great drawback to its utility as a place of maritime commerce, as only vessels of very light draught can enter with any degree of safety. A vast amount of capital has been expended for the purpose of clearing away this impediment, and not with altogether unsuccessful results, but to contend with entire success against the tremendous surf, eternally thundering shorewards from the ever-restless Indian Ocean, is a task that would require an almost illimitable expenditure of labour and money. The village contains two substantially-built hotels, several boarding-houses, a church, a court house, a custom house, and a couple of stores, opposite which the vessels of light draught that come within the bar are moored. The river is here wide and deep, necessitating very little labour in the transshipment of cargoes, a work of some risk and no little labour where boats are used, as is the case in Port Elizabeth and other seaports on the coast. Port Alfred enjoys the somewhat doubtful honour of being the largest convict depôt, next to Capetown, in the colony. Such a heterogeneous mixture of colour, race, and rascaldom I suppose it would be difficult to find anywhere else in the world. From five to six hundred is the usual complement of prisoners, who comprise Hottentots, Bushmen, Kaffirs, and numerous other varieties of the native races, as well as colonial whites and Europeans. A terrible punishment it must be to the latter to be day and night herded with and linked to a filthy, brutal, disgusting, semi—indeed, not unfrequently wholly—uncivilised lot of wretches. During my visit there a few years ago, any day might be seen undergoing punishment and compulsory fraternisation with villains of every hue, a rather notorious criminal; none other than a well-educated, well-connected, soft-handed member of the clerical profession, who had been sentenced to two years' penal servitude for the, it must be admitted, somewhat unclerical crime of

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bigamy, committed under circumstances of the most heartless nature.

However, to return to Grahamstown, the "Settlers' City," and also facetiously called the "City of the Saints" from the fact of its early founders, or, at least, a large majority of them, being Wesleyan Methodists, famous in the early days for their rigid and uncompromising observance of all the virtues and proprieties. In later years, however, other denominations have made considerable inroads. The Episcopal Church of England has a numerous and influential following. A beautifully-executed tower and steeple have lately been added to the Cathedral, which is now one of the sights of the city, and one of which the inhabitants are justly proud. The town, as I have remarked, is irregularly built, the longest and most level streets being High Street, about the centre, and Beaufort Street, near the eastern outskirts. The latter presents, in the summer months, an appearance of perfectly sylvan beauty, the road-way being on either side lined by tall blue gum, oak, cypress, and other trees. In quiet nooks and corners, some little distance back from the roadway, beautiful villas and cottages are dotted about, nestling and embowered in deeply-wooded retreats beautified with a flora of semi-tropical luxuriance. The appearance of the town from Settlers' Hill is wondrously lovely. What delights the heart of the English visitor is its thoroughly English appearance, as contrasted with the foreign look of the inland Dutch towns. This is not so much the case with the town itself as its surroundings, the hills in the vicinity being covered by thick, emerald-green grass, smooth as an English lawn, almost entirely free from the loose stones and boulders that are so plentifully distributed over South Africa. Besides being the see of an English, the city is also that of a Roman Catholic Bishop. The antagonisms of creeds and sects, I have noticed, are much less observable in the colony than at home. This undoubtedly arises from the freer intermingling of so many and varied nationalities, each holding views as widely apart as those of the ascetic Romanist and the Hottentot mantis-worshipper, or negro believer in Fetischism. Writing as an impartial observer, having no sympathy with Roman Catholicism in any shape or form, I am bound to confess it is, wherever it has taken root in colonial towns, an undoubted power for good. Its adherents, nearly all of whom are Irish of the lower orders, are almost to a man sober, provident, and well conducted. The crowded churches on Sundays, the congregations, composed chiefly, if not entirely, of the industrial classes, present a most gratifying picture. Here Paddy and Biddy, and the "bhoys" and "colleens," may be seen, dressed up in their Sunday best, suggestive of rude health, comfort, contentment, and happiness. Such a sight

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I presume is rarely to be met with in the parent country. The metamorphosis that takes place in Paddy's appearance and belongings, when he is transferred to a more congenial clime, and with happier surroundings, is, I have often thought, something truly marvellous, not only morally, but physically. This is, perhaps, more especially noticeable in his descendants, born in the land of his adoption. The coarse, brutal, torpid animalism, characteristic of his class at home, under a new order of things disappears almost entirely. It is to his being better fed, better clad, better taught, and the consequent acquisition of a certain sturdy consciousness of self-reliance and independence, that, no doubt, this decided change for the better must be attributed.

The population of Grahamstown, according to the last census, was about eight thousand. Here, as in all frontier colonial towns, nearly all domestic and household work is done by natives, mostly Red Kaffirs. I may here state that a marked difference is observable in the conduct and demeanour of the native servants and those of their brethren in the inland Dutch towns. Never having experienced the harsh and domineering sway of the Boers, they are not imbued with that spirit of docile subserviency the inevitable result of such treatment. Here Jack is as good, or, at least, thinks himself as good, as his master. Again, unlike the natives in the inland towns, they all speak English, whereas the former, with very rare exceptions, speak nothing but Dutch. There are several schools and churches, the educational and religious wants of the natives being carefully attended to, grants being allowed by Government, though many of them are, I believe, nearly or altogether self-supporting. The social characteristics of Grahamstown being, as I have stated, thoroughly English, the mode of life varies but little from that of similar sized towns in English-speaking communities. The Eastern District Court is the most prominent institution in the place, the tone of society being chiefly taken from its resident judges, barristers, and other members of the official staff. There is no disguising the fact that in our colonies Government appointments appear to be a fertile soil for the propagation and growth of snobs. A man who is "something in an office," to quote from a popular melody of the day, be he relegated to a sixth rate magistracy in some up-country village, or invested with the ennobling privilege of being custodian of Her Majesty's mails, is not only a "something," but (in his own opinion, at any rate) a somebody!

Grahamstown is celebrated, and justly, for the beauty of its women. In the Colony, what with the fostering accessories of soil and climate, human beauty suggests to one the idea of its being an agricultural product in men and women, as in corn or cattle.

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The evolution of the physical harmonies, which so gladdens our eyes, requires a combination of favourable circumstances. Here the circle of essential qualities appears to be completed.

A somewhat original local celebrity (recently died, poor fellow) a great joker and stump orator, was a Mr. W———, an hotel keeper, a fiery, impetuous, blustering Irishman, of gigantic proportions—one would fancy a lineal descendant of the great Fin McCoul. The favourite arena for oratorical display was at the town council board, where he would thunder forth his anathemas against everybody and everything that came in his way. I remember, shortly after the outbreak of the last frontier war, someone on the board wished to ascertain of him if it would be advisable to send the volunteers to the front. "Well, yes," he said, "I think we might—under a strong escort!" This was a joke, of course, as the volunteers were a singularly fine body of men. A rather good story is told, illustrating the ready wit of a smart West Indian (Charles), a waiter in his hotel, which I shall, perhaps, be pardoned for introducing here. Some years ago, when the troops were stationed in the town, Mr. W.'s hotel was a good deal frequented by the military. One of the officers—I will call him Captain Blank—was justly celebrated for the size of the "nips" he used to help himself to. I should state that the almost invariable practice in the Colony is to place the bottle in front of the customer, who helps himself, the charge for spirits being never less than sixpence per glass.

One day Charles, the waiter, said to Mr. W.—"Master, I can't stand the way Captain Blank goes on any longer. If a man can't help himself in moderation like a gentleman, he deserves a reminder."

"Oh, never mind, Charles," replied Mr. W., "I shouldn't like you to offend Captain Blank; and, besides, it won't ruin me, you know."

However, Charles had determined to administer a reproof at the very first opportunity. He had not long to wait, for, a day or two after, Captain Blank walked into the smoking-room, where several of his brother officers and some civilians were sitting. Having rung the bell, which was promptly answered by Charles, he said, "Haw, Chawles, bwing me a glass of French" (French brandy, as distinguished from Cape).

"Yes, sir," from Charles, who proceeded to bring the decanter and glass, which he placed before the gallant captain, who, having helped himself to his usual unconscionable allowance, flung down a sixpence as payment. Charles, who had all this time been chuckling over his happy thought, promptly returned him threepence as presumable change.

Surprised at this, Captain Blank said:—"Haw, Chawles, haw, how is this? Isn't sixpence your usual charge?"

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"Yes, sir," said Charles, very respectfully touching his forelock, "sixpence for retail, but we always allow discount on wholesale."

Collapse of Captain, and smaller "nips" in future.

A sketch, even the most meagre, of Grahamstown, would be incomplete without reference to one other prominent citizen, viz., Dean W———, who is immensely popular. A man of iron will and unflinching courage, he goes straight ahead in what he considers the right path. I happened to be present in the Cathedral on the ever memorable 27th of April, 1879, when, before a crowded congregation, he openly, defiantly, and successfully combated Bishop M.'s right to preach without his (the Dean's) permission. Bishop M., ignoring his authority entirely, had his sermon prepared, and was about delivering his text; but the astute Dean was too quick for him. He also had a sermon prepared, the text of which he gave out directly the prayers were over, and without the customary hymn preceding it. He preached his sermon right through, thus stealing a march on poor Bishop M., who incontinently left, discomfitted and crestfallen. When I left legal proceedings were being instituted against the Dean by Bishop M. to try the question as to whether the Bishop or the Dean had control over the pulpit. How the matter was settled, or whether it ever has been settled, I have not since heard.

Glyn Neath. IRA GWYN.

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TRANSLATED POETRY.

THE ROCK OF AGES.

IN THREE LANGUAGES.

I.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

II.

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

III.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless look to Thee for grace;
Vile, I to Thy fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

IV.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee.

TOPLADY.

[This fine Latin version of the "Rock of Ages" (says the *Spectator*), almost an impromptu, we believe, by Mr. Gladstone, was first published about twenty-five years ago in the *Guardian*.]

Jesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus;
Tu, per lympham profluentem,
Tu, per sanguinem tepentem,
In peccata mi redunda,
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram Te nec justus forem,
Quamvis tota vi laborem;
Nec si fide nunquam cesso,
Fletu stillans indefesso;
Tibi soli tantum munus,
Salva Tu, Salvator unus.

Nil in manu mecum fero,
Sed me versus Crucem gero;
Vestimenta nudus oro,
Opem debilis imploro.
Tontem Christi quaero immundus,
Nisi laves, moribundus.

Dum hos artus vita regit,
Quando nox sepulchro tegit,
Mortuos cum stare jubes,
Sedens judex inter nubes,
Jesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

[The following masterly translation into Welsh is by Mr. Aneurin Jones, of New York City. It will be noticed that the Welsh translation differs from the Latin, in two particulars; it gives the literal Welsh for "Rock of Ages,' and it contains exactly the same number of syllables as the original.]

Craig yr Oesoedd, gad i mi
Lechu yn dy agen di;
Gad i'r gwaed a'r dwr o glwy
D'ystlys lifodd drosof, mwy
Olchi'm beiau, trefnu'n rhad
I'm heuogrwydd gyfiawnhad.

Gwaith fy nwylaw pe yn llawn;
I dy gyfraith ni rydd iawn;
Fy awyddfryd pe'n ddi lyth,
A fy nagrau'n tywallt byth,
Oll am gamwedd 'thalant ddim,
Rhaid dy gael yn Geidwad im.

Yn fy llaw un rhod nid oes,
Unid, glynaf wrth dy groes;
Noeth, Tydi yw'r wisg o werth;
Eiddil, ynot Ti mae'm nerth;
Aflan, i dy ffynon af,
Oni'm golchi marw wnaf.

Tra y tynaf f' anadl brau,
F'emrynt pan yn angeu'n cau,
Pan gaf olwg ar dy wedd
Fry yn urdd dy farnol sedd,
Craig yr Oesoedd gad i mi
Lechu yn dy agen di.

ANEURIN FARDD.

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THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE WELSH NATION.

By One of Them.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL CHARACTER.

III.

Of the honesty and the law-abiding character of the Welsh people we have had abundant evidence for years past, in the fact that the Judges of Assize have had little or nothing to do. More than one Judge, for example, has during the last year spoken strongly of the waste of time incurred in useless visits to Wales for the purpose of trying prisoners who are not to be found. Another illustration of the same fact is seen in the closing of half of the prisons in the country. I know that this absence of serious crime has been sought to be explained away by the supposition that the people are so banded together within Christian Churches as to be unwilling to prosecute each other. But the sophistry of such an explanation is apparent if we remember that in England criminals do not usually abide within Christian Churches, but belong rather to a very different class of society. Then, also, there are others besides fellow members who would be cognisant of an offender against society, even in Wales—members of rival churches, magistrates, Englishmen, and policemen; so that if brother members were disposed to screen and shield a criminal, there are plenty besides who are ready to see the behests of the law fulfilled. Besides, the idea of membership does not prevent law-suits and county court actions, and naturally I think the Welsh are, from the tenacity with which they cling to their own, somewhat given to litigation.

Although a law-abiding people generally, the Welsh, when fully aroused by a sense of wrong, are very apt to take the law into their own hands, and, regardless of consequences to themselves, like their old turbulent and independent forefathers, try

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to eradicate the wrong by main force. Since the time when they hung Roger de Puleston, instead of paying him the taxes Edward I. sent him to collect, there have been now and again outbreaks of the same turbulent and independent spirit. It was to redress long-continued insults and oppression that they crowded around the standard of Owen Glyndwr. To select an instance or two from modern times, let us take the Rebecca movement of nearly forty years ago in Pembroke and Carmarthen, which had for its object the destruction of what was really the injustice of turnpikes. The movement will be remembered by some of my readers. It was a wrong movement towards a right end. But for the movement, however, wrong as it was, the injustice might have continued. I see very frequently elderly respectable gentlemen and farmers, with a quiet placid look, who in the full vigour of their youth were the daring children of Rebecca. What the placid look would turn to even now if an attempt were made to rebuild a turnpike I will not dare to say. An amusing example of the same spirit occurred not very many years ago in Denbighshire. It was election time, and the manager of a large colliery sought to compel such of the men as were little freeholders to vote against their minds. The men assembled together, went to the manager's house, and requested him to dress and prepare for a journey, which he did. The procession then moved forward, the manager with the leading men on either side of him, and the rank and file in the rear. They marched him to the railway station, paid his fare to the place of his choice, and saw him safe off, with the intimation that he was at liberty to stay until the election was over. In a worse form the same spirit manifested itself in the riots of the colliers at Mold some years ago, and more recently in those of Hafodybwch Colliery, near Ruabon. In both these cases, however, there was a felt wrong to be removed, and it must also be borne in mind that in the rioters in each case there was an admixture of Irish and Lancashire blood.

Comparing class with class, it may be said generally that the Welsh are as cleanly in their persons and houses as the English, and more so than the Scotch or Irish. It is doubtful, however, whether altogether they pay the same attention to what may be called the amenities of life as do the English. We miss, for example, in the rural districts of Wales the trim, tasty, well-kept gardens of the English cottager, and the same regard which the latter shows for method, order, and appearance. Much of this may be owing to the poverty of the soil, and the bleakness and dampness of the climate; but I question whether even in favoured situations there is the same amount of tidiness and "nattiness" about their homes as among Englishmen. But the mining and quarrying population of the Principality will compare favourably as to their houses and surroundings

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with similar classes in England. I may instance the houses of the slate quarrymen in Carnarvonshire and Merionethshire, with their profusion of very white muslin curtains, and their neat and trim aspect generally; and the houses of the miners clustered in villages, or dotted singly along the mountains from Minera to Mold, will afford another illustration. Or take the colliery villages, or agglomeration of villages, from Cefn Mawr, by Rhosllan-yr-Chrugog, and Brymbo to Buckley Mountain, and I do not think that in any English colliery district, unless it be in the villages built by the late Countess De Waldegrave in the Somersetshire coal-field, we can find their equals for cleanliness. There is a tidiness about the women, too, coupled with respectability, which we do not see in women similarly placed in England. Nor is there anywhere, even in times of depression and sharp poverty, the amount of squalid misery one meets with in English coal-fields.

Then the number of houses that are freehold or leasehold in such neighbourhoods shows the thrift and carefulness of the people, in which the wife not only takes her share, but also receives her reward. Thus on most of the houses built by the savings of workmen the wife's name is coupled with that of her husband in the memorial stone over the door, as for example:—

THOMAS AND MARY
DAVIES.
—
1865.

The frugality of the people is marked. There is not at any time among the mining population of Wales anything like the extravagant excess that became proverbial concerning the English colliers during the last period of prosperity. Potatoes, bread, tea, and occasionally a little bacon, with still more rarely a taste of flesh meat, constitute the ordinary fare of labourers; while on the smaller farms flesh meat is rare, and the living, though sufficient in quantity, is meagre in quality.

In the rural parts of the country, where wages are very low, there is of necessity some amount of pauperism among the old, and this—wisely, as I think—takes to a large extent the form of out-door relief. This is less in proportion to the population than in England, but social reformers shake their heads at this kind of relief, as practised in Wales. But, after all, is it not better to afford a little assistance to old people to live together in the cottage in which their children have grown up around them than to adopt the unnatural, and consequently cruel, practice of separating them within the walls of the common

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poor-house? Besides, what is a true poor relief system but a mutual assurance society, from which those who have paid or contributed to it for a lifetime may receive the aid to which they are entitled, when, by stress of circumstances or the infirmities of age, they need it? By all means let care be exercised in the distribution of relief to the poor, but do not, by surrounding the relief with penalties and shame, forbid it to those who have borne their proportions of the cost in the past, and who need assistance now.

I have referred to the clannishness of the people. This is a marked feature in mountain races, and the help that comes out of it has ever been a characteristic of the Welsh people. In very early times they had their Cymorthau, or gatherings to help each other in work, spinning, farm work, or whatever was required. An effort was made by the English authorities to suppress these in the time of Owen Glyndwr, because advantage was taken of them by the bards to rouse the martial ardour and patriotic fervour of the people. These helpful gatherings still continue. The farmers of a parish send their teams on a given day to fetch the blacksmith's coal. The whole population of a neighbourhood will combine to help in the harvest field of the farmers by turn. Especially is this now seen in Carmarthenshire. The biddings at weddings, unhappily not so common now, were a very useful kind of Cymorthau; and the great gatherings at a funeral, with the contributions of each in the Church's treasury to defray the fees, is another form. The clanship is well seen at funerals. The whole population of a town almost will assemble to accompany the mourners with their dead to the grave. A very impressive sight it is, too, to see a Welsh funeral, especially if the deceased has occupied a good position among the people—the surging, well-dressed crowd of both sexes filling the street without much regard to processional order, the coffin borne aloft, the crowd of mourners, and the wild pathetic singing, refrain following refrain, is a sight calculated to make an impression on the mind that is not easily effaced.

The people have but few amusements in their native country. The old sports and pastimes which prevailed before the revival of religion in the Principality gradually fell into disrepute—the more so as they were associated in the minds of the people with the desecration of the Sunday, and with the old heathenish state of the people. The old dread of them is passing away, and people are learning to discriminate between their use and abuse. Among them dancing was a favourite form of amusement, and the following description of a country dance, written by Warner in 1798, will be interesting, as an illustration of the way it was practised in South Wales at that date:—"Our reception was most cordial, and men and women individually solicited us to dance. As the females were handsome, it is most probable

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we should have accepted their offers had there not been a powerful reason to prevent us—our complete inability to unravel the mazes of a Welsh dance. 'Tis true there is no great variety in the figures of them, but the few they perform are so complicated and long that they would render an apprenticeship to them necessary in an Englishman. We therefore contented ourselves with looking on, and were really astonished at the agility and skill which these rustics displayed. Our surprise, however, was still more excited by the observance of a custom, which, as it is not practised at the Bath Balls, we were not prepared to expect. On a sudden the dance ceased, and the harper, running his fingers rapidly down the chords of his instrument, gave the accustomed signal, on which every gentleman saluted his partner three or four times with considerable ardour. The dancing then recommenced with such spirit as convinced us that this interlude had added to the energies of all concerned."

Hutton, too, writing five years later, describes in his doggerel rhyme a wedding dance in Carnarvonshire:—

> "The bard in a rapture his harp handled soon,
> And twanged with his fingers to try if in tune;
> The people selected, the pairing began,
> Each lass was indulged with the choice of her man—
> Like Amazons more than like fairies were seen;
> Full thirty gay couple to dance on the green—
> Joy held his firm station till morning was come,
> Each swain had the pleasure to take his nymph home."

Lady Llanover keeps up with great care this old Welsh fashion of dancing, the kissing included, as described by Warner, among her tenants. Among the Christmas festivities on her estate each year this and other nearly obsolete Welsh customs are diligently observed. Home dancing is again coming into favour, but the harp has given place to the piano. So are also the modern out-door sports for men. What will now be needed will be the care lest the pursuit of pleasure swing back to its old course, and an endeavour should be made to keep the various amusements from enervating the people by their too frequent indulgence.

The houses in the towns and rural districts of Wales could not until very recently lay many claims to architectural beauty, neither are the old mansions of the gentry distinguished by much taste. In the lowlands of Montgomeryshire, and in the valleys leading from them into the mountains, there are many nice examples of timbered houses, and the name "Tybrith," given to this striped or variegated sort of house, is common. In the uplands, and in the rocky regions, the greystone of the country in its varieties is the common building stone. Llangollen, Corwen, Dolgelly, and the older parts of Carnarvon and Conway, are examples of this heavy unadorned but substantial kind of

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buildings. Perhaps Dolgelly, with its labyrinth of narrow streets, is as good a type of an old Welsh town as any we could select. Even there, however, lofty massive buildings are replacing the old low stone houses so grey without, but so home-like within of an evening, when the light of the fire takes the place of the sombre daylight that is let in through the little windows.

The old houses of the peasantry are little more than huts; rough stone walls, very little windows, rush, straw or heavy-flagged roof, with a wooden or wattled chimney, is the general erection. The older and smaller farm-houses are of much the same character—thick walled, low rooms, floors and roofs unceiled, very little light let in through the windows of a single pane; great fire-places, where in remote places we may still see the fire made on the floor; and the tea-kettle, round three-legged pot, and the back or bakestone, on which the oaten cakes are baked, forming the whole of the cooking utensils. In a climate whose general character may be described as variably windy, wet and cold, warmth and security from storms were the chief points aimed at by the old builders. If not already improved, the old half farm and half public-house of Rhyd-y-fen, on the verge of the middle wild part of the road between Bala and Festiniog, may be taken as a type of these old houses so amusingly described by Hutton thus:—

"Arriving I crept through a hole in the door,
Some stones were laid down, and some not, on the floor;
The whole was one dark room with three windows so small,
That the light down the chimney quite outstript them all,
But this great relief came to soften their cares,
Neither sober nor drunk could they tumble downstairs;
Two beds graced the mansion, which made it appear
That cleanliness, prudence, and order reigned there.
The tables and cupboards, which opened to view,
Shewed the hand of industry had polished their hue;
The shelves and their crockery, both china and delph,
Were clean and were orderly 'ranged on the shelf.
Dad, mam, and nine children which fortune bestowed
In harmony lived in this darksome abode;
Nor can we consent to call these people poor,
Where prudence steps in, and bars want from the door."

Gradually more modern-looking houses, letting in more light and air, but effectually barring out the cold, are supplanting the old, although it will be a long time before the old houses disappear from the remoter mountainous regions of the country.

Oswestry. D. C. DAVIES, F.G.S.

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THE BRITISH DRUIDS.

The following note on the translation of the above poem, which was concluded in the last number of the *Red Dragon*, will be read with interest:—

"The object of the poem, which carried off the chief honours at the National Eisteddfod held at Cardiff Castle in 1834, was to vindicate the religion of the Druids from charges of cruelty, such as burning alive their victims in huge wicker baskets, &c., and of a spirit of ambitious ascendency, which Cæsar and other Roman writers had brought against them, to represent their doctrines as those of Love and Peace, and to show how readily, in consequence, they adopted Christianity. The first part sets forth their chief doctrines as to the Divinity, the transmigration of souls, and belief in a future state, the creation of the world, the Deluge, &c., and is followed by a description of the invasion of Britain by the Romans and the massacre of the Druids. The second part relates how Christianity was introduced into Britain by the return from Rome of Brân, the father of Caractacus, and of other prisoners, who, during their exile, had been converted by St. Paul. The poet brings on the scene the chief Sages and Bards of the early centuries, viz.:—Ilid, Cattwg, Taliesin, Aneurin, and Llywarch Hên, introducing sayings and Triads attributed to some of them, all of which are shown to breathe a Christian spirit, and especially a love of peace not inferior to that professed by the Society of Friends. As the only accounts of the historical events in which the Druids took part have been transmitted to us by Greek and Roman writers, it is difficult to judge of the accuracy of the poet's vindication. We may probably assume with safety that the doctrines attributed to the Druids were held and proclaimed by them. That they were always acted upon, that they were not frequently contradicted in practice, may be doubted by those who remember the wide divergence of the doctrines and practice of Christianity. It is not in the New Testament that authority can be found for the massacres of the Waldenses, or for the horrors of the Inquisition.

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"But a distinct recognition of the Druidical doctrine of a future state is to be found in Lucan's *Pharsalia*, in some of the noblest lines of Latin poetry:—

* * * vobis auctoribus, umbræ
Non tacitas Erebi sedes, Ditisque profundi
Pallida regna petunt; regit idem spiritus artus
Orbe alio; certè populi quos despicit Aretos,
Felices errore suo, quos ille timorum
Maximus haud urget lethi metus; inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis, et ignavum redi turœ parcere vitæ.

"It will be observed that the poem is called an ode; and I was much exercised in the choice of a metre in which to render it; but I observed that far the greater part of it was didactic and narrative, and that but a small part of it, viz., that relating to the massacre of the Druids, was lyrical; and I therefore chose the metre that was best suited for didactic and narrative purposes. Yet I must admit that my version is rather a paraphrase than a literal translation, although I believe—for it is not easy to remember what was done forty-nine years ago, that it follows closely the sense of the original. I have taken only one liberty, viz., that of substituting the name of Ostorius Scapula, the Roman general who commanded at the massacre of the Druids, for that of Tacitus, who was not a soldier, and who, I believe, was never in Britain, but whose life of Agricola contains passages which roused the indignation of the poet, and caused him to place in the historian's mouth the accusations against the Druids supposed to have been delivered by the General.

"I may add that Taliesin Williams paid an annual visit to Duffryn Goluch, where he was my father's guest, and that I have more than once stood by his side at the Cromlech, where he lays the scene of the Druidic meeting, and have heard him descant with great fervour and eloquence on the doctrines and virtues of the Druids, and denounce the misrepresentations of the Roman writers. He was a kindly, warm-hearted man, of strong poetic feeling, and learned in Welsh literature, but wanting in general historical knowledge and that sound critical faculty which distinguished his fellow-townsman, Thomas Stephens. I believe that he was himself a Druid, and I had some difficulty in resisting his desire to enrol me a member of that venerable order."

September, 1883. ABERDARE.

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WELSH CHARACTER SKETCHES.

THE WELSH DROVER.

He is a child of nature, untrained, uncouth, a man without a home, a perambulator of the fairest spots in Wales, familiar with every mountain track and valley, but to the end of his days as unimpressionable to the better influences around him as when he began his wanderings. Nature endows the bee and the shepherd's dog, the ant and elephant, its smallest creation and its biggest, with instincts necessary for their lives, happiness, safety, and defence, while upon man she bestows the superior

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gift of reason. The being whom I now refer to appears, however, to belong to a class of his own. He is one in whom reason never awakes, and who goes through the world with the smallest possible intellectual faculty, with no thought but of taking a flock of sheep or a herd of cattle from one district to another, and no desire but for unlimited beer and bacon. He may be Shôn, or Will, or Twm. Generally he is regarded as half-witted, but in the majority of cases he is as faithful as a dog, and never abuses the trust confided to him.

You are at a fair and see a herd of white-faced Herefords or black Castle Martins sold, and the business being completed, you wait to find out what follows. You are in the heart of Radnorshire or Carmarthenshire. There is a line of rail handy, but the herd are not going in cattle trucks; their destination is over the mountains, and by little known lanes and narrow highways. To whom is this valuable herd entrusted? To a gang of men and dogs? No, to a personage named Will, a dilapidated, badly shod, unkempt specimen of humanity, whose face shows that the only ablution he gets is from his coat-sleeve moistened by the rain or the dew of that heaven under whose canopy he so often sleeps.

Will is summoned from the back kitchen of the small inn he frequents and told to take the cattle to their new owner, fifty miles away. And he forthwith sets about it. He and his dog will do it. His preparations are few—some bread and cheese in a dirty pocket handkerchief slung on a stick, a large drink of beer of the commonest sort, and he is ready to set out on his errand. Out into the dark goes Will, right through the night, yelling and holloaing, when cross roads are met with. On he plods with tireless tread and slow. No man has ever seen so many sunrises, but the faint dawn elicits no more than a grunt of approval from him, and the sparkling of the earliest rays on the cobwebbed hedge goes unnoticed. So too the lark's song as it soars heavenwards, or the growing harmony of the woods, or the babble of the mountain stream. Bacon, beer, the shelter of a barn, these are the heights of his mental ambition. His finest point of strategy is to do a "pike," and thus secure a larger remuneration than he would otherwise get. His intimate knowledge of mountain roads enables him to accomplish this frequently. A "pikeman," and one of the rural constabulary, with the inevitable stick, are the plagues of Will's life; and if he could only think he would wonder why they were created, and what good purpose they served. As he never does think, he simply regards them, "like bluebottles and snakes," as evils, or like the showers which drench him, the swollen brook that bars his way, or the cold wind that adroitly finds its track through his ragged clothes. If Will should be a stranger to the rural guardian he is questioned and cross-questioned to an annoying

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extent. The rural guardian, by practice, becomes an expert physiognomist, and can tell which the rogue and which the simpleton, so that Will is rarely detained on suspicion of being the former.

It is astonishing how long men like Will shuffle through the lanes and over the mountains without getting rid of their mortal coil. Nature is kind to her child. Always in the open air, living on the most frugal fare, unable to obtain drink except at long intervals, and thus obliged to lap from the undiluted spring, the ailments of crowded life and indulgence pass him by, and he lives on to a good old age, dying at last as the sheep dog dies, and with quite as little ceremony. It is said that to the dying man of the average class of humanity comes a panorama of a varied kind, when every face he knew and loved, and every eventful incident pass in slow procession across the field of vision ere the mist comes, and the eyes, mental and physical, close to all that the world can show or yield. So have I pictured Will as he and his congeners have been often found, curled up under a hay rick, dead to life's history, dead to its mystery, wanderings over, anxieties about pikemen and rural policemen at an end. And I have thought that to the failing faculties of poor Will came the long line of flocks and herds he had driven, the pikemen and policemen he had known, and those impressions graven deep in the mind, even if unassociated with sentiment, of the everlasting hills whose dusky outlines were to him all of guide or philosopher or friend he ever had in this mortal world. Like many of my character sketches, Will, Twm and Shôn are gradually lessening in number, and when, fifty years hence, there shall be railways penetrating into our "dark continent," the wilds of Pembrokeshire, of Cardiganshire, and Carmarthenshire, then the race of Will and his like will have found, like Othello, that their "occupation is gone."

AP ADDA.

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THE MYTHIC ARTHUR.

To criticise a critic is thankless work. It requires a good deal of temerity to induce one to venture to doubt such infallible folk, who always seem to know what an author should have written so much better than he knows himself. I have not had the benefit of seeing Mr. T. Morgan Owen's *History of England and Wales*, so do not know what new things he has placed at the service of that most fortunate fellow, the "Average Schoolboy," for whose benefit so many eminent persons are racking their brains. If this favoured youngster is about to be taught by means of Mr. Owen's book—as the critic implies he is—who were the Princes of North and South Wales at certain stated periods, he will attain a kind of knowledge that has hitherto been denied to all Welshmen. I have been foolish enough to think that I myself knew a little about Welsh history, but I never succeeded in my search after knowledge in finding that there ever were any Principalities known to Welshmen living in Wales, called North or South Wales, or that such terms were ever recognised at all prior to the division of Wales by Henry VIII. for administrative purposes. Hywel Dda, most certainly, did not reign over any such Principality as South Wales, but over Ceredigion and Powys, and, eventually, over all Wales, save Gwent a Morganwg, and perhaps, Feryllwg. North and South Wales were geographical terms only, just as we have North and South Italy, or the North and South of France. There were never any Principalities, so called by Welshmen, in Wales. The geographical boundaries of the petty Principalities within Wales were always shifting, and were never alike for a hundred years together. They varied in number also, sometimes being three, at other times five, or even seven: but whatever number they may have happened to be at any given time, they were never called North or South Wales. Mr. Freeman has shown that before the Conquest of England by the Normans the English called the whole of the present Wales North Wales, to distinguish it from West Wales, Cornwall and Devon.

I shall, probably, be met with the remark that Deheudir (South land) and Deheubarth (Southern parts) may often be met with in the writings of Welshmen. This I admit, but the same parts were also called by the same writers Dyfed and

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Dinefawr. My reply to this is that to reign in the southern parts of Wales is quite a different thing to reigning over South Wales. I am one who deprecates strongly the use made of late of the geographical terms North and South Wales, on the score of the tendency shown to create a division between them, such as nature, nationality, nor their ancient history warrants. If Welsh nationality is to continue, the ties that exist between the different parts of Wales should be tightened, not loosened. What is wanted is a United Wales, not one divided into provinces. The original Tudor division was only made for the more convenient administration of the law, and was not intended in any way to divide the nationality. Much, if not all, of the original purpose of that act has ceased, and yet North and South Wales are drifting apart, instead of uniting together to sustain and maintain the patriotism of the Welsh people. It is, therefore, to my mind, a mischievous thing to treat those arbitrary divisions as though they had a foundation in Welsh history, which they most certainly have not. Let us dismiss North and South and have one Wales.

A critic surely steps out of his path when he dictates to an author what he ought to have put into his book. Mr. Owen, it seems, has omitted any mention of King Arthur; probably because it was no part of the scope of his book to do so. The critic ventures to remark that there is "very little question as to the personality of Arthur." Here he has become dictatorial, and advances unduly his own estimate of the value of evidence. There are very grave doubts, indeed, as to the existence of Arthur, and most of our ablest writers place but little reliance upon Geoffrey of Monmouth. Geoffrey is a glory to Wales as an imaginative writer; as an historian he has done his best, or worst, to ruin our early history, by blending fact and fiction together so subtly, that to dissolve the connection has become an impossibility. Has your critic ever estimated the following fact at its full value: That all Welsh writers, from the sixth to the twelfth century, when Geoffrey wrote, though the themes they wrote upon were almost always their national heroes, never mention Arthur at all, though, if he had existed, he would have been far away the greatest of them. This is like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out, or a history of English literature omitting Shakespere.

After calling Mr. Owen to account for his sin of omission concerning Arthur, it seems a most extraordinary thing that in noticing the next book, *Celtic Britain*, your critic did not almost crucify Professor Rhys for his sin of commission on the same subject. The following extract will illustrate the manner in which one of the first Celtic scholars of the day treats the Arthurian legend:—"Later Brythons, whether such by blood or merely by adopting a Brythonic language, as in the case of those

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of Cornwall, and of parts of the North and of the South of Wales, agree in possessing legends about a great mythical hero, to whom they have given the name of Arthur. Whether he was from the first a purely imaginary character, in whom the best qualities of the race were supposed to meet, or had some foundation in the facts of a long forgotten history, it would be difficult to say; but the popular imaginations of the Brythons had fully developed his attributes at a very early date, possibly before they had found a home in Britain. He was the ideal champion of the race, and when that race became Christian, he must needs don the armour of a Christian general, leading the Brythons to war against the Pagan invaders, whether Picts or Germans." The Professor goes on to show that Gildas, in the sixth century, who wrote about the very battles that Arthur is said to have fought, never mentions him at all, an incredible omission if the battles were his. He further shows that Arthur is claimed by the Bretons of France, by Cornwall, by the Welsh, and by Cumberland. He seems to have had as many birth-places as Homer; and Mr. Forest, in the *Antiquarian Chronicle*, has recently added Cardiff to the numerous places already cited. It thus appears that Arthur had at least an ideal existence when the Brythons were Pagans, that they afterwards transformed him into the very pink of Christian chivalry, the beau ideal of the noblest manhood, ending by endowing him with the honour of having fought the most momentous of their battles. As a hero of romance he is the most perfect ever invented. Let us be satisfied with him as such. Geoffrey of Monmouth was a glorious romancist. Let us be satisfied with him also.

St. Athan. JOHN HOWELLS.

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PEARL—A MELODRAMA.

PROLOGUE.

Hawthorn blossoms and the fragrance of early summer all around. Soft June breezes whispering through the growing clover. Overhead thick-spreading verdure, and through fleecy cloud-rifts, specks of deepest blue sky. Underfoot, myriads of starry buttercups with pretty, shining faces, turned to the smiling sun; and not many yards distant the cool brook bubbling over the pebbles, shaded by tall June grasses and overhanging saplings. The singing of birds, and the humming of insects, all proclaim it joyous summer, and the blazing orb of day, reflected in the stream, seems in one flood of brilliant light to murmur, "Summer has come again."

In the midst of it all stand a man and a maiden. He is city-bred; she a Welsh country girl. He is full of fervent compliments, pleasantry, and artfulness. She is a modest, impulsive, innocent little creature. In his eyes lurks something of the wonder and admiration that characterises men who, living all their lives in a wealthy, gay, and busy metropolis, see only the hypocritical, decked out, and sometimes careworn forms of female beauty. But here, in *this* damsel's face, there is no sign of care or deceit; simply a glance of genuine sweetness and innocence. Here, thinks he, there is straightforward, honest love, and none of the affected softness of those city women. And she, becoming vain because of his silent admiration, yields to his embrace, suffers his caress, and hears his murmured words of love.

"Why," thought she, "can this be wrong?"

It is an old, old picture, and an old, old story. Of such the world never seems to tire, or women cease to love. Oh! stream flowing onward, carry the tale with you to the sea, and bear it round the world. And if the sea ask a moral, whisper "beware!" and if the world chide, tell it that "men are deceivers ever," maidens perverse, and loving glances a snare.

ACT I.

"Don't, Dick, don't!"

The speaker was a beautiful girl of eighteen or nineteen;

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the person spoken to, a young man, perhaps three years her senior, who was toying with the dark curls hanging carelessly over her forehead and neck. The fact that he was gentle and loving in his caresses does not account in every way for the soft and somewhat rustic ejaculation which fell from the young lady's lips. Had you been near you might have discovered a stronger and more substantial reason for that pretty "don't!"

Pearl Rhys was an orphan, and lived with her brother Tom at a pretty little cottage near Welshpool, and on the road that leads to Meifod. Richard Llewelyn and Tom Rhys were firm friends. To Dick Tom owed his life once when bathing in the mill-stream. That was when they were boys and jealous of one another's achievements. Now they were men and had to face the battle of life they felt the boon of each other's friendship and sympathy, and made up for the past by being constantly in each other's society. Thus it was that Pearl, the treasured sister, became very dear to Dick, the cherished friend. And when Tom's day's work was done—concerning which, by-the-bye, I must be silent—and Dick could afford to quit the busy mill—which, with a thriving business, he had from his father—for a few hours, the trio would meet in the garden under the lilac trees, and chat pleasantly over things in general and their little world in particular. And then came croquet, for that game was still a favoured and fashionable one with them, and afterwards supper and a little music to soothe their minds and charm their feelings. At least that was what Tom said it did—Philosopher Tom, Pearl called him, with a pretty laugh and sparks of merriment darting from her hazel eyes.

Ere they said "Good night," Tom would happen to have something to do in the next room which he had forgotten, or would go to the door to see if the stars were shining or the moon risen. It was all quite by accident, of course, but it happened so conveniently and gave the lovers a chance to be alone. It was an understood matter that Pearl and Dick would one day take each other for better or worse. Dick, somewhat common place, but thoroughly honest-hearted and kind, never went into any overdrawn rhapsodies about his love, and seldom did more than act as a very affectionate brother. The two had been friends from childhood, and as when children they had been "sweethearts," so now they had advanced in maturity were they lovers. But this was only courting time, and they felt that the love each bore the other must ere long blossom forth into a love for a lifetime, which should surmount all obstacles and unite them closer than ever they had yet been.

This Pearl sometimes doubted, when, left alone in the house, she would sit in the garden by the hour together, gazing on the distant mountains and thinking out matters, which to

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uncultivated and untutored minds would be at once foolish and unnecessary. An elderly man could understand these longings and solitary musings. He would say, "'Tis her nature; she is wild, and the country charms her spirit whilst it makes her long for something beyond."

"Life! Yes, that's the word, A rush and a dash into modern Babylon and a whirligig of fashionable resorts and pleasures. A change from this depressing solitude. Love! *that* is change. The love of one faithful heart, and a pledged husband; why not the love of many a heart and the experience of other companions' taste and conversation? Admiration? It was well to be admired and loved in her little circle, but why not the homage of those who recognised a talisman in her beauty?"

Such were her broodings, causing even wonder to her inward self, until, chiding the melancholy, she would force herself to study the wants of her friends, and in thoughts of them counteract the mystic influence of solitude.

One morning she had persuaded Dick to go with her for an early walk. Was it the thought of something coming between them that made her so anxious and fitful? It is here that our story commences. They had reached the summit of that peculiar little acclivity called the "Rhalt," which overlooks the canal. And it was just as they had sat down to rest on a stile that Dick's conduct elicited the somewhat peevish command, "Don't."

"Why, Pearlie!" cries Dick, "do I hurt your feelings; how is it you have so altered lately, dearest?" But Pearl makes no reply, only looks away across the valley to where Moel-y-Golfa rears its lofty head and the morning mists hang thickly over the little village of Buttington. And then Dick, with the sigh of an ardent lover, strokes her hair and gazes into the pale, placid handsome little face.

"Pearlie!"

"Don't, Dick, I *don't* like to be looked at, you know."

He lets fall his arm and is silent. This simple man could not comprehend the young girl's ideas. Her talents were somewhat superior to his. She was his idol, he her slave. But he was of noble character. Ah! What thoughts passed through his mind at that moment, so mingled and dreadful! Could it be that she was faithless? Might they not be true, the rumours he had heard of the young London gentleman? Was it magic—he had heard of such before— foul magic, stealing his love, and he to be banished? . . . No!

He rose and took her hand. She looked with a pitiful smile at him, and this time allowed him to bend down and kiss her rosy lips without a murmur.

"Darling!" he faltered, "you are yet young, and why this

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sorrow? I have noticed you long and . . . and you seem to have some trouble. Tell me,—*me* your truest friend."

Looking up again innocently enough, she answered, "I am happy, Dick; why suppose I am not?"

"No, Pearl, dear," returned he, confused at her calmness, "but I have long wanted to talk to you on this subject. I have sometimes thought you did not care for me—and—and—"

"Dick! how *could* you! come along at once—" And very soon the pair were merrily tripping along down the hilly pathway, shouting and laughing with almost childish glee.

"I expect you are both ready for your breakfast," said Tom, as they seated themselves at the table, "and you must thank me that I am down to receive you. And, Pearl, my jewel, why lookest thou so sad? Surely the heartless Richard has not been teasing thee! Eat! lass, eat, or you will never live to be a wife."

There was no rejoinder from either party and the meal was continued and ended in silence.

"Well, Dick, my boy," remarked Tom, as they rose from the table, "I think we'll take holiday to-day if you will come with us. This ocean-gem wants a change, it is evident. Let us sally forth into society, let us quit this wild solitude and mingle with the merry multitude. Let us enjoy ourselves for once, let us visit ye ancient borough of Shrowsberrie; in short, let us"—

"Tom, I wish you would say what you have to say without bringing it out in so outlandish a manner," puts in Pearl.

"So! my precious! you are reviving, are you? Well, thou shalt go with us, and be happy. I have some business I can do, and you, too, I expect, Dick. Let us then combine business with pleasure, and in short—as I was about to observe when your ladyship interrupted me—in short, let us go and see this grand *Pinafore* opera business at the Theatre Royal. Not a bad idea, eh? That's what *I* call business, eh, Dick?"

"And will you really take me, Tom; and you, Dick, will you come? I should like it so much, and the shops at Shrewsbury are much nicer than those in Welshpool, and the people dress better, and it will be so jolly."

"Yes, Pearl, I'll go," said Dick, meekly. And so at noon the little party were speeding along by train, and looking forward to a pleasant excursion.

ACT II.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day that a young lady might have been seen carelessly strolling

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along that deservedly famous and beautiful river-side avenue known to the inhabitants of Shrewsbury as the "Quarry Walk." Stopping to admire the movements of some boaters then disporting themselves on the river, she was struck with the appearance of a certain one who, on meeting her eye, pulled towards the bank whereon she stood, and raised his hat.

"Cyril!" she almost whispered, "*you* here!" Approaching, she shook hands with him, and permitted him to assist her into the boat.

"Did you think to see me, Pearl?" said he.

"No—at least—that is—I thought, perhaps, you would have gone back to London. You said you would only be here a day or two—"

"Yes, we return to-night or to-morrow."

"We?"

"Yes—the party I am staying with."

"Are you staying with a party?"

He smiled. "Only a few male friends that I have some business with, my dear girl."

"But where are they?"

"Enjoying themselves at a picnic."

"Where? I never knew men went picnicking without taking ladies with them!"

"They *have* taken a lady or two with them, and are gone to Shelton Rough."

"Where's Shelton Rough?"

"About three miles up the river."

"And why didn't you go, too? Were you afraid of the ladies?"

"Not exactly, but because instinct told me I should meet you!"

"And who's Instinct?'

"Really, my dear child, if you ask so many questions I must learn shorthand and take them down, so that I may answer them at my leisure."

By this time they had reached that part of the river which passes near the rather dirty suburb of Coleham, and Mr. Cyril Burnie—to give him his full name—proceeded to reverse the boat.

"Why didn't you have a boat with a rudder, that I might steer, if you thought you would see me?" said Pearl. "And why don't you row like Dick. Indeed, you don't row nicely at all."

"My sweet girl," returned he, with a sly look, "you shall have anything you like in 'two-twos,' and if you had only brought your charming Dick with you, you should have had him to scull while I would have sat beside you in perfect quiet and bliss."

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"I think you are nonsensical; and, besides, Dick couldn't come; he had some business to do."

"Don't you think he'll be jealous?"

"Oh! no, he doesn't believe in jealousy."

"That's well for me, then, but perhaps he has been scolding the little Pearl. Did he say she was not to talk to strange gentlemen any more?"

"Don't, Cryril, please, I don't like to be teased." And all the time her little heart was beating as she thought of Dick? Would he be jealous? Yes, she felt sure he would. . . . And if he could have come, would he have approved? And yet the strange influence of this man; how she seemed drawn to him!

A neighbouring clock here struck the three quarters, and Pearl expressed a wish to disembark, as she had to meet her brother at five o'clock. They landed, and Cyril walked with her down St. John's Hill.

"I suppose," said he, "your brother would not accept the offer of a box at the theatre to-night, if I put one at his disposal. How could we manage it—eh?"

"Oh! are *you* going? A box! what, three seats?"

"Yes, or as many as you like."

"Oh! but we *are* going!"

He looked surprised.

"Indeed! well, *I'm* glad of that," said he; "perhaps, yes, very likely, I shall see you there. You see, fate has brought us together again. . . We must not part now. . . And you will—you will, as once I asked you—you remember—darling. . . . We are for one another. . . . Look out for me to-night." . . .

Such were the hurried words as they sounded to Pearl. She saw Dick and her brother in the distance, and turned away abruptly.

"Hush! I must go Good-bye!"

He turned back hastily and she walked onwards.

"Why! Pearlie!" cried Tom, "where have you been? Here we were searching the place for you. Luckily we've got you now, or the frantic Richard would be for hiring the town crier to ring you up! And was that Mr. Evans of F—— you were talking to? It was rather a dark man and much like him."

"Ye-es," she faltered, "it was Mr. Evans."

"Ay! we saw him too," said Dick, as they hurried along, "we met him in the market. He is a kind-hearted man—very. But let us be quick now and get our tea, or we shall be late."

At half-past seven precisely the trio were seated in a box at the theatre intently studying the play-bill. The opera had not long commenced, when Pearl's keen eyes lighted upon a face

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in the centre of the stage, well known to her, though disguised by a bit of a beard—a sailor's face. Who was it? It was only when the same sailor, under the name and in the garb of *Ralph Rackstraw*, poured forth his expressions of love for the captain's daughter that she fairly realised that it was the Cyril of but a few hours since who was before her. There could be no doubt about it. And he had said he should see her here! The programme stated Ralph Rackstraw's part was taken by a Mr. C. Bernard. Where was there much difference in the name! Which was his right name, and why had he not explained this all to her? He was really an actor! Why had he not told her before? And here he was making love to a stage beauty just as he had once done to her under the hawthorn trees at Welshpool, when no one knew it. But was he acting *then?* Could he really help her? He had money, but what other attractions? Riches and fame—an actress! Just her idea and ambition. To defy the world; to imitate and take off the weaknesses of humanity—should she love this man, a petty actor, and mix with the very world itself! With such thoughts passing through her mind, she paid scarcely any attention to the performance.

"What, never!" The words rang sharply in her ears. "What, never!" Again. Dick was roaring with laughter and wondered that she did not even smile. "Hardly ever be untrue to thee!" . . . Could that be meant for her? . .

Tom was particularly struck with the closing chorus and said it was greatly to his credit that he was what *he* was,—a Welsh-man. And so taken up was he with the idea that whilst joking and talking to Dick about it he did not notice the disappearance of Pearl. "Ay, but I liked *Little Buttercup* best, lad; that's a sweet song, I must learn it," said Dick; "but I say, where's Pearlie?"

Out in the street the rain was falling steadily. No Pearl.

"Go back we must," said Tom, "and find her. How stupid to forget—to be sure." And edging their way back through the crowd they found the house empty, and still no Pearl.

"Perhaps she has gone to the hotel," said Dick, and off they ran, expecting to find the object of their search calmly awaiting their arrival and meditating a lecture on the civilities and duties of gentlemen. They laughed aloud at the cheering thought, yet on reaching the hotel there were no signs of her presence. Oh! the weary night! The rain and the wind! The disappointing echoes and blank nothingness. . . A sadness, a foreboding of sorrow and trouble to come, when the light of love and cheerfulness has departed, is lost;—for how long? Oh! why had they not understood their duty better? And for him who loved her, why had he not been more loving? When would the search end? Poor Dick!

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ACT III.

The scene is changed. Once more we are in a playhouse, but it is in London, and three months have elapsed since that memorable June night at Shrewsbury. It is the Theatre Royal, Strand. The piece played is a burlesque. Roars of laughter are heard all over the house at the manner in which the hero acquits himself as he fails to do some great thing that everyone sees it is impossible for him to do. Suddenly there appears upon the stage a rather pretty girl, clothed as a "good fairy," who dances to the most popular airs of the day.

"That's not the same we saw last week," says one of the audience in the stalls.

"No," returns his companion, who is a pressman, "that's Burnie's girl. She only comes on occasionally—a super. Don't care much about the work. They say she wants to give up the profession."

"She'll never get through that part, that's certain."

"Think not? Dunno. Clever girl. Has only been a month or two on the boards, picked up the business well. Rather headstrong, they say; in other words, has a mind of her own."

"Pity all these stage women haven't the same," chimes in another.

"Oh, well! there are lots of good women on the stage, who are only there for the sake of art."

"I suppose so," says the first speaker, a countryman, who does not pretend to know much about it.

"I heard though, that it was all up between Burnie and her," remarks the other.

"Yes," said the reporter, "but you must allow for his confounded artfulness. How do you know but that *he* has spread that rumour, simply to benefit himself?"

"Then is it likely he circulated the report about Lord Thistlemere and Mam'selle Pearlina?"

"It is a fact he did, and simply because he wished to drag her name forward all the more. He is the only fellow she will have anything to do with, and she is rather on her dignity with *him*, for when she heard of it she let the whole secret out in private circles, and people who know him easily believed it."

"But I say, look, she's giving up; she'll faint—what's the matter with her?"

A piercing shriek rang through the house and the actress referred to fell swooning on the stage. The curtain was immediately lowered, and, after a few minutes' interval, the audience were informed that Mdlle Pearlina Rhita was seriously indisposed and would therefore not re-appear that evening.

At the wings a slender form was lying, supported in the sturdy arms of a scene-shifter, gasping for breath, and half shrieking, half whispering, "I saw him—take me away—he is

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here—he'll want me—I shan't go—take me away." When thoroughly revived she hastened to her dressing-room and prepared to leave the theatre, without deigning to answer the numerous questions put to her by those who styled themselves her "lot."

As she passed out at the stage door, some big, skulking, half-tipsy ruffians sauntered up to her. One of them seized her by the arm. She wrenched herself from his grasp. The light from a gas lamp shone upon her face, and one of the men growled, "Leave the lady alone, can't yer, Bill; don't yer see she ain't well, and it ain't your missis."

With a sudden impulse—horror and disgust mingled—this little creature took to flight—anywhere, away from the wretchedness that had haunted her for so long. Unprotected and alone, where should she go? She would bear it no longer. Something seemed to guide her over Waterloo Bridge. On she hurried. At last, tiring, she got into the first omnibus that was standing near, and so within a short period of time found herself in Camberwell. Then, alighting, she wandered up Denmark Hill. Why was she coming here? Had fate a mystery in store for her? Would she be welcomed home? She had fancied, when here once before, she had seen them, Dick and her brother, arm-in-arm, as in the old days—happy days—and it was just like them . . . She shrank in a corner . . . could they be looking for her . . . the lost Pearl? There were the autumn sky above, with its myriads of stars, and the still busy world beneath—the lights of Camberwell! What a lovely night! The booming sound of Westminster clock struck on her ear. Ten o'clock. Yet there was sweeter music sounding. Hark! Was it all a dream? Life's young days returned, when Dick would sing to her! Whence those strains of melody? Surely that voice is familiar. It seems to come from yon house behind the trees, through an open window. She heard distinctly the piano, sobbing and sighing like the wind. And who but a Welshman could utter those words!

"Longwr gwêl fymhalasai,
Tyr'd i'r gwaelod ataf fi."

That sweet old love-song! Hark! he is singing it in English now.

"Sweetly shine thy loving eyes,
  But they shine no more for me,
Melting tears in mine arise,
  Bitter as yon briny sea.
I will be thy faithful spouse
  Ere the swallows take their flight;
Yonder stands the dairy house,
  Where thy broken faith was plight.
Round once more the swallows veer,
  Hither lured by sunlit skies;
But for me 'tis winter drear,
  Banished from thy beaming eyes."

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Oh! the sad, soft music! Banished! It cut her very heart. Life!--She had done with it! She would return. Why hesitate? There could be no mistake about that voice. There was a rush to the doorway, a low sob, as she seemed to fall upon the steps, a hasty movement, and there she lay quite peacefully on the threshold of those who would fain bring home the wanderer.

Someone had come to the window to look out. "There's a woman fallen outside, Dick," cries he to his companion. Dick almost flies to the window, and bounding out like one crazy, is in an instant kneeling by the side of his once-pledged bride.

"A woman! Yes! in pity, Tom, come—come here!"

They bear her apparently lifeless form into the house, and place her on a couch.

"Thank God!" reverently exclaims Dick, as he sees her lips move. And both brother and friend bend low to catch the first words that fall from the wanderer's lips.

"Pearlie!" cries Dick, and she looks up.

"Dick! Dick! where am I? Is it all true? Oh! Tom, can you forgive me?"

Tom for very emotion is silent.

"Oh! Tom!" she almost shrieks, "really I am innocent . . . . I am, if only . . . . Dick, I did not—did not think this would happen."

Sinking down again, she begins to sob as if her heart would break, pleading earnestly between each gasp, "Oh! Dick, I am the same—just the same—only wiser—and oh! forgive me —and—"

"You are forgiven, darling," whispers Dick.

EPILOGUE.

It is just twelve months since we gazed on the picture of love and beauty. Once more we breathe the perfume of nature's adornments under a summer sun. But it is no longer in a quiet retreat near Welshpool. Half-way up one of the slopes of fair Llangollen nestles a little villa. Down below, the river Dee glides over its rocky bed. Just above a well laid-out terraced lawn is dotted with a few figures of the human species. We see them from where we are lounging by the river-side, and fancy we hear the merry laugh of Mrs. Tom Rhys and the sonorous voice of her husband. Dick and his handsome bride are here too, and on the latter's face we imagine we see a gentle smile of peacefulness. The worthy quartette have just concluded a game of lawn-tennis, in which Tom and his newly found wife have come off victorious, and are now seated in the arbour to rest. Tom is talking philosophy between the whiffs from his long clay pipe.

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"Women, my love, are nearly all alike. Whilst they possess the faculty of pleasing"—puff—"by means of good social"—puff—"behaviour, they carry with them"—puff—"the caprice of an untamed heart"—puff.—"If you know what that is, and it is only"—puff—"when that heart is awed (here he takes his pipe from his mouth and grows eloquent) by experience with the world and its sorrows and delusions that she really begins to—to—understand opposite influences, such as the ruling passion in my devoted breast, you know Emmie (this to his wife). As for you, Pearl, old lady! well, you've passed that stage, I guess. But you always were a wise sentimental creature, and—

"Don't talk rubbish, Tom," replies Dick's wife, "how often am I to preach to you my one sermon."

And Emmie, who enquires what the sermon may be, is told that it is wrapped up in a little text which says, "Forget the past, live in the present, and hope for the future."

Shrewsbury. W. H. S.

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MARGINAL NOTES ON LIBRARY BOOKS.

Mr. Robert Browning's *Jocaseria* is a somewhat attenuated volume, made up of nine pieces, including a something—intended, we suppose, as a dedication—barely filling a single page. It is difficult—the Browning Society notwithstanding—to say for whom Mr. Browning writes most of his verse. Whether it be for the public of three or four generations hence, or for the public of to-day, he is equally unfortunate: for in the first case something more abstruse than even Browningism will be required to meet the advanced taste, and in the second, the public will have got so much fresh matter, that manner (we had almost said mannerism) will be nothing to them. Mr. Browning is in poetry what Thomas Carlyle was in prose, only in nine cases out of ten you can, after a deal of thinking over it, tell what Carlyle was, to use a common-place expression, driving at. If you are able to do the same once in ten times with Mr. Browning, you may consider yourself a lucky personage indeed.

For example, we tried the Dedication just alluded to exactly five and forty times—we have the score now by us on paper—and we do not think we are pleading guilty to more than usual obtuseness when we say we were no wiser when we gave up than when we began the attempt to master the author's meaning. If the reader does not believe us, let him try his own hand. Here is the piece:—

Wanting is—what?
Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant,
—Where is the spot?

Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same,
—Framework which wants for a picture to frame;
What of the leafage, what of the flower?
Roses embowering, with naught they embower!
Come, then, complete incompletion, O comer!
Pant through the blueness, perfect the summer!

Breathe but one breath
Rose-beauty above,
And all that was death
Grows life, grows love,
Grows love!

There is very pretty music in the above, but where is the meaning? What is it all about? If Mr. Browning hadn't

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written them, we would have said of the lines we have italicised that they were not only arrant nonsense, but something a great deal worse —arrant doggerel. Mr. Browning being the writer the case is altered.

The first poem in this volume, entitled "Donald," is the story of a Highland cripple and beggar told in Mr. Browning's best style, or rather, we should have said, by Mr. Browning at his best, because simplest and least affected. Donald, a sportsman, meets a gold-red stag in a path on the crags so narrow that it was impossible man and beast could have passed each other. Donald lay down, face upwards, and the stag stepped carefully over him. As the last of the legs was being lifted, Donald, "sportsman first, man after," seized the noble creature by the pastern and plunged his hunting knife "up the stomach's soft." Almost in the perpetration of this infamous act, over the precipice went man and beast together; the stag's body saving Donald's neck, which was almost a pity, from being broken. We say almost, because this scoundrel—than whom many a better man for a much less offence has been hung—hopelessly maimed and shattered and broken, lived on, the very picture of an ungrateful brute whom most right-minded men must have considered even then hardly well enough punished.

"Solomon and Balkis," which comes next in order, is fairly intelligible. Read it twice and you make out as much of its meaning as you would care to. As we understood it, it was this:—Her Majesty of Sheba and her "brother" of Jerusalem one day held a grand palaver on the ivory throne of the latter. Not very wise the talk is (two words Mr. Browning might have used to rhyme with Balkis) as may be inferred from the following on the part of the lady:—

> O wisest thou of the wise, world's marvel and well-nigh monster,
> One crabbed question more to construe or *vulgo* conster!
> Who are those, of all mankind, a monarch, a perfect wisdom,
> Should open to, when they knock at *sphereton-do*—that's his dome?

This comes within measurable distance of the comic. *Sphereton-do* is irresistibly funny; we commend it to Vance. Solomon answers in the same style of profundity; in fact the whole thing appears to be a game of inanity for two. Ultimately the King asks his companion why she had travelled so far, and wherefore. Was it

> "Solely for Solomon's sake, to see whom earth styles sagest?"

The conceit of him! She couldn't think of it; that was too good a joke altogether.

> Through her blushes laughed the Queen. For
> The sake of a sage? The gay jest!
> On high be communion with Mind—there,
> Body concerns not Balkis;
> Down here—do I make too bold? Sage
> Solomon—one fool's small kiss!

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The Queen of Sheba being pretty, and Solomon being somewhat used to women, did not, you may depend, hesitate very long as to the propriety of obliging her. But fancy coming all the way from Sheba for no more than that. The story, at this point, is appropriately, though some may think rather abruptly, broken off.

Whoso knows not already the episode of "Cristina and Monaldeschi" need not hope to understand it from Mr. Browning's poem of that name. To read hieroglyphics you must have a key. We take the liberty of transcribing in its entirety the succeeding poem, which is called

ADAM, LILITH, AND EVE.

One day it thundered and lightened,
Two women, fairly frightened,
Sank to their knees, transformed, transfixed,
At the feet of a man who sat betwixt;
And "mercy," cried each—"if I tell the truth
Of a passage in my youth!"

Said this: "Do you mind the morning
I met your love with scorning?
As the worst of the venom left my lips,
I thought 'If, despite this lie, he strips
The mask from my soul with a kiss—I crawl
His slave—soul, body and all!'"

Said that: "We stood to be married;
The priest or some one tarried;
'If Paradise-door prove locked?' smiled you.
I thought, as I nodded, smiling too,
'Did one, that's away, arrive?—nor late,
Nor soon should unlock Hell's gate!'"

It ceased to lighten and thunder.
Up started both in wonder,
Looked round and saw that the sky was clear,
Then laughed "Confess you believed us, dear!'
"I saw through the joke!" the man replied
They re-seated themselves beside.

Now the idea of this poem is unquestionably excellent; two wives in a sudden fit of terror bare their hearts to their husband. The fright over, they resume their masks, begging him to believe that what each had just told him was but a joke, and he, the much married man, with frigid assumption of assent, puts an end at once to the subject. But the execution is altogether faulty. We suppose the reader knows Lilith to be the fair creature, whom the Rabbins have assigned to Adam as his first wife, and who, for her disobedience to him, was compelled to leave Paradise for a region of air. She is the Madame "This" of the poem, and is much the more lovable of the two. But see what a mess is made of the unities in stanza three; waiting to be married, a priest, Paradise door—locked too—and Eve, with thoughts intent on an absent lover—a whole tissue of absurdities. Tulle veils, Honiton lace, and a brougham, would have been quite as appropriately introduced.

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Of the blank verse poem "Ixion," which comes next, we do not intend saying more than that three-fourths of it is wholly incomprehensible, to say no worse. "Jochanan Hakkadosh" is a story in *terza rima* of a Jewish teacher, who having learned all knew nothing. Perhaps if he had learned less he would have known more—which is about all the moral we have been able to extract from the story. The book winds up with some verses, of which the subject is "Pambo," a real name, Mr. Browning has assured us, and one not expressly invented to rhyme under such circumstances as:

> Brother, brother, I share the blame,
> *Arcades sumus ambo!*
> Darkling I keep my sunrise-aim,
> Lack not the critic's flambeau,
> And *look to my ways*, yet, much the same,
> *Offend with my tongue*—like Pambo.

It is only fair to Mr. Browning to remark that there are a number of other rhyme-words which he has mercifully refrained from inflicting upon us, such as Bambo, Mambo, Jambo, Sambo, Tambo, and so on. Crambo we find he has turned into use.

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LITERARY AND ART NOTES OF THE MONTH, &c.

The honorary secretary of the Royal Cambrian Academy of Art has just received from Lord Bute, through Mr. W. Thomas Lewis, a communication expressing his Lordship's willingness to contribute £250 towards the purchase of a suitable permanent building for study and the exhibition of the paintings of the Academicians at Cardiff.

The *Athenæum* of Sept. 8th, in noticing the appearance in our then current issue of Lord Aberdare's translation of Ap Iolo's "British Druids," was kind enough to describe the *Red Dragon* as "a vigorously conducted magazine." As an indication that our venture is winning its way into public favour, the compliment is one for which we cannot feel otherwise than grateful. Among English journals, not purely literary, the *Morning Post*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Hereford Times*, the *Bath Herald*, the *Shropshire Guardian and Shrewsbury Herald*, and the *Shrewsbury Chronicle;* and among American, the *Drych* and the *Cambrian* have spoken most flatteringly of the magazine, while the home press (under which term we include the Monmouthshire journals and the *Oswestry Advertiser*), has, without exception, been unanimous in its praise. To each and all of our contemporaries who have so kindly noticed us, we say with the old playwright—"Accept our thanks, good masters; our hearty thanks withal."

Messrs. Woodall and Co., of Oswestry, and Mr. Bernard Quaritch, of London, are about to publish a book on the *Old Stone Crosses of the Vale of Clwyd*, that bids fair to be a valuable as well as popular work. The manuscript has been prepared by the Rev. Elias Owen, M.A., Rector of Efenechtyd, and Diocesan Inspector of Schools, who also has drawn the illustrations, which will be numerous. The work is to be published by subscription, and a list of subscribers is to be given. We understand that already a goodly number of names have been received, including those of all the Welsh Bishops.

Mr. Brinley Richards writes:—"I enclose from an English paper, *The Queen*, a notice of a recent eisteddfod in South Wales, and had I not known the source, or the date, I should have

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imagined it to be a page from Old Pennant, describing the social condition of his time. The notice is the more valuable as it is *not* by a Welsh writer, whose mind might probably be influenced by enthusiasm. As a picture of Wales in the nineteenth century, I think it most interesting."

Thinking our readers may agree with Mr. Richards, we give the extract in full. It is as follows:—"The eisteddfod recently concluded at Mardy, Aberdare, afforded a striking evidence of the powerful sway music exercises over the Welsh people, and of their innate genius for musical expression. It was not an international contest, as the great display at Cardiff was. It was a simple exhibition of the skill in song, and in what we may call improvisation of some two hundred or three hundred miners and colliers. In a radius of twenty miles in the new coal district of Rhondda, scarce ten year in working order, seven or eight choirs have been formed, the miners themselves being the directors. Mr. Malcolm Lawson was invited to come and adjudicate the prize, two of his own ballads ('Thee Only' and 'The Man o' Airlie') having been chosen for competition by the choirs. It was a picturesque sight to see on the eventful day the men, women, and children coming down the hillside to witness or join in the contest. There were the minstrels who had carried off the prize in previous contests, and there were the bards with their harps, better known among their fellows by their bardic pseudonyms, 'The Eagle,' 'The Nightingale,' &c., than by their family appellation. The adjudicator was taken by surprise, not only at the fine quality and range of the voices, but at the precision, intelligence, and feeling with which the solos and choruses were rendered. A girl of twelve sang a solo of Mendelssohn's; another, a little older, one from Handel's 'Samson.' The discernment and genuine interest displayed showed that music was the absorbing delight and occupation of this population of pitmen and women. When the day's work was done, several of the miners assembled in the large room of the inn, and among them came the bard with his harp. He chaunted, accompanying himself on his stringed instrument, and through the room the theme was taken up, and miner after miner improvised strophes in their native tongue to the music of the harpist."

A correspondence has been going on in the *Athenæum* on the etymology of London, in which it has been pointed out that it is derived from *Llyn-y-dinas* ("lake of the fortress"); although some of the writers appear to think the name pre-Celtic, and the corruption of some ancient form coined in Europe or Asia.

The following note is from a recently-published French Reading Book:—"It is curious that popular tradition should have called a certain bird (wren) *roitelet—petit roi*, kinglet; but the

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etymology becomes absolutely certain if we compare the Latin, Greek, German, Dutch, Swedish, Spanish, and Portuguese, and find the same metaphor in all:—Lat., regulus (from regem); Greek, basiliskos (from basileus); German, Zaunkönig (the hedge-king); in Dutch, Winterkoningje (the water-king); in Swedish, fuge-konwng (king of fowls); and in Danish, fugle-konge; in Spanish, reyezuelo (from rey); in Portuguese, reisete (from rêy)." With these may be compared the Welsh *dryw*—wren, and the old words *rhwy* and *thi* for king.

A special meeting of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archæological Society was held in the district of Dean Forest on Monday, September 24th, when some one hundred and fifty members assembled, and drove in a number of breaks from Cinderford Railway Station to Ruardean, and first inspected the parish church, which was described by Sir John Maclean. The edifice, though of ancient date, was until recent years a chapelry of Walford, a neighbouring parish near Ross. Leaving Ruardean, the party set out for Walford Church, which Sir John Maclean also described. This is also an interesting old edifice, with several mural works and an ancient old font. Near at hand is the court-house, which Miss Shand described as a place of considerable interest as connected with the Civil Wars. From here the party were driven to Goodrich Court, the beautiful residence of Mr. Harold C. Moffat, who entertained the visitors to a sumptuous luncheon, over which Sir William Guise presided. Subsequently the archæologists proceeded to the ancient castle of Goodrich, which is a fine old ruin on the banks of the Wye, and which Sir John Maclean described. Next the party were driven to Hazelhurst, the residence of Miss Phillips, and were provided with tea on the lawn, reaching Stowfield Station, Severn and Wye Railway, at 6.30. Among the party were:—Sir William Guise, Sir John Maclean, Revs. Dr. Lynes, T. B. Beesly, William Barker, and W. T. Allen, St. Briavels; Messrs J. A. Graham Clarke, Colonel Low, G. B. Keeling and party, J. W. Keeling, hon sec.; Mrs. Bagley Oakley, Dr. Heane, Mr. E. Richards, &c.

Sir George Macfarren delivered an inaugural address as Principal of the Royal Academy of Music on Saturday, September 29th. At its conclusion he was very heartily cheered. Mr. Brinley Richards briefly thanked the principal for his address. Among those present were Miss Mary Davies and Mr. John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia).

The first examination for the Scholarship established at the Royal Academy of Music by the patriotic zeal of Mr. John Thomas was held on the same morning. Sir George Macfarren, Mr. John Thomas, Signor Garcia, Signor Randegger, and Mr. Cox formed the Board of Examiners. Five competitors had sent in their names, of whom four attended at the Academy.

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Doubtless, there would have been many more candidates had the terms of the competition been less stringent. All students at the Academy, or at any Metropolitan School of Music, were expressly excluded, Mr. Thomas desiring that the scholarship should prove the means of bringing out fresh talent from Wales. Possibly, also, the inability to provide for the maintenance of successful competitors during their three years' stay in London may have proved a deterrent. On the other hand, this latter fact undoubtedly tends to provide candidates of a higher class, and presumably more fit for the reception of the tuition which will be provided. The successful candidate on Saturday is Miss Annie Elizabeth Griffith, a young contralto vocalist hailing from Menai Bridge, Anglesey. Miss Griffith gives promise of being an excellent artiste. She was at Cardiff during the Eisteddfod as a member of the Penrhyn Quarry Choir.

The John Thomas Scholarship is the only entirely free scholarship given at the Royal Academy.

Among those who successfully passed the recent entrance examination at the Academy was Miss Blodwen Jones, of Swansea, who distinguished herself at the Cardiff Eisteddfod, and whose voice Sir George Macfarren immediately recognised when she came forward before the Examining Board.

Mr. R. S. Charnock, Boulogne-Sur-Mer, in a recent contribution to *Notes and Queries*, on the subject "Paigle" (cowslip), maintains it to have been derived from the word "paralysis." The French equivalents for the cowslip are "herbe à la paralysie"; "herbe de paralysie"; "fleur de paralysie"; and the Welsh, *parlys* for *palsy* and *llysiau'r parlys* (the herb or plant *palsy*.) This is scarcely correct. *Llysiau'r parlys* are palsy herbs, not "the herb or plant palsy."

In the same number from which we cull the foregoing there are two contributions on the subject of the "Sin Eater," a bit of Welsh folk-lore already pretty exhaustively dealt with in the pages of the *Red Dragon*.

Mr. D. Tudor Evans, the Secretary of the National Eisteddfod recently held at Cardiff, has addressed a letter to the hon. secretary of the National Eisteddfod Association on "The future of the National Eisteddfod." With reference to the suggestions Mr. Evans has made for the better governance of the institution in the future, the *Western Mail* somewhat laconically observes that there is only one objection to them—if adopted, they would destroy the eisteddfod; a view afterwards unanimously endorsed by the executive committee of the National Eisteddfod Association, at their meeting held on Thursday, October 4th, at Lonsdale Chambers, Chancery Lane, under the presidency of Mr. Brinley Richards.

The publication of Mr. Lewis Morris's new volume of poems,

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recently announced, has been unfortunately delayed. Some portions of the work had already been printed when Mr. Morris's publishers, Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., received a letter informing them that some forty years ago a small volume of poems had been published which bore a very similar title to that which Mr. Lewis Morris had adopted. The earlier volume was entitled "Songs of Day and Night," while Mr. Morris's new volume was to have been called "Day and Night." Although Mr. Morris was advised that he was not legally bound to change his title, and although a determination to do so at this late period involved a serious loss and inconvenience, he has decided to issue his poems under another name. His new volume will be called "Songs Unsung," always provided that that is among the "titles unclaimed."

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DRACONIGENÆ.

Evan John, Pentyrch, the well known agent of the Mackintosh and Wingfield estates, has joined the great majority. He had gained the borders of eighty years, and left a reputation for geniality and charity which will not readily die. His individuality was an intellectual one. He was a philosopher, who had stored his mind with wise saws and modern instances in great variety.

* * *

Mr. J. Bevan, Llansadwrn, Carmarthenshire, writing with reference to our series of papers on "Welsh Members of Former Administrations," points out that the Bishop of St. David's was not one of the illustrious seven tried by Sir John Powell, as stated at p. 543 of our third volume.

* * *

We are indebted to our esteemed correspondent "Llyfr Coch" for the following :—Some years ago a Flintshire farmer paid a visit to Chester. The worthy had never visited any large town before, and his knowledge of the great world around him was remarkable by its absence. Wishing to change a sovereign, he stepped into a grocer's shop in one of the main streets. No one was in except (as he thought) a curious looking and diminutive old man with a red coat on, and wearing a small smoking cap on his head, who was sitting on a tea chest on the counter philosophically munching a biscuit.

"Please to change this, sir," said the farmer, in his best English, as he threw the piece of gold on the counter. There was no reply, but the old man nimbly picked up the sovereign, dropped it through a hole into the till and resumed his biscuit. The farmer waited a few minutes and reiterated his request, adding—

"You did put it down that little hole, there."

Still there was no reply.

"Please to give me my change, for I do want to go."

The old man still remained silent.

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"Look here now—I can't wait no longer, you give me that there change, or I'll throttle you, indeed, there."

The old man did not take the slightest notice. So the farmer raised his fist and sent the other flying into a barrel of sugar close by. In a moment the monkey—for such it was—sprang on him, and commenced tearing his hair and face—all the time jabbering in a language unintelligible to the farmer, whose shrieks for help speedily brought the shopman to the rescue. The man having secured the monkey, demanded the reason of the fracas.

"Well," said the farmer, "I was come in here to change a sovereign, and that little old gentleman there—your grandfather I 'spose—did put it in little hole, there, and wouldn't give me no change, so I did tell him I hit him if he not give me my change, and when I touch him he came and scratch and bite shameful."

It is needless to say that the monkey's "grandson" gave the man his change, whilst the farmer vowed he would not attempt to tackle any more grandfathers.

* * *

David Holbache, "at whose intercession" (according to Stowe) "Owen Glendwr was pardoned," was High Steward of Oswestry at the end of the Fourteenth Century, and founded a Grammar School there in 1407. It seems to have occurred to the editor of *Bye-gones*, the "Notes and Queries" of the Borders, that the school prizes and boys' caps would look all the better stamped with the arms of the founder, so he made a suggestion to that effect in his serial; out of which has arisen a protracted discussion, in which Mr. Howel W. Lloyd, M.A., Mr. Stanley Leighton, M.P., Mr. Morris C. Jones, F.S.A., and others have taken part. The Garter King-at-Arms has been consulted, and the result is that when the Earl of Powis (chairman of the school governors) gave away the prizes on October 1st, the books all bore a handsome seal containing the arms, "*argent* a chevron engrailed *sable*." The boys, too, more than a hundred in number, wore silver badges on their caps, with the same arms impressed.

* * *

A correspondent writes:—"The late city librarian of Bristol, an excellent antiquary, well versed in Welsh archæology, died last month at Goodwick, in Pembrokeshire, a beautiful and sequestered spot, only a few minutes walk from Fishguard. It is memorable as the scene of the French invasion in 1797. Goodwick is an indentation on the iron western coast, and nature has given it a fine sandy beach and rocky surroundings on which grow gorse, and foxglove, and masses of wild thyme, in great and picturesque profusion. It was repeatedly noticed

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during our excursion that art could never equal in gradation of colour and beautiful arrangement the lovely landscape of the Pembrokeshire coast. The village is a nest of fishermen's cots, teeming with children ruddy and nimble. The inhabitants speak a *patois* which brings back to recollection the familiar "twang" of Gloucestershire, for here English and not Welsh is the common speech. On the heights surrounding are memorials of a bygone time. Relics of Druidism, Cistfaen, and Cromlech, and the lingering records of the mad attempt at invasion add to the interest of this spot. More than this, to the general literary man who here breathed his last there was a sense of ineffable calm, of freedom from tourist life that must have exercised a soothing influence. The railway whistle sounds never, no notice of excursions meets the eye. You are far away from the whirl of life, and the only link is the little messenger that comes in daily with letters and newspapers from Fishguard. High up on the headlands, with face turned landward, it is possible to see a thin line of smoke stealing away from Haverfordwest to Pembroke Dock. And far out at sea, by the aid of a powerful telescope, you may watch the grey wings of commerce flying towards the mightier West. But here you are isolated, and in quietude, and can read, undisturbed, the lesson of the rocks and the fields, or contemplate the grand picture afforded by the starry heavens at night. An old librarian myself, with kindred sympathies and pursuits, I can but think that had our departed worthy preferred one spot to another in which to breathe his last it was this. There, with no buzzing crowd, no roar, no sound of the grief and the sorrow, the wail and the triumph of life, the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl broken at the fountain.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Editor having thought that the republication in cheap book form of Mr. John Saunders' story of "HIRELL," *announced to appear this month, might possibly interfere with its success as a magazine serial, has resolved upon its withdrawal. It will be replaced by* AN ENTIRELY NEW STORY, *never before published, powerfully written, and of intense interest, from the pen of the same popular author, the opening chapters of which will appear in the* "RED DRAGON" *for December.*

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John Thomas
(Peuceridd Gwalia)

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NOTABLE MEN OF WALES

JOHN THOMAS
(Pencerdd Gwalia),

HARPIST TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Those who have been privileged to see Pencerdd Gwalia, surrounded by all the beauty, the wealth, and learning of London society, would find it difficult to realise the primitive circumstances of his early days amidst the mountains. Cast a glance at the excellent portrait we give, and impress the fact upon your mind that our celebrity came from the banks, not of the Tiber, but the Ogmore, and calls the luxuriant vale of Glamorgan his home. Born in 1826, one of a numerous and respectable family at Bridgend, our harpist showed so precocious a talent for music that at the age of four he was quite an adept with the piccolo. An amateur reed and brass band was formed in Bridgend, of which his father was a member, and on the occasion of a county election, when the services of the band were called into requisition, this lad of four marched bravely with the rest, playing as well as the best of them. Our youthful genius struggled on with his piccolo for a time until the band was broken up, and then his father bought him a harp from the widow of Jones, the late blind harper of Nottage, whose name has become famous as the composer of the lovely melody of *Y Ferch o'r Scer* ("The Maid of Sker"). This purchase was the great turning point of his life. I have often thought that an interesting disquisition might be written upon "turning points"—their seeming littleness, yet importance. The gift to a boy of a violin or a harp, and his career is laid down; the ray of light that falls from a pair of soft blue eyes, and the lover's fate is sealed. Brown, coalowner, shipper, with flags on every sea, has slept well, his digestion is good, and his head clerk enters into the firm. So reversely a bad cook has lost a battle; an attack of spleen suffered by the leading member of the hanging committee has led a promising artist to break up his palette and go into commerce; and five minutes late in life—what has it not cost!

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At an age when most boys would have been in the fever heat for playthings—investigating drums, if of analytical turn; playing soldiers, if military—our lad, seized with a passion for the harp, studied it with avidity. Early morn found him in full practice; late in the night the faint plaintive music streamed forth to the wind. At the age of eleven he competed at Abergavenny Eisteddfod, and won the most costly out of four prize triple harps offered for competition, and this decided his course in life. In the year following, 1840, through the instrumentality of Ada, Countess of Lovelace, Lord Byron's only daughter, he was entered as a student of the Royal Academy of Music, studying the harp under Mr. John Balsir Chatterton, and harmony and composition under Mr. Cypriani Potter, a pupil of Beethoven. Under such distinguished tuition he remained for six years. The musician, like the poet, has heaven-born capacities; but his genius, even more than that of the former, requires long and patient effort in development and manipulation. Few worked harder than Mr. John Thomas. As the years passed the blossom of early promise was followed by substantial fruit. His first composition in student years was a Harp Concerto in B flat with orchestral accompaniments, which was well received, and regarded by good critics as a production not unworthy of men who had attained a high rank in Art. This was followed by a Symphony, several Overtures, Quartets, and Operas, most of which were performed at the concerts of the Academy as soon as composed.

On leaving the Academy as a student he was made an Associate, then an Honorary Member, and ultimately appointed Professor of the Harp in the institution. Honours continued to fall thick upon him, accompanied by those practical evidences of appreciation without which plaudit is meaningless, and fame only a hollow sound. As Harpist at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the conductorship of Balfe, Mr. John Thomas had the gratification of appearing during the triumphant seasons of Jenny Lind, and some portion of the tremendous applause fell, not undeservedly, on him. This was in 1851, in the autumn of which year Mr. Thomas began his series of continental visits which have done so much to broaden his renown, and strengthen his friendships with illustrious men—many, alas! long gone over to the majority. Rossini and Meyerbeer, with a host of others, became his attached friends, and a crowd of admirers gathered around him in the Court concerts of France, Germany, Russia, Austria, and Italy. At home he was no less appreciated, and as early as 1852 composed a Harp Concerto with orchestral accompaniments for the Philharmonic Society, and during the season played at one of its concerts.

For a time the current flowed on, increasing popularity steadily attending him; but it was not until 1862 that Wales

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awoke to the fact that she had another gifted son, of w nationality there was no more doubt than of his fame. In year, on the memorable evening of July 4th, he gave first concert of national Welsh music; and it is pleasant, the long lapse of years, to look, as I do, on the faded progra and the list of attractive names. Edith Wynne then made *debût* before a London audience, singing several melodies ir native tongue, and at once establishing her reputation as o the most remarkable vocalists of her time. Welsh melodies Welsh and English words by the gifted, but ill-fated, Talha and by Oliphant, and a band of harps, made the gathering of a brilliant and attractive character. The success was so e ordinary that several rival societies were prompted to gi series of performances of Welsh National Music, which, like initiatory one of Mr. Thomas's, met with strong encouragem It was evident by the popular voice, and the demand that s upon the music publishers, that a great hit had been m In the case of our author three volumes of his "Collectic Welsh Melodies for the Voice" realised in a short time a p of £1,500 to the publishers, and since then a fourth has with the same measure of success.

A considerable section of humanity, composed in a mea of those who lack ability or perseverance, attach great im tance to "luck," and think that upon the heaven-gifted for will smile, irrespective of any consideration of personal e There never was a greater error. Exceptional instances m course be found, but the mass of those who gain success des it by patient labour. The life of Brinley Richards shows In his case the hermit-like seclusion of a quarter of a cen had first to be undergone ere the reward came; so, too, the subject of our sketch. The long and varied list o productions affords sure evidence of continued and ard work and study. In 1863 he composed "Llewelyn," a dran cantata for the Swansea Eisteddfod; and in 1866, he the world the now well-known and always admired "Bri Neath Valley." This was brought forward at the Ch Eisteddfod of that year, and in recognition of the excellen his work, and of the value of his exertions in the intere Welsh music, the author was presented on the occasion wi purse of £500—one of the solitary cases, unfortunatel public recognition taking a substantial and practical form.

But we cannot enumerate a tithe of the harp studies, solos, duets for harps, for piano and harp, Mr. Thomas has duced. Enough that signs of a prolific and vigorous are to be found in such abundance that the merest mention is all that is required. The year 1871 was one of the most eve of his life, for in that year his old master and genial friend terton breathed his last. Mr. Thomas succeeded him as Ha

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to Her Majesty. In that year, too, a Welsh Choral Union was formed in London, consisting of members from the different places of worship in the city, and numbering 200 voices. For six years five or six concerts were given annually, conducted by Pencerdd Gwalia. He and other artistes gave their services gratuitously, but unfortunately these pleasing entertainments were discontinued for lack of funds. Still out of this seeming misfortune good resulted. Our conductor in the course of his enthusiastic management had been much struck with the ability shown by the younger members of the choirs, and he personally collected ninety guineas towards a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, to last for three years. The successful candidate was Miss MARY DAVIES, whose great and deserved success has justified all that was hoped of her.

Pencerdd Gwalia is a familiar name, for at nearly all of the prominent eisteddfodau of past years he has been an active leader or adjudicator. The South Walian collier, plying his mandril in the caves of the earth, and illuminating the natural gloom by the light of his mind, can in a moment picture the form of our composer; the North Walian quarryman, perched on giddy height, can bring to memory's ear the airs he has heard floating from Pencerdd Gwalia's harp. By Wrexham towns and on Cardigan shores; wherever, in fact, the melodies of the nation are loved, Pencerdd has won an honoured name. And not in Wales alone. He is a member of the Società di Santa Cecilia, Rome; the Società Filharmonica, Florence; the Philharmonic Society, London; the Royal Society of Musicians, London. He is Professor of the Harp at the Royal Academy of Music, the Guildhall School of Music, and the Royal College of Music. Last year, too, the distinguished honour was conferred upon him of representing the Royal Academy of Music as examiner in North Wales and the adjacent district. The annals of the Cymmrodorion Society bear witness to his talent in another direction. In 1878 he delivered a lecture on the National Music of Wales before the members of the society, in the Concert Room of the Royal Academy of Music. This was illustrated by selections rendered by the Welsh Choral Union and a band of harps, and those who listened, equally with those who possess the published lecture, will bear record to the value of Mr. Thomas's work. Still indefatigable and in the full vigour of his life, Pencerdd at this period, 1878, brought out a posthumous concerto by Mozart, for harp and flute, with orchestral accompaniments. This work had been composed by Mozart in Paris, exactly one hundred years before, but had remained in manuscript until unearthed by Mr. Walter Stewart Broadwood, who found the original score in the Imperial Library of Berlin, and sent it to our composer. Mr. Thomas composed Cadenzas, and reduced the orchestral accompani-

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ments for the pianoforte; and it is in the strongest s
praiseworthy to record that Mozart's fame has not suf
from the emendations of his successor. A grand orche
concert was given at St. James's Hall expressly for ma
the concerto known, and at many gatherings in London anc
provinces it has been repeated. It has since been publi:
and it would be worse than idle on our part to attemp
"paint the lily or gild refined gold" by passing an eulo
on a production which has such an origin.

So far I have traced the salient features of Mr. Tho
life up to the present day, omitting only one effort of his
last, and, for his country, perhaps, the best. That little sch
ship he started, aided by the donations of a few friends,
resulting in the bringing out to the world of one of
sweetest singers, naturally led him to muse on the wisdo
unwisdom, the feasibility, or otherwise, of a greater and
permanent effort. If ninety guineas could be obtained in
months, could not a thousand guineas be obtained in
years from patriotic and generous Welshmen. He woul
it! And he did. Setting himself to the task, ardent, ho
undismayed by cold neglect, or absolute rebuff, he persi
and in the end, to the wonder of many a friend and the stult
tion of many a prophecy, the sum was gathered, the schola
founded, and is now working its healthful life. Such a se
as this in an age which blends more science than theology
its devotion, and is utilitarian to a degree, will be regard
of higher rank than any pure art achievement, and of
permanent duration in people's mind and sympathies.
thus for the graceful blending of music and song in the int
of national melody, and for this, his latest, but I hope nc
last legacy to his country, our composer has earned a
measure of praise and gratitude at the hands of his compat
In the career I have attempted to depict, I think it will be adm
that Mr. Thomas has lived out one of those lessons to the y
of Wales which is so invaluable for imitation, so strong in i
tive to efforts that are ennobling and pure.

EDIT

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE AMPHION.

Launched at Pembroke Dock, October 13th, 1883.

Oh! bright Amphion! slipping quickly down
  The water ways into the outer world,
Wearing those thronging faces like a crown,
  Above thy bulwarks, 'neath thy flags unfurled:
Calm be thy passage through the billowy seas,
  Let thy stern presence speak for peace, not strife,
And let no harsher music wake the breeze
  Than marshalled thee but yesterday to life.
The Theban wall,* called by thy namesake's lyre
  Sprang peacefully unto its stately height:
Part of Old England's walls art thou; aspire
  To keep the peace, not furnish forth the fight.

Tenby. EDEL D. MOORE.

TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD.

The devil must be devil to his own;
  One falsehood is another's death: the lie
  That breathed upon the sun's face, comes to die
In outer darkness, exiled, and alone,
Some new deceit makes merry of its throne:
  The pretty trick that cheats the willing eye
  Must go; its pleasure very soon runs dry;
The old delusion dead, the next is on.

But thou, eternal truth, the father light,
  Shinest above the dust of time and sense!
    The ancient stars may falter on the way,
    And skies of azure lose the glow of day,
  Thou art the same, thyself thine own defence;—
Come in thy glory, put away the night!

Buckley. H. ELVET LEWIS.

* See Horace. Carm. III. 11.

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THE KNIGHT OF AGINCOURT.

At Agincourt the nobles of France their shattered ranks
Mourned, whilst the English chaunted their solemn hyr
thanks;
And from their brave toils resting, each told some deed tha
Had seen of gallant daring, where all did gallantly.

The King swore, "By our Lady, there was one squire fc
well,
Fast as his blows descended, the French before him fell,
As April melts the icicles that hang about the brook,
As the ripe corn and the poppy bend before the reaper's h

Quoth blunt Sir Thomas Erpingham, "The law's stern ar
flee,
From Brecknock came this David Gam;—a Squire o
degree."
King Henry dashed his goblet down, his pale brow flushed
ire,
"King Richard's sword made me a knight, and mine
knight this squire."

The lord that stood behind his chair replied in lordly strai
"Your Grace, the man well won the praise, he ne'er wil
again;
For hither as I hastened, sunk in so deep a swoon
I saw him, that, be sure of this, his death must follow soo

His nether lip was quivering, and his upper lip was curled
As with impatient foot the King aside the footstool hurled
"Now lead me where he lieth, and these French Dukes
see
In death I can reward the man who bravely fights for me."

He passed amongst the wounded, and many a fainting eye
Flashed like the sinking sunbeams across the evening sky.
Their mute appeal unheeding, King Henry held his way,
Until the spot he sought was gained, where the brave V
man lay.

Stretched on the ground and speechless was he, nor sign c
He shewed, save when his hand he closed, as one in c
strife;
Save when the red drops trickled, where the swords of F
had cleft
A ghastly wound upon his breast that crossed from rig
left.

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Round him were pennons waving, and polished armour glanced,
And gaily on King Henry's helm the snowy plumage danced.
Nought knew he of their chivalry, and their pomp of martial pride,
For his thoughts were of his boyhood's home, its hills and river side.

He heard the rippling river, he saw the waving grass,
And the fresh breath of the mountain seemed o'er his brow to pass.
But dim appeared the meadows, as they looked at close of day
When slowly o'er the willow trees floated the heron grey;

When in St. Mary's rose-flushed tower the evening bells were ringing,
And in the Priory Church the Monks the vesper hymn were singing.
Then in the shadowy hall he met his kindred as of old,
And the fire-light fell on many a form that in the grave was cold;

His father and his mother, who sleeping long had been
In the old church of St. Nicholas before the altar-screen;
And his little fair-haired sister, who in her childhood died,
Whom through the hazel coppice he proudly used to guide;

When he loved to fill her dimpled hands with spring flowers fresh and fair,
Blue as the summer of her eyes, and golden as her hair—
Now called King Henry gallantly,—"Come friend and foe to see
In death I can reward the man who bravely fights for me."

His blood-stained blade the Monarch laid upon his brow, and kneel
The noblest there the spurs to clasp around the stiffened heel;
With knighthood's sword to gird him bent Sir Thomas Erpingham,
Whilst like a clarion cried the King,—"Rise up, Sir David Gam."

Alas! of what availing such lofty words as those?
For never more, as knight or squire, Sir David Gam arose.
For other sounds shall wake him, at another voice he'll rise,
When the trump of the Arch-angel is pealing through the skies.

For in that hour of triumph, from all that proud array,
Amidst the clang that round him rang, his spirit passed away.
In history's scroll, on honour's roll emblazoned is his name,
But sleeping sound at Agincourt, what recks he of his fame?

CEFN BRYN.

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WELSH RAILWAYS.

Some old obscure poet, whose name and existence have almost escaped me, managed to tablet on my memory the line,

"None but itself can be its parallel."

How true this is of railways. How true of these pioneers of civilisation, that carry their unparalleled blessings into every secluded valley in Wales, and have done more than aught else to make Welshmen proud of their Principality. Wales can point to the possession of one of the first railways opened in the United Kingdom, in the neighbourhood of Carmarthen. By no means a brilliant specimen of what was destined to follow, and yet how quickly from that modest beginning has the network grown vaster and vaster year after year, until millions of productive capital have been poured into these enterprises, and still the rapacious demand for more seems as loud and deep as ever.

Curiously enough, of the first two great lines of railway that crept into Wales, one chose the south coast for its scene, and the other the north coast; Brunel exercising his talents on the South Wales Railway, and Stephenson on the North, in his great enterprise towards Holyhead. No sooner were these two great arteries completed than the whole mineral wealth of South and North Wales, which had been dependent on small horse tramways for their exit to the sea, began to pour down their traffic by the thousand ton upon it. The Dean Forest, on the borders of Gloucestershire, was one of the first to blossom into a railway. Then came the Taff Vale, the Swansea Vale, the Vale of Neath, the Monmouthshire, the Llanelly, and a host of smaller fry, all developing with amazing rapidity the mining energy and the iron making industries of South Wales. The next great railway artery that bore good fruit was the line which, starting at Chester, pressed steadily southwards through Shrewsbury to Hereford, and thence to Newport. With this line the name of Henry Robertson, at present M.P. for Shrewsbury, will always be happily identified, as it will also be with another great line that followed shortly afterwards through Central Wales, and found a resting place at Swansea. Robertson has also been the father of more local lines in North Wales than any other living man, and seems as yet unlikely to stay his hand until he has crossed the Dee and brought Birkenhead and Flintshire into closer union.

One of the first little independent lines that reared its head proudly without extraneous aid, or a mining interest at its back, was the Vale of Towy, and right well has it been rewarded for its

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pluck, having been made the high road of two great companies jointly—the Great Western and London and North Western. The Cambrian next made its mark on the map of Montgomeryshire under various names, and in disjointed interests, until, taken in hand and made one company by the then magic wand of Messrs. Davies and Gavin, it seemed suddenly to throw its arms over the west coast of Wales, from Portmadoc down to Aberystwith. The Mid-Wales then stepped in to compete with the Central Wales for the route to Swansea, but had to content itself with less lucrative ground in following the Wye through Radnorshire and Breconshire, until it joined the Merthyr and Brecon Railway, of disastrous fame, at Talyllyn, and so stole a small share of the mineral traffic which the London and North Western had already so cleverly tapped by Gardiner's line from Abergavenny to Merthyr.

It remains but to speak of the high sounding, but low standing, Manchester and Milford, which crawls through the sparsest part of Cardiganshire, and threw away its best chance of success when it abandoned its Llanidloes portion. And going still south west, we must not forget the Carmarthen and Cardigan, with its romantic history of misfortunes and partial resurrection, and the isolated little Pembroke and Tenby, that holds its own manfully.

Roughly speaking, these are the railway arteries of Wales, although really those in the South Wales Valleys are a legion in themselves, and those in North Wales are scarcely less. The broad gauge, Brunel's hobby, ceases to exist in South Wales, where, as well as his love for wooden viaducts, it has borne no good fruit to its votaries. The Great Western has swallowed up, not only the South Wales line, but a multitude of its feeders, such as the Monmouthshire, the Llanelly, the Carmarthenshire, the Ogmore Valley, Vale of Neath, Wye Valley, and a host of other little lines that now tend to swell its vast South Wales system. In fact, the Taff Vale Railway alone now stands out hereabouts in bold relief as an independent line, and *facile princeps* in its wealth of traffic and dividend-paying powers, while the Rhymney line, working in harmony with the London and North Western, comes next in wealth, its dividends generally hovering between ten and twelve per cent. The London and North Western Company have not put their crest upon such a large mileage of railways in South Wales as their great competitors and rivals, the Great Western, have done; nevertheless, what lines they do own are excellent ones, especially the Abergavenny, Tredegar, and Merthyr lines, and the Central Wales to Swansea; and yet the former line, which carries an immense coal and iron traffic northwards, is dreadfully marred by having to pay a heavy toll for using the Great Western to Hereford—a blot that is not easy to overcome. The Swansea Vale has fallen into the hands

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of the enterprising Midland Company, and is their sole means of admittance into the heart of South Wales, unless the Merthyr and Brecon can be called another, access being gained to the Swansea Vale at present over the Neath and Brecon with its bad gradients, and breakneck looking curves. In North Wales the London and North Western far outstretches its big brother, the Great Western, in its importance and mileage, although the Great Western has at last forced its way into the Festiniog slate district, by means of the curiously constructed line called the Bala and Festiniog, which creeps up so narrow a gorge in that mountainous district as to be entirely choked with snow when a storm comes drifting from the north west. The Cambrian, Mid-Wales, Manchester and Milford, and the Brecon and Merthyr stand out as the independent railway interests of Wales, neither, I regret to say, in a state of prosperity. Judging of them geographically, and apart from the individual interests of managers, secretaries, and directorates, it seems marvellous that these four great struggling semi-bankrupt concerns should not put all their interests together and emerge some fine day as the great Welsh Midland, tearing up, if it were possible, all their present hampering alliances, and leaving their debenture and preferential capital to be set in order and marshalled by a board of arbitration, whose constitution could be settled beforehand. Something after the nature of the Cheshire Lines Committee, I believe, would answer the purpose of bringing order, if not prosperity, where at present chaos and ruin stare the traveller in the face at every turn. Why self-interest in the few should stand in the way of such an amalgamation I could never, as an impartial observer of the development of Welsh railways, understand.

It is not my purpose to speak of the individual engineering merits of the Welsh railways. To do this would fill endless pages of your magazine, and be a well-worn tale. Beginning with the Menai Bridge and the Crumlin, Chirk, Llangollen, and Cynghordy viaducts, and ending with the Severn Tunnel and Bridge, besides long inclines and hazardous-looking curves that are surmounted innumerably every day, where should my story have an end? Nor is it my purpose to speak of what railways have done for Wales—that were a theme too vast for ordinary pen, and to prove which big statistics would have to be called into requisition, and statements made which might conjure up local jealousies, or injure individual interests. In the main they are too well known to require enlarging upon here. My object shall be rather broadly to show what can still be done, and where benefits are likely to accrue from honest enterprise steadily handled.

Unfortunately for railway enterprise, though fortunately,

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perhaps, for themselves at that time, when the Great Western and London and North Western agreed jointly to lease the Shrewsbury and Hereford Railway in 1861, they came to an offensive and defensive alliance, which somehow or other the Midland has been to some extent drawn into also, that throughout a large territory, embracing nearly the whole of Wales, neither company should promote a new line without the consent of the other. Consequently from that date nearly every new line in Wales and its border has been left in the hands of independent speculators, while the big companies have growled over it like hungry dogs, each determined that the other should not enjoy it bloodlessly, and in the end generally the independent constructor, who deserved a better fate, has gone to the wall, and his railway has been rendered less valuable, sometimes by the expense of Parliamentary conflicts, but more often by the covert means taken by the most interested of these big companies in buying or leasing it, starving its traffic, and rendering it at last a prey at any price. The Great Western is certainly the greatest adept at this cruel game, and has done more than any company to depreciate the value of small lines, while helping herself to their traffic, and has squandered thousands upon thousands in Parliamentary Committees in trying to strangle local enterprise, in which she professes only to see the evil machinations of venomous reptiles bent on sucking her life blood, when in truth the new lines would, if fairly encouraged, feed to repletion her great unwieldy trunk line, and render her a greater success than she is even now. She has had the sense to cast off Brunel's broad gauge mantle, and swallow some of the modern ideas that govern economic railway management, but still the Great Western is invariably to be found opposing every new scheme with all her might. Well might it be said of the Great Western:

> "It is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
> To use it like a giant."

The London and North Western, on the other hand, have had to play second fiddle to the Great Western, especially in South Wales. The Great Western had several years' start of them, and held important positions, from which nothing could dislodge them. The London and North Western, however, have played their card with exquisite judgment. Quietly and unobtrusively, civil and obliging, they have, as it were, unobservantly wormed themselves into South Wales, and stolen a fair share of its traffic before the proud, domineering Great Western were thoroughly aware of what was in hand. The Midland have pursued the same tactics in getting to Swansea, and I do not think they will stop contentedly where they are many more years. It will need little persuasion to a Parliamentary Committee to tear to atoms the Territorial Agreement of 1861, to

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which I have referred, and which has acted most unfairly and prejudicially on independent local interests, and then Wales will have a freedom and competition in railways which she fully deserves.

Indeed, I have wondered that the London and North Western should have looked quietly on so long, while the Great Western has been strengthening its position in Wales, for, depend upon it, if the London and North Western does not soon make use of her opportunities, the Midland will step in and take the plums out of her mouth. At present the Midland is handicapped by the want of an independent access from their Birmingham and Staffordshire districts, except by running powers over the Worcester and Hereford Railway. An Act passed last Session, however, for constructing a railway from Willenhall, near Wolverhampton, to Craven Arms, *viâ* Bridgnorth, opens out a direct route to them, which they are not likely to let slip. It will not be a work of difficulty to get from Craven Arms with their own line at Goodisley, and so direct to Swansea and Merthyr. Then, and not till then, shall we have the three great railway companies interested in Welsh traffic possessing their own independent lines of communication, and flourishing on the wealth of our hills and dales.

I have said that much is still required to be done before railway enterprise can be said to be satisfied. Milford Haven still stands in need of competition, or some extraneous aid to bring it into the fold of successful seaports, such as Cardiff, Newport, and Swansea. Perhaps the Great Western has too many irons in the fire already at these great towns to come to the rescue of the poor neglected Haven. The London and North Western has such immense vested interests at Liverpool that to encourage Milford would seem like treason. The Midland is scarcely ripe for a dash at it, and so it languishes despairingly. Aberystwith again is sadly in want of better railway accommodation. With a weak, badly served railway on either side of them, and no direct route into the Midlands of England, it is sad to see this fairest seaside resort in Wales thus, year after year, unable or unwilling to encourage a railway enterprise that would bring it directly in communication with Rhayader and Llanidloes. To this, more than anything else, has it to thank, in my opinion, for the loss of its Welsh College under Government patronage. Cardigan will, I believe, ere long be a railway terminus, but whether St. David's will ever be brought nearer civilisation than at present seems problematical. Aberayron is another pretty seaside place, at present almost ungetatable.

The two new enterprises which shorten the distance between Bristol and Wales are the Severn Bridge and Tunnel, and in a few years these are destined to shorten the distance to London,

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and the whole South of England, and have already opened up a fresh field for railway construction. The Great Western at present has the sole access to the Severn Tunnel from Newport, while the Severn and Wye is an almost isolated line to the Severn Bridge. This is not likely long to continue. Engineering skill and ingenuity is being brought to bear upon these points, and I believe that I am not far wrong in expressing a belief that both from Abergavenny and Hay lines will be promoted in the coming session, which will show, *viâ* Monmouth, an outlet of no mean importance to the railway world, and make distance as nothing between countries only too anxious to harmonise, or, as Pope so happily puts it:—

> "Ye gods, annihilate but space and time,
> And make two lovers happy."

Then, again, there is the ever-restless battle of the dock owners and freighters, which ought to have expended itself last session over the New Dock and Railway Scheme at Barry, but which is likely to break out afresh, with redoubled energy, this session, and fill the coffers of local engineers and professional men. Swansea has launched a clever, independent scheme for obtaining a share in the great Rhondda Valley traffic, so as not to fall behind Cardiff as a coaling port. In this I think she has every chance of being successful, and Newport has done the same with her Pontypridd line, while in North Wales the miserably bankrupt Wrexham and Connah's Quay Line at last shows a vigour that does it credit—enlarging its position at Connah's Quay, prior to another dash over the Dee estuary to the Birkenhead tunnel.

But your valuable space fails me, dear *Dragon*, while my subject seems to grow and expand beyond my will. I would fain return to it again at some future month, to speak of some of the great men that railway enterprise has brought to the front, and a host of other good things that have followed in the train of Welsh railways. Where would be the thousands upon thousands of tourists throughout the lovely vales and scenery of Wales without the aid of that unfailing iron horse, which cheaply and safely ministers to their wants. Methinks that my dear old Shakspeare was next to omniscient, and that he pointed to railways when, in Midsummer Night's Dream, he makes his actor call out:

> "I go, I go, look how I go,
> Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow."

And then how true he speaks of busy, thrifty, active-minded Welshmen, who take time by the forelock in railways as in other things, when he makes Henry the Fourth exclaim:

> "Our hands are full of business, let's away,
> Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay."

Shrewsbury. R. D. GREEN PRICE.

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LONDON IN WINTER.

London ceases to be a centre of political interest at the termination of the Parliamentary Session, just as it ceases to be a centre of fashionable life with the eve of the carnival of "The Twelfth." But although the laws of society, like the proverbial laws of the Medes and the Persians, are inexorable and unalterable, it is certain that many of the votaries of Fashion turn their heads round, and, like Lot's wife, gaze ruefully and with regret upon the city which they are leaving. In a series of articles in the *Red Dragon* which it has been my pleasure and privilege to write under another heading, and with a different motive, I think I have shown that, whilst our faithful legislators are as glad to end the Session as they were eager for its commencement, there are many honourable gentlemen who like to vary Charles Lamb's famous *bon-mot* by coming early and going away late. Amongst these Conscript Fathers for whom Parliament is meat, drink, bracing atmosphere, intelligent recreation, and athletic exercise may be mentioned several of your Welsh members, in common with a knot of English Senators. I have lately seen in London streets the hon. member for Swansea and the hon. member for Cardiff. I have also had the pleasure of tracing the course of the member for Bridport until the gleam of his hat and the eddying vapours of his cigar have been absorbed in the crush of the Haymarket. I have met Mr. Cecil Raikes in Trafalgar Square, and—Apollo to a minnow—the colossal Adonis, Colonel Tottenham in a brown billycock. But for a month at all events London may be said to be deserted.

Toward the close of October, however, its aspect changes sensibly. It once more becomes crowded. Its streets resound with the thunder of its restless traffic. Men fill its thoroughfares and high places, and bustle along with eager energy. "Sandwich" men parade the kerbstone with solemn gravity, competing for everything from rival anatomical exhibitions and cheap dinners to the theatres, and those Gehennas of the unrighteous, the music halls. There is severe rivalry at the theatres which have opened after the autumnal holidays. You stroll westward to the Park, and in the Row may see, when the weather is dry, a string of equestrians, and in the afternoon a

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line of carriages, which represent something more than the shadow of a vanished season. Looking from the windows of the Athenæum Club you may catch a glimpse of a well-known member of Parliament who has returned from a tour in India, or a cruise in the Mediterranean. He has just looked in to hear the latest news; forgetting that the newspapers have told him all there is to know, and that the London Correspondent of his local paper, who, like Tennyson's brook, goes on in season and out of season, has anticipated the gossip of the clubs, which he is ransacking in search of a good story for the coverside or the billiard-room of the country mansion. The fashionable preacher returns with some new truths about old texts. He has picked them up during his devious wanderings, has perhaps heard them rattled off at some *table d'hote*, or been struck with them as they have fallen from some rural pulpit, or made a note of them, like Captain Cuttle, as they have been suggested in some *ad captandum* discussion upon the deck of a Rhine steamboat, or in a Swiss diligence. London journalists have returned with faces veneered with mahogany, and the organs of Peterborough Court, Bouverie Street, and Shoe Lane straightway appear with articles about the glories of Ramsgate, the beauties of the west, and the terrors of mountainous Wales. Artists have come back, their sketch-books filled with landscapes, or with faces that are to gladden the walls of next year's Royal Academy. The stock-brokers reappear at their bijou villas on the banks of old Father Thames; their banker's balances have been reduced, and metaphorically, a sort of Hurlingham is arranged for the slaughter of the doves of the country villas and rural rectories, who come to town with their savings or their legacies to invest. London, in short, makes up for the winter.

As a capital, London is as enjoyable in winter as any other chief European city. There is a strong prejudice against it because of its fogs, but these are really so fitful and short-lived that they constitute rather a novelty in the routine of life. Of course, people are glad to get away from town, on the accepted theory that change is good, and that after the racket and revolution of a season, repose and keen air are necessary for the restoration alike of body and mind. But it is significant of the fading away of old prejudices, and the liberation of men and women from hereditary observances, that many people now think a month at the seaside or in the country enough to repair the system jaded from a round of drawing-rooms in the dog days. Hence, squares that used to be given over to holland blinds and board wages are now relieved from the chronic dulness of universal desertion. One big house after another breaks upon the grey light of the winter day with the evidence of reanimated life; the silence of the square is relieved by the sound of music and other indications of the presence of fair

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women; the gloom of the night is irradiated by the glow of the brilliantly lighted *salons*. The clubs are no longer given over to meditation. Major Pendennis is unable to rejoice in the consciousness of exclusive possession. His loved front window is shared by other members with teeth to pick and an equal capacity for glaring into vacuity. He finds it impossible to revel in the delight of being master of the reading-room, or of ordering a chop with the tomato, and to have it served with all the circumstance of a State cutlet in a Royal palace. Other men have dropped in, and they linger about the building, breaking its silence and destroying its loneliness. The position of the Ministry is discussed; rumours of a new Whig-Tory intrigue are fabricated; and the prospects of next Session's legislation, of next year's peace, and the aspects of trade are examined. And these greatly dining, these winter Londoners go home to dine. One of the pleasantest social arrangements of London in winter are the Saturday house dinners of the Savage Club. Someone distinguished in the world is usually the selected guest of the evening; and the fresh conflict of wits and the tuneful rivalry of the songsters, impart a vivacity and a harmony to gatherings which have charmed the Prince of Wales, and fascinate the patrician coterie of which his Royal Highness is the centre. The Athenæum would much like to follow in the footsteps of the Symposium at Lancaster House. It has opened its doors to several eminent "Savages," who have been enrolled honorary members of the stately rendezvous of bishops, professors, pundits, judges, and Oxford Dons. But somehow the joviality does not sit kindly upon the Athenæum, and the eminent Savages speedily find that the two penn'orths of gin in Waterloo Place are not so abundant as to quantity or so pungent as to quality as the two penn'orths of "white satin" obtained at the Wigwam. Indeed, I opine that the butler of the Athenæum, himself an ex-Colonial Bishop—so rumour saith at least—would be scandalised out of all composure if he were to be asked for a "go" of Old Tom. Yet the two clubs are quietly drawing together; and I see no reason whatever why, some of these nights, the Archbishop of Canterbury should not smoke the calumet of peace in the Savoy, or why Mr. Harry Paulton should not enliven the dinner of the Athenæum by one of his topical songs. But sufficient of London Clubs.

There was a time when the East and the West Ends of London were for social purposes as wide apart as are the Poles. The city dwelt within itself. The rich merchants were content to sleep within sound of Bow Bells. If by chance one of them strayed into Hyde Park he was possibly recognised by some one "acred to the lips," but only "as a fellow who is something in the city." A Royal visit to the city afforded those who

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attended in the train of the monarch unlimited opportunity to satirise their hosts, their wives, and their daughters. They availed themselves of the opportunity unmercifully. But all that is now ancient history. Some of the greatest houses in the West End are tenanted or owned by city men whose daughters are admitted into society and may unite the soap-boiler of a generation with the heir of a hundred Earls. Such things are of yearly occurrence. Few of our city fathers who were born within sound of Bow Bells now sleep near these ancient historic chimes. The abodes of their youth and the mansions of their ancestors have been turned into warehouses or gin palaces, or that pet invention of the enterprising pastry cook, the restaurant; not the stamp of building in which Dr. Johnson devoured shin of beef, or the stuffy banquetting halls of perennially smoking joints described by Albert Smith, but palaces of marble and plate glass, and silver and gold. Spreading out over the West End like a huge golden fan, the plutocracy of the city affords a permanent leaven of wealth and affected fashion which abides with us when Thackeray's "Upper Ten" have disappeared, and continues the sparkling service of "society" in the grey days of a London winter. Stately, if uncoroneted, carriages roll through Piccadilly and down Regent Street. The stranger that is within our gates muses upon the exceeding wealth of our population, or marvels at the change that has passed over the London of his youth. The approach of Christmas brings to town a galaxy of dowagers, who come up from the shires to purchase *bon bons*, or to secure new dresses, and the thousand and one concomitants of the Great Festival of Christendom as it is loved and celebrated in England. But their stay is brief, and with their departure go many of our perennial Cockneys, who have obtained invitations to country mansions. Christmas in London is always an unpicturesque season. It is not observed with the poetical reverence of the country. It is a feast tinctured with vulgarity. It is the orgie of the masses at home, and is made to appeal to the lower passions of our race. London with its shutters up is one of the most gloomy cities on earth. A London Sunday is a horror of loneliness. But Christmas week, with its almost invariable attendants of a leaden sky, a slow falling rain, and black exiguous streets, passes; gives places to the new year, with its birth of new hopes, revived energies, preparations for the opening of the Parliamentary Session, and anticipations of spring. With the advent of the new year we seem to feel that the winter is rapidly leaving us; and those who have passed it in town wonder at its brevity, and recall with delight its many pleasures.

London. A PENDRAGON.

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A TRIP TO SOUTH WALES.

A projected trip into South Wales had been so frequently canvassed among us, and so anxiously anticipated, that it seemed as if the period fixed for the start would never arrive. At length "the merrie month of May" came, on the 15th of which month we had proposed to set out on the long-talked of journey. Whoever would reach South Wales from the lovely "Combes" of Devon must cross the Channel at some period. We had decided on doing so from Ilfracombe *viâ* Swansea. It was a lovely morning, and everything seemed propitious. We were in high spirits, but yet scarcely believed we were actually going, "hope deferred" having made "the heart sick." Our destination was the little rustic, but picturesque, town of Builth, in the County of Brecon. This little sequestered spot on the banks of the lovely Wye had been shut out of the world for ages, and seemed little likely ever to be drawn from its seclusion, or to be disturbed in its sleep of centuries by the shrill whistle of the modern locomotive, but strange to say (strange to those who have known the locality) its valleys are now traversed by two railways, and thus drawn forth from ages of seclusion into contact with the outer world. Once at Swansea, you are within three hours' easy distance of the place.

"The Prince of Wales" was advertised to leave at four p.m., and now the whistle of the steamer admonishes us that we have no time to lose. "Jump into the boat, sir, be quick," the boatmen cry—"give me your hand, ma'am." "Any more for Swansea?" "Now, boys, pull away." We are afloat and soon alongside the packet. Well, here we are, safe on board. The captain is on the bridge, the paddles are moving. Now we are off. Our friends wave their handkerchiefs, and we are soon beyond recognition. But the wind has freshened, and Neptune seems in no humour to favour us with a gentle breeze "o'er the treacherous deep," so we at once descend into the cabin and make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit. That old gentleman opposite is coolly and systematically setting to work to meet his fate heroically. First of all, he deliberately takes off his hat and lays it on the table; he next proceeds to make himself a couch, and putting up his feet he settles down

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into a comfortable posture, resting his head on his hands and both on the table, and then drawing the ominous basin within reach, he awaits with patience the anticipated visit.

Have you ever made the passage, gentle reader? We started punctually to time, and although we made the passage in two hours it seemed like two days. How we groaned and sighed and sickened, and counted the minutes when it would be over! Old Neptune made us pay dearly for invading his territories so unceremoniously. You have heard of "the horrors of the middle passage;"—if you have any taste that way, cross from Ilfracombe to Swansea in a sou' wester; you will not repeat the experiment in a hurry! Our old friend opposite took it more easily. There's a stir—a sigh—a moan—the basin . . . and all is over, and the old gentleman lies down again, having gone through the operation in the most business-like manner! How it was on deck we could not tell, we had enough to do to take care of ourselves; but we could hear the roar of the sea and the noise of the waves as they dashed against the sides of the ship with the sound of thunder, making every timber in her to creak and tremble. And now and anon sundry suspicious sounds reached us from the ladies' cabin, indicating anything but pleasant dreams in that qnarter, while at the foot of the gangway there was a terrible commotion, such running to and fro, and cries of "Basin, basin,"—but be not too inquisitive, gentle reader. Let the curtain drop.

Mumbles a-head! Swansea ahoy! "Hurrah," said I, "not a moment too soon. Catch me crossing to Swansea again in a sou'wester!" "Stop her!" We have reached the pier-head. We got on deck, and surely there is dirty, smoky Swansea lying snugly and securely before us, stretching out into the valley of the Tawe for two or three miles.

"Rough passage, Captain," I said.

"Oh, a little fresh, sir," he replied, "splendid sail; made the passage within the two hours, sir!" Old Neptune had given us such a sickening that we were in no mood to appreciate the attentions of Miss Walters, of the Cambrian Hotel, where we stayed the night. But we were actually in Wales, that old land of romance, so rich in memories, so renowned in song; that was something! Swansea, the Metropolis of South Wales, or was then, lies in a beautiful valley surrounded by hills, at the mouth of the river Tawe in a fine bay on the Bristol Channel, and but for the copper-works smoke might be made a splendid place. As it is, it is smoky and dingy, but large and populous, busy, bustling and prosperous. Our time did not permit us more than to take a hasty glance at it. The streets looked to us irregular and its buildings indifferent, though relieved by some fine public edifices; but there is an air of life and activity about

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it which gives to a stranger the impression that it is a place of considerable importance.

After a few words with old Mrs. Walters, whom we found with old Peter Williams's Bible before her,—a household book in the Principality,—we took our leave of Swansea and soon found ourselves whistling along the Vale of Neath Railway. Neath we soon reached. We were now actually on entirely new ground, and almost forgot the miseries of the sea in the excitement of new scenes and new pleasures. Wales is the land of castles and abbeys --of battle fields and bloody wars, and scarcely a locality that is not rich in historic record of the past. We knew that Neath Abbey was on our route, and were on the look out for it. "There it is," I cried, and we all stretched our necks to catch a glimpse of it as we passed; a fine old ruin it is, telling of former days and of a former faith. Having a drawing of it at home we were the more interested in getting a view of the original.

A railway is not the best kind of conveyance for seeing the country, nevertheless we made the best of it and determined to see all we could, and sometimes, I fear, at the expense of our fellow travellers' convenience. We were soon made aware after passing Neath that we were entering on a scene of surpassing grandeur and beauty. The hills on either side increased in number and variety, rising one above another until at length they attain to mountainous proportions. The lesser hills are clothed with foliage, and the foreground dotted with villages, farms, and homesteads, with here a church and there a chapel, and yonder a bridge spanning a brook, and every fresh turn in the road bringing out some new beauty. But we were now traversing the famed "Valley of Neath," some twenty miles long, and no wonder that our exclamations of delight were incessant. But railways admit of no delay; we could only catch a hasty glance and were soon out of the valley. The good old days of coaching offered many advantages to tourists. Coachee was not particular; you had time for reconnoitering and reflection, besides a full view of the scenery through which you passed. Much as we longed to spend a day or two in this magnificent valley, we had nothing for it but to make the best of a passing view. Now we are out of the valley, and as if in provoking contrast to the grandeur we had been gazing on with such rapture, we enter a region of pits and coal and smoke, cold, barren and black. This is Hirwain, and Hirwain (long meadow) it is, or rather was, for its meadow characteristics have long disappeared. It is difficult to realise the idea that it ever revelled in such poetic glories. It is, however, thickly populated, and rich in mineral wealth. On, on we speed. Yonder is another valley opening to the right. "That is the Aberdare Valley," I said. There is Aberdare itself coming in sight. What a site for a town! How barren and desolate and withered it looks! Scarcely a tree or a shrub, nothing but

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barren hills surrounding you, nevertheless, Aberdare is an important place and the centre of a large district and great trade. It is separated from Merthyr by a high mountain, which is pierced by a tunnel some two miles long, which we are now entering. "Yonder is Merthyr," some one cries, as we emerge out of the bowels of the mountain, and in a few minutes we enter the station, which is large and imposing. Merthyr Tydfil, which means Tydfil the Martyr, a British Saint, and the daughter of Brychan Brycheiniog, is the centre of the South Wales iron works, and contains upwards of sixty thousand inhabitants. It is black and dirty, but a thriving place of business, and not surpassed for intelligence and intellectual activity, we are told, by any city or town in the kingdom. It is situated in the valley of the Taff, not far from its source, and, like Aberdare, embosomed in barren hills, rendered still more desolate by the smoke and coal and black rubbish thrown up in heaps all over the district, as if it had lately suffered from a volcanic eruption. Nothing surprised us more in this black region than the sight of a gentleman's house, right in front of the Pendarren Works, standing in a stately, park-like enclosure, embosomed in trees rich in foliage. The sight of anything green in such a region is refreshing in the extreme.

High up the valley some three miles or so are the ruins of the old Morlais Castle, so renowned in days of yore. The old chieftains were sagacious men, and knew how best to defend their territories. Thus, this valley of the Taff was guarded at its entrances in the neighbourhood of the Beacons by this old fortress and by Castle Coch at its outlet near Cardiff.

As we ascend from Merthyr to the Pant, the first station on the Brecon and Merthyr Railway, we catch the first view of the Brecon Beacons, the highest mountains in South Wales, whose spurs are thrown out east, west, and south, at the base of which we are presently to pass. We are now in the region of mountains. The railway runs through one of the gorges traversing this wild district. It has an incline seven miles in length, which we commence descending almost immediately after leaving the station. On the left yonder you see one of the peaks of the Beacons standing out against the sky, while the hills on the right rise in abrupt and stupendous grandeur, out of whose sides the railway has been scooped, overhanging a deep, deep valley with a rivulet at the bottom of the gorge. Down, down we descend, and yet at every turn we can see the line miles ahead and alarmingly below our present level, yet on we rush, still descending. By-and-bye we reach a hill farm, and then another, and another, at length we are made sensible of an approaching neighbourhood by a rich soil, more populated districts, and better-to-do farms and homesteads; meanwhile the mountains are becoming loftier every moment, and the spurs

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of the Beacons grander, until at length the Beacons themselves are lost in the clouds. All at once there is a simultaneous exclamation, "Oh! oh! how beautiful!" we all exclaim. We had suddenly emerged out of the mountain gorge, and a richly wooded country burst upon our view. That is Buckland, the seat of Mr. Gwynne, standing out on the right, with the hills in the background clothed with splendid woods to the very summits, while a fine valley runs up to the left. But the train has stopped. Here is a station. What is the name? T-a-l-y-b-o-n-t—"Tal-y-bont," I said. "Pont means bridge, which you see yonder, spanning the river Usk." Beautiful for situation is this Tal-y-bont. One would like to linger on a scene like this for hours. But railways are very unpoetic things, and so we are off again. It is but a short distance to the junction where we change to the Mid-Wales. The three peaks of the Beacons now come in view and stand out in bold grandeur as they pierce the sky. Here we are. This is Tal-y-llyn Junction. "Llyn means Lake," I said, "and there it is yonder, do you see it? It is a large sheet of water four miles long by one wide. Like all Welsh lakes, it has its legend, and tradition tells of sundry appearances of the evil one ascending from below to the surface in his chain. . . . But here is the Mid-Wales train." "All passengers of the Mid-Wales take your seats." Right! A wave of the hand of the guard and we are off! "What beautiful carriages," we all exclaimed. We gazed around in surprise, so airy and lofty and well finished. We certainly never saw any carriages comparable to them. Even the third class is a splendid saloon, without cushions, commanding a full view of the country. The hills are now as thick as blackberries, and scattered around us in every possible variety of form and size. That, just to our right, is near Talgarth, our next station. Seen from a certain point it assumes the appearance of a wild beast in a sitting attitude, as if keeping guard over the plain below. Further on yonder is the range of the Black Mountains, and that high bold point is called the Cradle Mountain just above the town of Hay. And those hills in the distance to the left are the Radnorshire hills. Oh, here is Talgarth, half village, half town. It has several large fairs, but no market. In this beautiful neighbourhood the noble Countess of Huntingdon founded the College. It is now a farm house, but the window is still shown where she used to sit to listen to the great preachers of the day that were gathered thither from all parts of the kingdom. The vales and hills echoed and re-echoed again with the praises and prayers of the people. A little further on is the residence of the late Howell Harris, Esq., and now the College of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. In former days it was the centre of a mighty work which spread on all sides and extended itself to every part of the Principality. This

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Howell Harris was a mighty evangelist in his day, whose preaching was like red-hot thunderbolts falling among the people, causing the greatest consternation in the camp of the wicked one, and issuing in the conversion of multitudes, who from love to his person and ministry flocked to Trevecca in crowds, amounting at one time to no less than five hundred, who lived with him in the house, to whom he left the premises at his death. The last of the family, as they are called, have, of course, long passed away, and the premises are now the College of the Welsh Methodists, but the memory and effect of those scenes will never pass away.

Yonder is Maesllwch Castle in the distance, the seat of the Wilkinses. We shall soon strike the "Wye" now, and the termination of our journey will soon follow. One can scarcely imagine a more beautiful situation for a mansion, which now comes in full view. It occupies the upper part of a magnificent park, which slopes down to the river, with grounds rising in the rear terminating in distant hills, and in front by the river and the beautiful village of Glasbury, bounded in the distance by the Black Mountains. Here is the Wye! we shall cross it presently. Look out for the new railway bridge, which is a fine structure, I am told. Here it is, now look out; but we are over it in a moment and can scarcely realise the beauty of the bridge. What a roar the river is making as it rushes over its rocky bed. It takes a singular bend here, almost forming an island by its curve. We are now on the Radnorshire side of the river, which is the boundary line of the two counties of Brecon and Radnor, nearly from this point to its source. The valley of the Wye is little more than a ravine which the river has cut for itself out of the mountains; for the greater part of the distance it is just sufficiently wide to admit the bed of the river, the ground rising on either side to a great height, terminating in lofty hills, and in some parts rising so abruptly and perpendicularly, as scarcely to allow room for a road between them and the bed of the river. The river also is so winding in its course that one gets new views at every turn, intensifying the interest as you proceed. From Three Cocks to seven or eight miles above Rhayader, a distance of about forty miles, the vale of the Wye is unsurpassed for grand and varied scenery. That is Llangoed on the opposite side of the river. The mansion is rather ordinary, but the plantations and the woods, covering the very summit of the hills, are very fine and greatly enrich the beauty of the scenery. Yonder is the little village of Erwood coming in sight, prettily situated on the banks of the Wye, and here is the station, although on the opposite side of the river, which we can hear roaring as it rushes over the rocks. Just ahead the valley seems to be coming to a dead lock; it is so narrow, and the hills so precipitous, that it looks as if we could proceed

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no farther. But no, as we approach the point it opens again and on we rush, the valley widening quite into a little hamlet studded with farms and gentlemen's houses. Yonder is a church too! What a lovely spot! We are still by the river. Presently we make another turn, the driver sends forth a shrill whistle, a small town partially comes in sight. "There is Builth," I cried, the point of our destination, and the young people strained their eyes to catch a first glance. We had no time for further remark. Here is the station, and out we stepped, scarcely believing our senses that we had stepped on the platform of Builth station.

Our journey was at an end, and a pleasant journey it had been, and if the reader has experienced as much pleasure on perusing the account of it as we did in making it, it will have yielded no small amount of enjoyment. We were met at the station by our friends, and were soon discussing that most delightful of all climaxes to a journey, a good cup of tea and a loving, hearty welcome! We were comfortably ensconced in our lodgings in the course of the evening, and thus endeth the first portion of our long-talked-of tour.

"Well, this is the funniest little place I ever saw," one of the young ladies exclaimed, as we passed through the streets; and it does strike a stranger oddly, for the town itself is anything but attractive. The inhabitants do not seem to have learnt the use of paint as yet, and there is abundant room for improvements of all kinds, but you soon get over all this in the beauty of the neighbourhood. Nature has been lavish of her gifts, but man, as usual, is slow to recognise them. A little paradise it might be made, and to do them justice, the inhabitants are beginning to bestir themselves. The streets have been flagged and cleansed, and even gas lately introduced, and the advent of two railways is likely in time to revolutionise the place.

The town is beautifully situated on the banks of the "Classic Wye," reclining in tranquil repose at the foot of gently rising ground, embosomed in trees, which quite shut out from view both church and steeple and many of the houses. It is a small market town of some 1,200 population, but the centre of a large district, possessing a good market and six or seven fairs in the year. It is, moreover, a place of high antiquity involving its origin in great obscurity, some supposing it to be, not without reason, the Bulæum Silurium of the Romans; others ascribing it to a later date. What is certain is, that the *present* town is of Norman origin, founded by Bernard Newmarsh, most probably, or at least some of his followers, who about 1098 invaded this part of the Principality, and subsequently conquered Elystan Glodrydd, under one Breos, who afterwards married the second daughter of the Lord of Brecknock, on whom was conferred the Lordship of Builth.

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The neighbourhood is rich in historic reminiscences. The above Elystan Glodrydd, a great chieftain who once held rule over these parts, lived about two miles from Twt, whose once baronial residence, now reduced to a farm house, may still be seen. Llewellyn, the last lamented Prince of Wales, met with his death only two miles from this town, at a place still known as Llewellyn's Glen, and was interred at a spot tradition has assigned as his last resting-place, and over which a farm house has been erected, with the appropriate name of "Cefn-y-bedd" (the ridge of the grave). Thus ignominiously did perish the last of the native princes of the Principality, and although we cannot regret the course of events which ultimately united England and Wales under one monarchy, we must ever regret that so great and noble a patriot and prince should come to so ignoble an end. Here are the sites of two ancient castles also, one at the east and the other at the west end of the town, but both commanding the rivers Irvon and Wye, and covering the town on three sides. Little or nothing is known of their origin, and nothing remains but a small portion of a northern wall of the Eastern Castle. As a strategical position it can scarcely be surpassed, and its strength doubtless led to the erection of these castles, and gave to the town in former times its importance. If these old castles could speak, what tales of chivalry and of blood they would relate– remains they are of a by-gone age, and happily of by-gone doings. The town once extended, it is said, from the little brook Glyw, on the east, to Nant-yr-arian (money brook) on the west, where a village of that name still exists. This is rendered more than probable by the situation of the two castles at either end. But in 1691 an accidental fire burnt down the greater part of the place, reducing it to its present proportions. Moreover, the origin of the name given to the brook would seem to bear out the once enlarged proportions of the town. Nant-yr-arian (money brook) is said to have derived its name from the circumstance of the dealings of the town and country people taking place at this spot in consequence of a plague that raged in the town; the money in exchange for the commodities purchased being thrown into the brook to prevent contagion, and so called from that day to this the money brook.

We sallied out the next day to reconnoitre. You get an admirable impression of the neighbourhood from the Vicarage, which commands extensive views in all directions. "As the hills are round about Jerusalem," one is tempted to exclaim, "so are they here." Look which way you will, east, west, north, and south, hills everywhere. An imposing panorama is stretched out before you. At your feet lies the town, with its river and noble six-arched stone bridge spanning it. Further on is Llanelwedd Hall, Wellfield House, Llanelwedd Church, and the "Rocks"

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occupying the foreground. The Aberedw hills, and a long "drawn-out" Radnorshire valley are on the right, while to your left you look away over some fifteen or twenty miles of undulating country of hill and valley, with farms and homesteads and cottages dotted about; the Cardiganshire and Carmarthenshire hills bounding the horizon, present a scene of grandeur and beauty not easily forgotten. Extending our walk we came upon the aforesaid little sequestered village of Nant-yr-arian, on the banks of the Irvon, with its bubbling brook, and mill and factory, or, at least, what was once a factory. O, what a charming spot! Shut in on all sides by woods and hills, nestling in quiet repose in its sheltered nook,

> "Far from the world,
> From strife and tumult far,"

where trouble itself, one would think, would scarcely find an entrance. The view both of the village and of its surroundings is best obtained from the bridge, which, at a little distance, spans the river Irvon. Here we have stood, again and again, leaning against the parapet, gazing in mute admiration and delight on the scene before us. We could never cross the bridge without stopping to have another look, and yet another and another, and always charmed. But our object now was to explore the banks of the river, which is nearly as large as the Wye here. Crossing through the gate on the left we reached the bed of the river, and came to a point where the entire stream, being compressed into a narrow defile, forces its way down through rocks and boulders in a mighty tumult of waters. Let us step across the rocks to the edge of the boiling surge there! What a rush of waters! What must it be in a flood! We can scarcely hear one another's voices. Down the entire river rushes into the whirling eddy below, leaping, roaring, and foaming, as if maddened with rage at the interruption, from whence, however, it speedily escapes again, swelling out into a broad expanse, and pursuing its course as placidly as if nothing had occurred, or as if spent out by the previous effort of splash and noise and uproar! To those that are fond of river scenery the banks of the Irvon for many a mile will afford intense pleasure. A fine scene is opening to us, a stretch of river rattling over rocks, flanked at the extremity on the opposite side, where the river makes a sudden bend, by quite high cliffs, clothed with verdure and foliage down to the water's edge, dipping their branches into the limpid stream. We all screamed with rapture! The river at this point forms quite a peninsula, on which the western old castle once stood, and a finer site can scarcely be imagined, or one commanding more exquisite and varied views of road and river, sequestered vales and lofty hills. We spent hours here in exploring for ferns and flowers, and in admiring the scene around us. On reaching the summit of the site of the old

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castle, which we found some difficulty in achieving, owing to the tangled brushwood and briars through which our way had to be forced, we found ourselves on the edge of a precipice overhanging the river, some hundred and fifty feet below us, but clothed with trees down to the water, some of the loftiest and largest of the trees throwing out their long arms half way across the river. We lingered here till dinner time, and tore ourselves away at last.

No one visiting the neighbourhood should omit to pay his respects to Hell Hole. Be not alarmed, gentle reader, it is a more attractive spot than the name it has acquired would indicate. Dismiss all alarm, for Hell Hole is simply a small pool formed by the rocks in the bed of the River Wye, a mile and a half from town, which at this point stretch more than half way across the bed of the river, forcing the stream into a narrow gorge, down which it rushes, forming a dark, deep whirlpool in a rocky recess. This is the identical Hell Hole which tradition surrounds with so many legendary tales; among others, that it was bottomless, and that no one would ever emerge out of it alive! It is easily reached from the road, involving nothing more serious than a little scramble, but it looks anything but inviting on a near acquaintance. Having always a horror of all whirlpools, I stood on its verge with a wholesome dread, shivering in my shoes, and glad to make my exit at the earliest moment. But the feat is not complete except you take your seat in the so-called Mr. Gwynne's Chair, a recess in the rocks, a few feet only from the edge of the chasm, which I could not accomplish without shuddering, though there is nothing formidable or hazardous about it. But the view you get here is very fine. You have before you a long reach of river scenery. Looking up the river you get, in addition to the river scene, a fine reach of wooded country on either side, with the hills in the distance closing up the view; while downwards you catch a fine sweep of the river, with the town and bridge terminating the view in that direction. At the point where you are standing it is extremely rocky, and for a long way upwards and downwards. The varied character of the rocks, the roar of the river, the rush of the waters, narrowing here to a gorge, and winding out yonder into a broad expanse of water, and again forced into the narrowest of gullies, dashing, foaming, tumbling into the eddy below, altogether forms a scene of deepest interest, on which we gazed until night let fall her curtain and shrouded the whole in darkness. This was not our last visit to Hell Hole, be assured.

Are you a geologist? You can gratify your taste here to any extent. The neighbourhood is famed for its organic remains, and we were soon made to feel our ignorance in geological lore. The town can boast of several native geologists of considerable

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proficiency, and even the little boys here seem to be learned in the mysteries of the science. One little fellow wished to be our guide, and offered to conduct us to the several points of exploration, and talked as familiarly of Trilobites as we should of potatoes! In such a learned locality we found it necessary to brush up our knowledge, not to expose our ignorance. A few days after our arrival a Geological Association visited th placee on an exploring expedition, of which we availed ourselves for the purpose of visiting the several points of interest which had been previously determined on. Some thirty or forty persons started on this, to us, novel expedition, and the route included a survey of some five or six miles in extent, embracing an examination of the Wenlock Shale at "Hell Hole," the Welfield Quarries, where some fine specimens of Trilobites are to be found, and the Ludlow and Llandilo Rocks in the Pencerrig deposits. I was fortunate enough to stumble on a fine, though imperfect, specimen of the Trilobite. It was amusing to see the whole party setting to work with their hammers as if we had been so many quarrymen or stone-breakers on the road. We had a few botanists among the party, and they pursued their avocations in their particular line. Some poor fellows seemed so unused to scrambling that they appeared overwhelmed with dismay at climbing over this wall, or forcing their way through that hedge. Poor fellows, pity they did not stay at home. One poor person stuck on the top of a wall, and seemed utterly bewildered and alarmed. "Give me your hand," I said. "There, set your foot on this stone." "Oh!" he said, innocently, "I have never been accustomed to anything higher than a stile to get over. I am not used to it, you see."

The varied points of interest in the route, especially the scenery, elicited universal admiration. From one point you get a view of portions of six counties—Brecon, Radnor, Hereford, Monmouth, Cardigan, and Carmarthen. A sweep of country lies stretched out before you like a map, and the Wye is seen for miles and miles, rushing and rattling with impetuosity over its rocky bed; or meandering through the meadows in calm dignity, and the hills in the distance bounding the horizon in every direction. A very pleasant day was spent, and the whole party returned to a four o'clock dinner at the hotel, returning by the 5.30 p.m. train.

Are you in delicate health? You need not trouble yourself about the Spas of Germany. Here are mineral springs to suit any constitution, and every complaint! The neighbourhood abounds with healing waters. Park Wells are only a mile and a half from town; Llandrindod, seven miles; Llanwrtyd, twelve miles; all more or less celebrated, and, if better known, or were more accessible, would doubtless be more extensively

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visited. Henceforth, however, the Central Wales and the Mid-Wales Railways will afford the necessary access, and open up to the world the entire locality.

Of course, no one is supposed to visit Builth except to drink the waters, as it is called, and great was the surprise of the natives on finding we had no intention of availing ourselves of that privilege; but every one is expected to pay them a visit, so of course we had to make our respects, and a pleasant walk it is, though too far for invalids, even by the shortest route, *viâ* the Suspension Bridge, built by the late Sir Joseph Bayley for the accommodation of the public. How easily it would be to bring the waters to the town at a trifling cost. And if the proprietor possessed a spark of public spirit he would do it, if not for the benefit of the public at least for his own interest one would think. On our way thither we fell in with the President of the Geological Association, and two others of the party, who had remained to see the neighbourhood, and, like ourselves, were on their way to the Wells.

The approach is through the Park Wood, a fine plantation, seen from the town to crown a summit. The walk through this wood might be converted into a little fairy land with a little taste and a very small outlay. The first impression you get is one of disappointment. The whole concern looks out of order, and ready to tumble down. The Pump House is a curiosity in its way. It is a small circular building, containing on the ground floor three pumps, out of which are drawn severally chalybeate, sulphur, or saline, at the customers' pleasure. Over this there is a room, reached from the outside by a flight of steps, intended in days of yore for a ball-room, we believe, for want of a better. It is now used as a bedroom to the adjoining lodging-house. Our geologists were greatly amused with the whole affair, and chaffed the good woman at the pumps on the merit of her waters, which she took all in good part, like a sensible woman as she was. They persisted in drinking a glass of each kind, to test the difference, we presume, and as one of the gentlemen was a medical man, they would be in a position to judge of their merits. But they need not have suspected any adulteration or cooking here, the people are far too simple-minded for that. No, for better or for worse, at any rate you get the genuine thing here, and we believe the springs will bear comparison with any waters in the kingdom, and, with others in the neighbourhood, are superior to most. Our friends drank with a will, and laughed and joked and smacked their lips. As for ourselves, the smell alone was sufficient for us, and we gladly escaped to the open air again, perfectly satisfied with this experience of their benefit. Anything more nauseous one can scarcely imagine. Black draught! Pooh! It is delicious compared to these waters! Quite an agreeable

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beverage! And yet, just come here of a morning between six and eight o'clock! What a scene presents itself! The place is all alive; some fifty or sixty people are here, men, women, and children, chiefly of the middle classes, and from "the Works," as they say here, working at the pumps, quaffing glass after glass with amazing zest, and as if the drinkers possessed unbounded faith in the virtue of the waters, and were fully expecting to derive all the benefit they anticipated. This drinking is alternated by parading the walks, or playing at quoits, or talking in groups, between whom constant jokes are passed as to the effect the waters are producing, or likely to produce, and the universal question going round is, "Well, how many glasses have you taken?" "O, this is my third," says one. "O, this is my fifth." "Here goes the sixth," says another, followed up with a loud laugh. By-and-bye the parties get more sober. It is evident from the step of the patient, or the pallor of his countenance, or the wobegone expression of his face, that the waters are producing their effect. When the desired result is accomplished, the company begin to retire, and by nine o'clock the place is empty again. This scene is repeated morning by morning from June to September. You return to breakfast, and if the waters agree with you, with a most voracious appetite, which you verily believe nothing can satisfy, and you fall to as if you had tasted nothing for a week!

Some writer said "there was no fear of over-describing Devonshire." This is equally true of Wales. Every part abounds in bold and fine scenery. This neighbourhood cannot easily be exhausted. You are here in the centre of the Wye Valley. It would be difficult to meet with forty miles of grander and more beautiful scenery. There is not a mile in the whole distance that does not supply one with objects of deep and varied interest. From this place you can, by means of the Mid-Wales, visit any part of it up or down. It is a most convenient locality, therefore, for making your head-quarters. We visited Pencerrig, the seat of the late Mr. Thomas, in search of organic remains, and we were so pleased with that hasty view that we determined to pay it another visit at an early day, to collect some of the adder's tongue ferns and moon wort we were informed were to be found there. We ascended the hill on which Welfield House stands, the seat of Mr. David Thomas, commanding splendid and extensive views, and passed on to Pencerrig, about a mile further on, and returned by the turnpike road, a route we would recommend all tourists to take desirous of seeing fine scenery and bold views, as well as giving a stranger one of the best views of the town. With the assistance of the gardener, Mr. Jones (who is a fine geologist and botanist, and whose politeness and obliging attentions we remember with gratitude) we soon found the ferns in a

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meadow adjoining the Park. The situation of Pencerrig has a great charm about it. The house is a modern structure, at the extremity of a fine park, diversified with wood and water, and the hills of Carneddau in the background; altogether a charming place. The walk from the Lodges to the town, about two miles, is remarkably fine. It winds its way through woods on either hand, but giving some fresh view at every turn in the road. Here you cross a deep rivulet, which you can hear rustling through the woods, but can scarcely see, with all your peering; there is an opening, through which you catch a distant landscape; now Welfield House comes in sight, and farther on is Llanelwedd Hall. The woods on the right now fall back from the road on the right; those on the left are pressing upon you—yonder is a bit of the river coming in sight, and now it is lost again. The ever-varying scene keeps you in a state of feverish excitement all the way, when all at once, in making a sudden turn, you emerge out of the woods, and the town and the bridge, and the river and the village at your feet burst upon your view; the first feeling is one of wondering admiration, and then of intense delight. One feels strongly tempted to go back again to enjoy a repetition of the pleasure.

Down the valley of the Wye about four miles is the famed village of Aberedw—famed for its scenery and for its rocks; and also for pic-nics, and yet still more for its historic interest. The rocks here are very peculiar, and greatly admired, looking like so many rows of batteries one above another, erected for the defence of the valley. The River Edw, which gives to the village its name, a small stream flowing into the Wye just below, is most picturesque, traversing a bold and romantic gorge well worth a visit. The view from the bridge is very fine. At this point the river rushes over rock and boulder between overhanging cliffs clothed with verdure and foliage down to the water's edge. But a few yards from this spot are the ruins of the old castle in which Llewellyn, the last Prince of Wales, slept on the night before he was killed. This fact alone will invest the place with deepest interest, and render it memorable in the history of the Principality. The story has come down to this day that on learning the near approach of the English, the Prince ordered his horse to be shod inversely in order to elude his pursuers, and that he crossed the river, ascending the hill on the other side, which here is nearly perpendicular, and some eight hundred or a thousand feet high, but was betrayed by the blacksmith, and followed, and the next day slain. The neighbourhood of Aberedw has been universally admired, and its historic reminiscences give it additional interest. Some portion of the old castle wall had to be removed, to make way for the Mid-Wales Railway, and a

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"The condition of the villages and towns grouped with Dewsbury is bad enough, but what can be said sufficiently strong of Dewsbury itself? A beck or brook, whose filthy state is simply indescribable; ground soaked and sodden with filth; such sewers as there are soaked with fœcal matter; cellars sunk in the midst of the reeking soil, in which families puddle, and live and die together; blocks of tenements divided into single living and sleeping rooms; back to back, rows of houses with midden privies exposed to the public streets; square blocks of buildings, all the windows on the interior of which open and look upon midden privies; open squares unpaved and covered with filth, and urine tubs—the peculiar institution of the neighbourhood—plentifully dotted over the scene."

Such is a mild description of the state of sanitary matters in the heart of the great heavy woollen district of England at the close of the year 1878. This description will, I think, equal anything of the kind found in Wales, and it is by no means the only example that might be adduced. My object in citing it is not in the least degree to excuse the Welsh people in the neglect of sanitary decency and cleanliness, but simply to show that they are not alone, and to prevent the generally self-satisfied English critic from holding them up as an especial example of flagrant neglect. I think, however, that we may look in vain in English rural villages for the total lack of sanitary decency and precaution which prevails under similar social conditions in some parts of Wales. It is, therefore, for the Welsh reader of these pages to lay the matter well to heart—especially is it for the resident gentry, clergymen of all kinds, doctors, and all persons who have had the privilege of better education and tastes, to do all they can in their private and professional or public capacity to remove this reproach from the people. Not that the Saxon race is quite free from blame even here, for I have seen the worst features of this neglect of the rural Welsh quite equalled in village life in Germany. Welshmen need only be convinced and aroused in order to address themselves in earnest to the removal of defects and the redress of grievances; so that it is with pleasure that I proceed now to record some of the advances made in sanitary science during the last few years.

Among the towns where efficient drainage works have been carried out of late years, and in some of which they are still progressing, may be mentioned—leaving out the great towns of South Wales—Rhyl, Llandudno, Llanrwst, Carnarvon, Portmadoc, Barmouth, Dolgelly, Bala, Wrexham, Welshpool, Newtown, Aberystwith, Cardigan, and Carmarthen. Most of these works owe their inception and execution to Welshmen. It may be mentioned here, as a credit to Wales, that among the very few sewage farms that are worked to a profit is the well-managed

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one at Wrexham, under the superintendence of a gallant Welshman, Lieutenant-Colonel Jones. This town is distinguished, too, by the activity and intelligence of some of its inhabitants in the difficult matter of the disposal of sewage. It is the birthplace of the Pneumatic System of Mr. Isaac Shone, and it has originated the two allied systems for the utilisation of the solid matter of sewage which we have in the inventions and processes adopted by Lieut.-Colonel Jones and by Mr. J. H. Kidd.

In the question of water supply, Wales, from the configuration of its surface and the character of its geological structure, should have the best supply of water, and be the most cleanly of any country in the world. Its wild Llyns or mountain tarns, and its streams running pure and fresh from regions above the possibility of defilement from human habitations, offer stores of pure water on a large scale for the supply of its towns and populous mining and manufacturing districts. Every village, too, has its "pistyll," which gives a continuous stream of water that may always be pure, and which in fact is purer than the water of most village pumps in England and Germany. The people in the rural districts of Wales, as elsewhere, need educating further into the importance of keeping these little streams pure from their very source. Here again Englishmen of much higher assumptions and status have no stones to throw. For while the people of Chester, for example, are content to drink the diluted sewage of the villages and towns that line the banks of the Dee; while a town like Shrewsbury is content to do the same with the Severn; while even the metropolis itself is willing to be satisfied with the diluted sewage of all the towns and villages drained into the Thames in its course from the wolds of Gloucestershire to London, we may be chary of applying blame to the Welsh villagers. An increased attention to the importance of the purity of water supplied to villages in Wales is one good sign of the times. Very much has been, and is being, done to utilise the mountain lakes in Wales for the water supply of the adjacent towns. To select a few examples:—A lake above Colwyn supplies the town of Llandudno; Llyn Tecwyn, near Maentwrog, is being used for the supply of Portmadoc; Llyn Arenig for that of Bala; and the Plynlimon lakes for the advantage of Aberystwith. Indeed, we can scarcely take up a newspaper printed in Wales that does not notice some new scheme of drainage, and for the supply of pure water to towns and populous mining districts. The water supplied from the mountains in Wales differs in quality, as it might be expected to do, derived from different kinds of strata and subsoil; still nearly the whole of it may be described as of the purest and best kind for drinking, domestic, and manufacturing purposes. From the great mass of Cambrian and Silurian

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strata which constitutes so large a portion of the surface rocks of the Principality, the water is free from lime, and is extremely soft. Objection has been taken to water of this kind on the ground that it does not contain phosphorus and lime, the bone making materials; and the fear is expressed lest those who use it should degenerate into a puny, ricketty race. The fact, however, that generation after generation of big well-made Welshmen and Welsh-women have drunk of this water, and that they are to-day as big, as strong, and good-looking as ever, notwithstanding their ordinarily spare diet, shows the fallacy of the argument. The big-boned, strong-legged Highlanders, too, drink of such water—so it is for the experimentalists to discover the discrepancy between the results of laboratory practice and the well attested results of nature. In a few localities, as at Llandrindod, Llanwrtyd, and Trefrhin, these strata are so strongly charged with iron, sulphur, and lime, with a few other minerals in a lesser degree, as to impart to the water filtering through them a strong medicinal efficacy.

Of a rather harder kind, but still comparatively free from lime, and certainly more palatable than the water just referred to, is that obtained from the rough slopes and moorlands of the Millstone Grit. Water from this source forms for the most part the water supply of the colliery and ironworks population of both North and South Wales, the hills of sandstones and grits rising along the upper edge of the coal-fields. In this division I may instance the excellent water supply of the mining districts of Cefn, Ruabon, and Rhosllanyrchrugog. The water of the old red sandstone of Brecon and part of Carmarthen is strongly charged with iron, and to some extent with lime. The latter mineral appears in greatest abundance in the water derived from the districts traversed by the carboniferous limestone. This formation is not of great superficial extent, being chiefly confined to the narrow bands ranging from Monmouth to Pembroke in South Wales, and from Llanymynech to the Irish Sea in North Wales. Hence diseases of the urinary organs are far less common than in large areas covered by these strata and by the chalk of England; nor is the swelling of the glands of the neck, also prevalent in such districts, common among the people of Wales. The large towns of England are now frequently turning their attention to the mountainous region of Wales for their water supply. Thus the slopes of Plynlimon have been suggested as a storage ground for the water supply of the metropolis. While I write, too, a Bill is before Parliament, promoted by the authorities of Liverpool, for forming the valley of Llanwddyn, in the north of Montgomeryshire, into a vast lake, in which to store the waters of a dozen streams that flow into it, and which form the head waters of the river Fyrnwy. It may be safely said that sufficient water may be

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obtained by storage and proper management in these mountain regions for the supply of many large towns, without injuring in the least the fishing, industrial, or navigation interests of the rivers. It becomes an important question, however, and one that should be well considered—whether, if the rich towns of England reap all the advantages of an abundant supply of pure water from the limited area of the Principality, they ought not to be willing—or, if not willing, made—to contribute something, at least, towards the educational and material welfare and progress of the Welsh nation generally, as well as the indemnification required by private owners. I think they ought.

V.
INDUSTRIAL AND AGRICULTURAL.

In reviewing the industrial resources of the Principality of Wales, we will begin with those departments of labour which, as far as we know, were the earliest in which mankind engaged —the agricultural and pastoral. We will then notice the mineral resources, and the mining, and the quarrying pursuits of the country, and conclude by a reference to those branches of industry which, favoured by its mineral resources, its physical structure, or its geographical position, have been established in the country. In a country so diverse in its contour, its geological structure and soils, and with the variability of its climate, the pursuit of agriculture must necessarily be carried on under widely different conditions and present many phases of growth and success. In the north-east of Flintshire, where the land loses its ruggedness and slopes down to the Cheshire plain, the district has long been known as a good corn growing, cattle feeding, and dairy producing district. The same is true of the rich Vale of Clwyd, with its new red sandstone base, and possessing as it does all the pleasant features of an English Midland County.

Of like character is the outlier of Flintshire, east of the Dee, between Shropshire and Cheshire, the fertile slopes of East Denbighshire from the Eglwysreg Rocks down to the river Dee, the fat plain of the Severn and Fyrnwy between Oswestry and Welshpool, and on to Newton, the vales of Edeirnion in Merioneth; of the Tanat and of Meifod in Montgomery; of the Usk in Brecon; of the Towy in Carmarthen, and of the Teivy in Cardigan. To those localities must be added a large part of the Isle of Anglesea, where are grown the heaviest crops of turnips that are produced in Great Britain. In all these districts it is difficult to distinguish between English and Welsh farming. Chemical manure makers and agricultural implement manufacturers say that the farmers of these vales and plains and fertile slopes were among their earliest patrons

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The farms are well kept, the farmhouses are substantial and commodious, and in ordinary times the signs of prosperity and wealth, with their attendant luxuries, are especially observable on the eastern side of North Wales. Shorthorn cattle prevail and attain to a great size, far outstripping the more select breed of the neighbouring county of Hereford.

The quantity of cattle fed in this district is very great, as is evidenced by the size and frequency of the fairs, while the quality of the stock is equal to that of any in England. The favourite sheep are the mixture of the Welsh with Shropshire, known as Cluns, being largely reared in that neighbourhood. Kerry Hill sheep, on the borders of Montgomery and Radnor, is another favourite sort, but the palm has to be given to Shropshire sheep themselves. In Anglesea, Cardigan, and Carmarthen, long-horned black cattle are the common kind, and on the lowland farms the sheep are a mixture of Welsh with various English breeds. To a slightly lesser extent, as affected by soil, altitude, carriage, and distance from railway or market, the foregoing remarks are applicable to those remoter portions of the valleys that run among the hills where the valley opens out into a little plain. Some very good examples of careful and successful farming are to be found in these retired places. Let me instance as examples the valley of the Rhiwarth, above Llangynog, in North Montgomeryshire; of Llanbrynmair, and of the Dovey in the same county; of Llansilin and Glyn Ceiriog in Denbighshire, and of the Taf in Pembroke and Carmarthen.

As we ascend to the hills from all those localities, we find a change in the manner of farming corresponding to the difference in the conditions under which it is carried on. Less wheat and barley and more oats are grown. There is less feeding and more breeding and rearing of cattle. Less cheese is made, and scarcely any fat cheese, but considerably more butter. It is well-known, too, that the butter is sweeter from these hill pastures than from the ranker herbage on the plains, and it is marvellous how much butter is obtained from these hillside farms. Talking to a farmer's daughter on a sideland farm in Carmarthenshire last autumn, she said she had just made up eighty-four pounds of butter from the cream of eight cows, accumulated during eight days—a quantity that would scarcely be exceeded anywhere. The difficulties and the expenses of farming are great on many of these farms. I lately met six horses taking two loads of manure up a hill, that on the plains two horses would have accomplished easily. Then the soil is often thin and poor, especially on slaty rocks where thin splinters of slate are freely mixed with it. A difficulty lies in the way of getting the manure to remain and mix with the soil under such conditions. Every shower of rain washes it

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down the hill side. Often, however, along the flats or undulating summits of the lesser hills, good improvable soils are found. On the whole, there is little scope on these farms for high class farming, although from the better portions of the lands just referred to, more produce could, I think, be obtained with a better class of farming than that which usually prevails. A great quantity of lime is used yearly in Wales, the supply being mainly derived from the carboniferous limestone. There is, however, in portions of Denbigh, Merioneth, and Montgomery, a band of older limestone, known among geologists as the "Bala" limestone, which has been quarried, burnt, and used in those counties from time immemorial. It is less pure than the ordinary limestone, but it has a good proportion of phosphatic matter in it, and burnt with peat, as it chiefly has been in the past, this grey limestone, as it is called, makes an excellent fertilizer. If the saying be true that the constant use of lime "enriches the fathers, but impoverishes the sons," the soil of Wales should by this time be exhausted, for year after year, for centuries, has lime been applied. I would diffidently suggest that possibly some correction to the exhausting properties of lime, or some supplementary help to the soil, is found in the humidity of the climate of Wales, lying as it does near the west coast, where most rain falls. The moisture, too, is mixed with a good deal of saline matter from the sea, and possibly, to a lesser extent, it may be charged with nitrogenous and phosphatic matter from the same source. These elements of fertilization may make up to some extent the place of the farm-yard manure which is used alternately with lime in England. I fear, however, that these natural restoratives do not suffice to balance the stimulation and exhaustive effects of the repeated dressings of lime, and that the land so treated in Wales is gradually deteriorating.

One interesting feature on the Welsh hill farms is the almost universal utilisation of water power for churning, straw cutting, kibbling and threshing. In fact, the water wheel, and sometimes two or three of them, is an essential part of farm buildings in Wales. Another speciality of Welsh farms is the tidiness and security of the thatching of the ricks in the stackyard. In a country where storms are frequent and heavy, security must be aimed at. This is attained, and with it—take the hill farms of Carnarvonshire as examples—there is a degree of taste and neatness which would be a credit to the best English stackyards. In contrast to this there is often an appearance of slovenliness about the arrangements of a Welsh farmhouse and its surroundings, a neglect of the garden, and a general disregard of what I have called the amenities of the position. Neither is there enough of attention paid to the care of manure heaps and liquid in the farmyard. Much of the ground, too, would, as I have

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said, pay for better farming; a little draining and a little more manure and manual labour would remove the rushy and *bogly* appearance of the pasture and prevent much waste of grain crops, through destruction by wet. Gradually this is being done. With an increase of general knowledge in agricultural matters, tidy farming ascends higher and higher up the hills every year. The establishment also of local agricultural societies, with their shows of farming stock and produce, and their trials of sheep dogs, is stirring up a spirit of emulation, and is altogether calculated to remove the remaining blemishes on Welsh farming, and to enable the farmer to make the most of what is at the best but a precarious occupation.

As we advance higher up the hills, the strength of the farmer lies in his sheep. It is no uncommon thing for a man who does not appear to be worth sixpence to possess one or two thousand sheep. The sheep run wild upon the mountains, and often endure great hardships, and are frequently buried in the snow. I saw numbers of sheep in the winter of 1874-5, which had been thus buried and which had kept themselves alive by eating the wool off their necks and shoulders as far as they could reach. I have also observed that although the sheep may have several square miles of pasturage upon the mountains, yet they have their favourite spots. Thus for several years there has, in one hollow on the Berwyn mountains, been successive generations of light brown coloured sheep. The sheep are brought down at shearing time, when they are washed, sheared, counted, and marked, and then relegated to their mountain pastures. When required for feeding they are selected and brought down to enclosed pastures and there prepared for the market. Another source of income to the hill farmers is the breeding of ponies, which, like the sheep, run wild upon the mountains until they are caught and brought down to the fairs in July and August. Most Welsh farmers, too, are good breeders of horses, and this department of stock rearing forms a valuable part of their business.

Then, whatever may be said of the slovenliness and carelessness of the Welsh farmers, the fact remains that they alone, so far, have farmed successfully in the hilly parts of Wales. For example—in a neighbourhood with which I am acquainted half-a-dozen Scotch farmers followed one of their number some years ago and took farms. One by one, excepting one, they have all failed, canny as they were, and have gone to try their fortune elsewhere. Much economy, constant hard work, and very frugal fare are necessary on these hill farms. Still, with these qualities, money is saved, and children have a fair education given to them. The sons who do not continue on the farms go into shops, lawyers and merchants' offices and banks. Many of the girls become servants of the higher class in

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England, where, from their training and habits, they always command respect.

Then the number of such farms as are becoming the freehold property of the occupiers is largely increasing. There are but few leases in Wales, but the same family usually remains on the estates of the large landowners for generations without disturbance. In 1868 there were unhappily many evictions through the independence of will that led to conflict with the opinions of the landlords during the election of that year, as a martyr chapel in a village in Merionethshire testifies. But it is to be hoped, and indeed believed, that a repetition of this arbitrary conduct will never be attempted in Wales, especially by gentlemen who claim to be themselves high spirited Welshmen. Like the English farmers the Welsh, especially in the neighbourhood of large houses, suffer greatly from ground game. This is a hardship that presses heavily upon the farmer, and it is so manifestly unjust that it ought to be at once removed. Many steep hill sides in Wales are well adapted for planting. This is a source of profit that was in former years much neglected, but since Colonel Jones set the example towards the close of the last century of planting so largely in the neighbourhood of the Devil's Bridge, a great deal of planting has been done, and the quantity of timber now fallen yearly in Wales is great. I am assured that larch will pay from 25s. to 30s. per acre profit annually clear of all expenses, and that many hill sides, almost worthless for farming, will grow this timber well.

Arising out of and partly dependent upon the breeding and rearing of sheep in the Principality is the important manufacture of yarns and flannels. This manufacture is not now perhaps so exclusively dependent upon home grown wool as it was formerly. English and foreign wool is now largely imported into Wales; Welsh wool, on the other hand, finding its way into Yorkshire and the other woollen manufacturing districts of England. Still, Welsh flannel is in Wales manufactured from Welsh wool alone. The industry, which is a thriving one, owes its success partly to the purity of the water of most of the rivers and their freedom from lime, and also, and chiefly, to the peculiar properties of Welsh wool itself. I am old enough to remember the little flannel and yarn factories that were busy in almost every valley, and the sign of the cottage weaver was seen, and the noise of his frame heard in almost every village. But following the course of all great industries, the trade has become centered in certain districts, where the manufacture has attained to large proportions. The Valley of the Dee near Llangollen, that of the Ceiriog near Llansainffraid, and of the Severn in connection with the towns of Newtown and Llanidloes, now form the chief seats of the

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manufacture. The peculiarity of Welsh wool is its toughness, and its consequent capacity for stretching after it is woven. It is no uncommon thing for a piece of thirty-six yards to stretch several yards when it is placed on the out-door frame for its final process, whereas English flannel would tear under the same treatment. Welsh wool is also harder and has more "fegs," or coarse fibres, in it than English wool. There is a great difference, however, in these respects, between the wool of sheep reared in different localities. Thus the wool from sheep grown on the shady sides of the mountains is harder than that obtained from those reared on the sunny sides. And many a warm sheltered valley on the southern sides of the mountains is famed for the softness of its wool.

Oswestry. D C. DAVIES, F.G.S.

(To be continued.)

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LEAVES FROM A CRIMINAL NOTE BOOK.

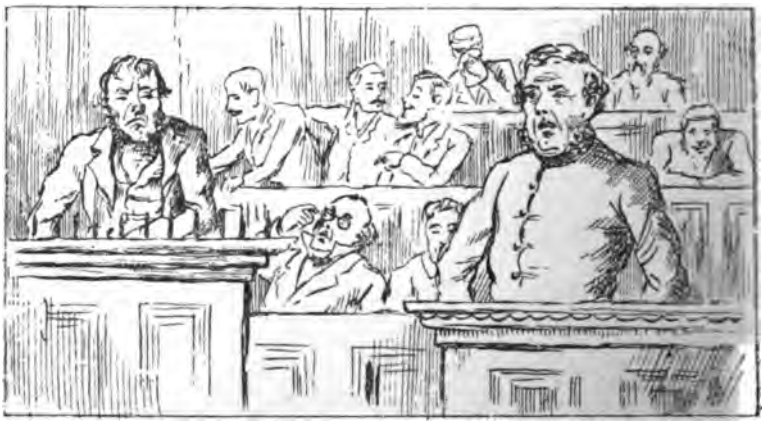
(*With Original Illustrations.*)

XXI.

DRUNKARDS.

Into the phenomena, physiological or psychological, of drink I do not propose to enter. By the fruit ye shall know them: by their actions classify the various types of men of whom I shall supply you anecdotes.

Two brothers were brought before us for drunkenness and rioting. Both had been to dinner, one, a gormandiser, had eaten to the bursting of his buttons; the other, a sot, drank himself under the table; when they got round a bit, they fell to quarrelling, each accusing the other of being a beast. A fierce fight ensued, the police were called in, and they were fined.



He told me to go to — yes, sir, you know where; so I brought him here.

You have heard of the man who tried to set his watch by the moon, which he had mistaken for the town clock. That, I believe, is a Millerism. Of the man, a member of the legal profession, who went to the police station to find out his

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own name and address I am the first to speak in print. I knew him well. A regular *bon vivant*, he drank himself out. Policeman hauled him before the bench once. Charge: drunk and disorderly. "When I asked him his name and address, sir," said Z 231, who appeared against him in the witness-box, "he told me to go to —— yes, sir, you know where; *so I brought him here.*"

As good a bull as ever Boyle Roche perpetrated, and the only one I ever remember hearing, was that of the Hibernian who, brought up from a neighbouring town of ours for riotous drunkenness and convicted of having fought with a pugilistic Cymro in the principal street, stripped to the waist, protested to the Court that a lie was being "swore agin him."

"How so?" quoth the Bench. "Well, your Honour's rivrince [Irishmen are always very particular about titles], he swore I had my shirt off, the fact being, I never had a shirt on at all."

The Bench thought the prisoner's statement and the policeman's in perfect accord, but the prisoner could not see it. What he meant to urge was, that having sold or pledged (I forget which) his shirt for drink, he was not guilty of as grave an offence as if he had deliberately divested himself of that article of apparel for the purpose of a fight in the street. He was fined all the same. Another injustice to Ireland.

The majority of quarrelsome drunkards are very penitent next morning when brought "before their betters." They run up a regular gamut of excuses to "get out of it." Here is a specimen of a letter written by one of them from his cell. You will see that the man kills two birds with one stone, for the letter, handed originally to the Superintendent of Police, contains a request that that functionary should pass it on to "your Honour." I must ask my printers, after setting up the original (leaving out names and addresses), to return it to me, because I rather value it as a curiosity. Now then:—

———————————

the

18——

Mr —— Will you pleas to giv This to your honour Honour for me Sir I hoap You will simpathsize with me for a nother to Fullfill my place my mother is very Ill and She Want me Your Honour i am Summonds be fore You for been Drunk i am Very Sory for it Was on a ester tewsday Afrind Came to See me and He did giv me a few glacies And it got aver me i wod not say Arong woard or A rong word or else i Should be Verv sory for it be Cause i had no Money for to by beer I have not got A nough of money to by food for my famly So now Sir you Can See that It Was a pure Accident accident i Da not give truble to the police nor eny one Your Honour pleas to bee leeanent to me this time the Sargant Missunder my first name not Richard but Isaac Jones I got no more to Say for my Silfe a frend can Answer for me for 20 yiears back.

The police have dreadful trouble with some drunkards, both on the street and afterwards. Many there are—and the worst characters very often—who, found fighting, will at once desist

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when the police come up, put their coats on, walk quietly to the station, admit themselves to have been drunk, although they were really nothing of the kind, pay the fine, shake hands in a friendly manner—one sometimes helping to make up the other's money—go out together, share a pint, and perhaps have another fight or two before "the day is done and the darkness falls from the wings of night." These are the knowing ones, who expect by a show of penitence to get off half-a-crown or five shillings cheaper. With the indignantly virtuous and the cantankerous class of customers the police generally pile it on. You can see in a moment that the witness knows what is coming. He takes measure of his man, and forthwith there is a mental girding up of the loins for the coming fight. Deponent stiffens out, sets his teeth, and says all he can; does his worst would perhaps be a better way of expressing it. Instead of confining himself to a bare fact or two, as he would otherwise have done, you will find the witness conducting his case as follows:—

"Was he drunk your worship? I should say he was. *Very* drunk, *disgracefully* drunk, your worship. Just enough sense left in him to keep his legs and no more. It was a Sunday morning, too, your worship. People were going to church and chapel in crowds. Prisoner drove into them right and left, forcing everybody that came in his way into the gutter. He was very abusive. Used shocking language, your worship, not fit to be repeated in court. Knocked the parasol and prayer-book out of one lady's hand into the mud. Told the Rev. David Jeremiah he was a dashed scoundrel, who get his living by false pretences, and that he and his congregation would go to blazing ruin. When I said he ought to be ashamed of himself, he swore he didn't care a hang for any policeman in creation, and as for the magistrates, they might all go and be smothered."

Very little chance for the defendant after that. Forty shillings and costs generally, instead of the five or ten he would have got off with had he submitted gracefully to the inevitable.

As between drunken men charged with theft (three-fourths of the thefts are committed either while the thief was in drink or wanted to get it) and drunken men charged with drunkenness, the police generally contrive to draw a good bold distinction. Thus, in the former case the defendant is *always* too drunk to move; in the latter *never* so drunk but that he knew very well what he was about.

Sometimes the police, knowing as they are, are "rounded on" in a way they little expect by even the apparently drunk. I remember a female moving in respectable society brought in by an officer who had found her lying helplessly drunk, incapable of movement, on the pavement, in the middle of a bitter night. He carried her to the station, placed her before the

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fire, roused one of the female attendants, and after a heap of trouble got the dissipated creature back to life again. Imagine his astonishment next morning to find her charging him before the magistrates with a most serious offence. He managed to vindicate himself quite triumphantly, but it was only after a long and costly defence. I never knew greater ingratitude. The woman subsequently admitted it was the only way she could think of to right herself with her friends. When "Brecon Sal" made a similar charge against another of our men, we immediately saw it was a good joke. But with an educated, cunning creature like the other the case was very different.

He carried her to the station.

A happy retort was that of the sot who, when brought up, had a headache of so frightful a character that it (so he declared) had caused him to forget his real name. A nickname he could remember very well, but not the cognomen mentioned by his respected god father and god mother at his baptism. You may think it odd, but nearly every man jack of the labourer or artisan class in our town was better known by his nickname than his true one. "Will Isabella," "Twm Pretty Mary," "Nedi Castell-Nedd," "Shoni Ysgyborfawr," "Dai Fain," *et hoc*, were much more distinctive appellatives than the real ones.

"Why do they call you Will Pentyrch ?" said the chairman of the bench to the forgetful personage I am now referring to.

"Will your honour excuse me if I ask you a question ?" was the reply.

"Certainly," quoth his "honour." By the way, a magistrate is addressed by those who come before him as "his worship" and "his honour" indifferently, although, as the reader is no doubt aware, the strict rule is to address a police magistrate as "your worship," and a County Court judge as "your Honour."

"Well, where may you hail from now ?"

"Kettering—why do you ask ?"

"Oh, only because your first name being William and being

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as how you comes from Kettering you would, if you happened to work long with us in forge Number Six, be christened by the fellahs as Kettering Bill. How much is the fine, please, sir?"

While I am on the subject of forgetfulness here is something for Dr. Carpenter. A woman who came to us to transfer the licence of a public-house to the man whom she had newly married was asked to sign the usual notices in her old name. She had buried her first husband just three months, and had only been married to her second a week, and you may believe me or not, but it is as true as that I am now writing these words, she had completely forgotten her "old" surname.

XXII.

EXCUSES FOR GETTING DRUNK.

Favourite excuses for indulgence to excess are: if the man has been a soldier, he has had either a sunstroke or a sabre cut "out in India, and never been the same since, one glass being enough to put me as I don't know what I'm doing, your honour's worship." If he is a collier, a stone has fallen on him some time before, and "the least drop in the world has an effect upon him." A militiaman is *bound* to get drunk at least twice a year, the day before he goes to and the day after he comes home from training. Going to wish an emigrant good-bye, and attending a wake, a wedding or a funeral, are great occasions for getting drunk. Some get drunk for joy; some for sorrow; some to make themselves well, others to avoid taking an emetic; in short the excuses are numberless and the occasions the same.

XXIII.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE: A TALE OF WOE.

A tale of distress of a most pitiful kind was once told a simple-minded young man in our district by the wife of a confirmed drunkard. She waylaid him, by whom I mean the S. Y. M., in the charge-room just as he was bringing down the commitments of a dozen rowdies who were on the point of leaving for the County Prison, a fact which seemed to put them all into the highest spirits. The poor woman in question, young yet, and pretty withal, had a baby in arms and

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was crying and sobbing her heart out. Her husband, the bread-winner of the family, was about to be torn from her, not for a year, nor for ever, but for fourteen days (with hard labour) in default of paying a fine of £1 3s. 9d. inclusive of costs. He was dead sure of losing a permanent job at the works in consequence. Now *could* his honour--which was the young man, you must know—give her a week to find the money.

His honour, who had rigid notions of duty, couldn't. That was the prerogative of the magistrates, who had all left the town.

This piece of news made the careworn creature ten times more clamorous than before. She would starve, she and the children. She had half-a-crown. Would his honour take that and give her a couple of days to find the balance?

The appeals of beauty in distress had their effect.

The appeals of beauty in distress had their effect. The young man took the half-crown and the "commitment" back, and husband and wife left the police station rejoicing.

Now you would say that this was a clear breach of duty on the part of the young man if I did not tell you that he himself handed over to the Magistrates' Clerk, without a moment's delay, the fine and costs in full, with half-a-crown in addition, as a fee for the warrant of commitment. The young man trusted to the fates and the Murphies to repay him according to the solemn promise of the latter. Would you believe it, the ungrateful wretches, husband and wife, took up their beds and walked from the town that very night, and were never seen or heard of more? A very simple-minded young man indeed you will say. That was me, your worship. I only wish that the punishment of the stocks had been revived, and that the male Murphy could have been clapped into them for four-and-twenty hours, his head having been previously well punched for his ingratitude—an offence for which neither the common nor the statute law makes any provision.

By the way, stocks were the only mode of punishing "quiet" or "incapable" drunkards down to the passing of the Licensing

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Act of 1872. Magistrates, you will remember, used to fine under the 23rd Vict., c. 27, s. 40; but I assure you there were grave doubts of their power, and many a safe lawyer of a clerk was known to hold to the opinion that the only remedy was that prescribed by the old Act of 21 James I. Stocks were once in fashion in the town where I hail from, I've been told, although I am too young to remember the fact. All the good I ever heard they effected was to make a man more drunk when he left them than when he got in. The stocks of the present day are the public press—ten million times more efficacious than the wooden things of old. You should see how frightened any fellow with the slightest pretence to respectability is at the prospect of figuring in the newspapers as having been fined for drunkenness. How he will coax and cajole, cringe and offer bribes to the reporters to "keep his name out" every man who has had anything of a press experience knows only too well.

XXIV.

MAGISTRATES AS DETECTIVES.

As a rule it is not wise for magistrates to take over the functions of the police. Two instances (drunken cases both) of many within my recollection shall be told to illustrate the point. "Fly-by-Night" as the horrid harridan used to be called, had been behaving more outrageously than usual one day under the very eyes of a county magistrate who, from infrequent attendance at court, did not know her as well as we did. To satisfy himself of her identity he followed her through some of the rowdiest quarters of the town and saw her enter a dreadfully low house. Leaving the attendant crowd at the door he went in to demand her name, but before he had time to open his mouth she turned upon him with cool impudence, blessed his optics, and asked him what he wanted there? Did he know where he had come to, the dirty old blackguard? She'd tell his wife, so help her Bob, there, if he kept following *her* about. If he had money to spend let him send out for half a gallon and she promised him she'd get the mob away so that their two selves could enjoy the drink upon the strict Q.T.

Interlarded with some of the choicest adjectives in an exceedingly copious vocabulary, and pronounced at the top of a stentorian voice, the reader may be able to form a faint notion of the sort of manifesto this was. It overwhelmed the poor magistrate, who incontinently turned tail and fled.

The other case was that of a couple of J.P.'s who, seeing a man

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rolling drunk down street, resolved to put an end to the scandal by running him in. If they had only known what was going to happen they would have sent for the police. They took the man one by each arm to lead him to the station. The fellow seeing what was up became more drunk than ever, staggered about from one side of the street to the other, swaying and dragging his captors along in a way which led many to

Over went the trio in the mud.

believe that they were further gone than himself. The whole town gathered to see the sight and enjoy the fun. After two or three ineffectual attempts to tumble into some shop windows on the line of route, over went the trio into the mud. At last, half dead and black as chimney sweeps with their exertions, the two brought their prisoner to the station, vowing it was the first time and the last of their doing police duty.

MERLIN.

(*To be continued.*)

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WELSH POETRY IN ENGLISH DRESS.

"THE REBUKE."

BY DAFYDD IONAWR.

Translated by A. J. Johnes.

To push their market on th' important day,—
The wake or fair,—our lasses, vainly gay,
Round their sweet brows the pearly network spread,
And rubies blush in gold to deck their head:
Of green or crimson is their bright attire,
To fix the vagrant glance of fond desire.
Amidst the crowd, we cannot seize an arm,
But sparkling bracelets vaunt their borrowed charm.
A rosary each beauteous bosom bears;
For prayers I own, but—not for heavenly pray'rs.
With ornaments they mask fair nature's grace;
But woe's the man that wins the skittish lass,—
The dolt, who ne'er suspects that treachery lies
Concealed where grace and beauty meet the eyes.
Thus the false yew, that with one nervous strain
Would cheat the archer's hand, and burst in twain,
With studious art is gilded on the back,
And hides with ornaments the hideous crack;
Some dupe's allured by specious glittering gold—
For trusty stuff the crazy weapon's sold.
And, as the polished wall, that strikes the sight,
Illum'd with modest lime, so chaste, so white—
A worse effect for usefulness or grace,
Than if the painter's tawdry brush should trace
Quivers of gold and orbs of warlike shields,
And every whim a feverish fancy yields—
If so, the fairest creature, I allow,
May need some sparkling toy to shade her brow;
If not, how many belles their treasure waste
And murder beauty by their want of taste?

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And, truth to tell, whene'er I see those eyes,
More bright than stars in clear December's skies,
Tricked off with gems, and of such baubles vain,
It gives anxiety, disgust, and pain.
Those pearls that deck thy mouth are brighter far,
Sweet maid, than what the vain and ugly wear;
Disguise not thou, at least, thy charming face,
Nor dress and ogle in the paltry glass
For studied charms to make thy lover bleed;
Kind nature's grace alone will do the deed.
Shall Sol, unrivalled, from its orbit stray,
In quest of brighter beams to gild the day?

No object ever bless'd my raptur'd sight,
Sweet as the modest fair in virgin white;
The flaunting countess, in her gorgeous dress,
Is less divine by far, and pleases vastly less.

According to "Nathan Dyfed," to whom we are indebted for this contribution:—"This piece exhibits a curious picture of the provincial mode of dress in the time of Edward III. Our author appears throughout his works to have been an admirer of the pure graces of nature; yet it is not improbable that the advice he now gives to his mistress was suggested as much by the state of his finances as by the peculiar simplicity of his taste." We may add that it is intended to transcribe translations from MSS. and books, that are in our days become very scarce and difficult of access, for the columns of the *Red Dragon*.

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WELSH CHARACTER SKETCHES.

THE HEDGE LAWYER.

It may be objected that the Hedge Lawyer is an English character also, to which I assent; but as there are few country towns in Wales without a sample of the genus, it would not be well to omit him from the list. I saw a very fair specimen last summer in my wanderings in Wales. It was in a country town where I was located for the day only. He was coming out of a public-house at the mystic hour to beer-loving people of eleven o'clock a.m., and the way he drew his unhandker-

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chiefed hand across his mouth showed that he had spent twopence, or that someone had treated him. He had a nose significant of nightly indulgences. It was handsomely burnished at the fore, as a sailor would say; and his eyes were watery, and his hat was shiny, and his clothes were seedy, his frock coat being well buttoned up in front, as if to conceal deficiencies, or defects of linen. As he walked by he looked furtively at us, and had either of us been square of build, with severe countenance, and a stout stick, his first idea would have been in a legal, not religious sense, "the grace of God." As neither of our group had the similitude of a sheriff's officer he walked on.

Fortune was in his way that day. There came upon his troubled vision the features of a well-known friend, whom he had cordially known in college and happier days. A friend whom the world, to quote the old Elizabethan rhyme, "had wrapped up warm, so that friends would around him swarm, like flies upon a honey pot." The greeting was hearty. The result I saw an hour after. The favoured one of fortune had invited the Hedge Lawyer to dine with him, and they dined in the same coffee-room as ourselves. It had been many a day since our character had had such a treat, and as he sat, fronting his host, with napkin ready, it was easy to see that he was to the manner born. Despite his seediness and his red nose, and his watery eyes, he was gentlemanly, and knew the usages of society; and he went through his soup, fish, and joints with appropriate wines, like a good old diner out. As you looked (one could not help it) at the easy way he played with his grapes and filberts, and sipped his port, you could but contrast him with the needy individual making up a small grocer's books, or defending a drunken case in petty sessions. In garish day his faults and his failings show strongly, and it is only at such rare scenes as a good dinner, or in the evening, when wit sparkles, and the weed of Habana soothes, that he is to be seen to advantage.

I have known many, all impecunious, all keen for six and eight pences, all hungry to act as accountants and make up decaying tradesmen's accounts, and all eager to get as much as possible, and with little or no scruples of conscience. Most of them had once held good positions; most of them had failed in life from indolence, fast living, or dishonesty. "My son," said Bill, the dying burglar, "be honest; I have tried both, and honesty is the better policy." I doubt if Bill the Burglar spoke so grammatically, but Stowell Brown says so, and it must be accepted. Viewing honesty then in its narrowest light, the Hedge Lawyer had ignored Bill's precept, and suffered.

I knew one who was literally caged in his lodgings by an irate landlady. He could not pay, he owed much, and he knew if he went out he must stay in the streets. A good friend of

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his in better days called upon him. As he was leaving, "John!" said the lawyer, "do give us a good turn; call out at the foot of the stairs something about sending me a cheque. She'll hear, and may be more civil."

"I will," cried the friend, and as the landlady, with a look full of thoughtful concern, was letting him out, he stopped suddenly, as if recollecting something, and called out, "G——, you shall have that cheque for seventeen pounds ten to-morrow, and the case of wine."

"It was a good turn," said John after: "she let me out, and I wasn't troubled a bit for a fortnight."

I heard of another down in Carmarthenshire, who suggested an adroit scheme which was carried through successfully. An old man had died and a large property was in dispute. The question before the Judge was, whether the signature to the will was not a clever forgery. The contenders for its authenticity declared that it was duly signed on his death-bed.

"Was there life in the testator when that signature was affixed?" asked the leading counsel, suddenly thinking that the dead man's hand might have been grasped to form the letters.

"There was!" came the reply.

"On your oath?"

"On my oath."

It came out in after days that the lawyer, a disgrace to a noble profession, had suggested putting a live fly in the dead man's mouth while the hand was dexterously used to write the name!

As a rule the Hedge Lawyer is a walking encyclopædia of legal information. He has *Burns' Justice* by heart, has a mind stored with precedents, and can give advice in a bar-parlour, without a book near him, in every contingency in assault, debt, and criminality. As a rule these people are harmless, and in their way useful; given to much beer, but adroit enough to keep clear of illegality. Some of the better sort I have known were gay wits, full of practical humour, who went down to their graves regretted by boon companions as merry fellows, who were only their own enemies.

One such comes to the mind's eye, familiarly known as "Legs," from the length of his continuities. He visited Neath one day with two lively companions, and calling at the Castle, directed some lunch to be sent in. It came in the form of a leg of mutton, half eaten. The company finished the leg, and one seeing a hungry looking dog outside, lifted the window and made it happy. When the waiter brought in the cheese he was naturally surprised, but being accustomed to lively gentlemen, kept mute, expecting to find the bone under the table. The cheese was like a crescent moon in its youth, and when they

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had partaken freely, the dog still remaining without, the crust of the cheese followed the fortunes of the bone. What the waiter thought never transpired.

Arriving at Swansea, and enjoying themselves in one of the hotels, Legs noticed a busy-looking old man taking a furtive note or two of some of the witticisms, and rightly conjectured that the man was a reporter. Giving a look to his friends, our character began to discuss a remarkable accident they had witnessed on the road, the coroner himself being amongst the killed by a coach upsetting into a ravine. It was interesting, said one present, to see how rapidly the old man wrote, how interested his face became, how sparkling his eyes. But Legs overdid it; put on too much colour. Reporters are sagacious men, and the Swansea type was no exception. The little book was slipped into the pocket, and the old man's walk out of the room had dignity and expression about it.

"You may make fools of yourselves," he remarked, "but you won't of me."

I remember another, whose only living relative was a gentleman of high position. He, too, was a gentleman by birth and education, but sorry the spectacle in his cups, gleams of refinement and of learning shining forth from amidst sottishness and vulgarity. I have never known one reclaimed, not one who from the petty meanness of hedge law got back into society and recovered a lost reputation. Mother Earth, great, grand Mother Earth, who in her spring freshness and autumnal beauty is equally lovable, takes the worn, the blighted, the wasted child, whose life has been so wayward, whose fate has been so sad; takes it tenderly, and hides it from the censorious world! We think of the merry laugh, the play of wit before the carouse deepened, ay, but—Alas, poor Yorick!

AP ADDA.

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WELSH MEMBERS OF FORMER ADMINISTRATIONS.

VI.

Sir William Meredith,

The son of Amos Meredith, Esq., who died in 1744. Mr. Meredith was married in 1741, to Miss Gosport, an Irish lady, and in January, 1752, he succeeded his grandfather in the baronetcy. He entered Parliament for Wigan in April, 1754, being returned without opposition at the general election. In April, 1761, he stood for Liverpool, and in a close contest was returned at the head of the poll, obtaining 1,163 votes, his colleague, Sir Ellis Cunliffe, Bart., having 1,138, and the defeated candidate, Mr. Charles Pole, coming third with 1,041 votes. At first he appears to have sided with the Whigs, and being a ready debater, Lord Rockingham appointed him a Lord of the Admiralty in August, 1765, and he retained his post for a few months under the Duke of Grafton, but resigned at length in December, 1766. Nevertheless, he soon after took part with the Tories, and on the 9th of March, 1774, joined the Government of Lord North, succeeding Lord Pelham in the important post of Comptroller of the Royal Household (salary £107 17s. 6d., and £1,092 2s. 6d. board wages), and on the same day was added to the Privy Council. But his opinions again became at variance with those of the Minister, and in December, 1777, he retired from office, or, in the parlance of the times, was "dismissed." At the general election of 1780 he retired from Parliament, having been elected for Liverpool five times—at the general elections of 1761, 1768, and 1774, and also on accepting office in 1765 and 1774. Sir William finally withdrew to the Continent, and died at Lyons in January, 1790. Lord Walpole speaks of him as "that fluctuating patriot, who had broken with all parties, and at last dropped anchor at his own interest."

George Rice.

Mr. Rice was the son of Edward Rice, of Newton, Carmarthenshire, by his wife, the daughter of John Morley Trevor, of Glynd, Sussex. The family of Rice is said to have sprung from Sir Elidir Ddu, who was created a Knight of the Sepulchre by Richard I. George Rice entered the House of Commons at the

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general election of 1754, as member for Carmarthen. He married in August, 1756, the Hon. Cecil Talbot, daughter of William, Lord (and afterwards Earl) Talbot. In May, 1755, His Majesty was pleased to constitute him Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Carmarthen. In March, 1761, he became a Lord Commissioner of the Board of Trade and Plantations (salary £1,000), and this he retained under the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Bute, George Grenville, Lord Rockingham, and the Duke of Grafton, successive First Lords of the Treasury, until May, 1770, when he was appointed to the confidential post of Treasurer of His Majesty's Chamber, and according to usage, sworn of the Privy Council. In the possession of this honourable office in the Royal Household, and of his seat for Carmarthen, he died 3rd August, 1779. He was "a very good man," says Mrs. Delamy in her "Letters." The Hon. Mrs. George Rice became, on the death of her father, in April, 1782, Baroness Dynevor in her own right, by special limitation. The nominal salary as fixed in ancient times of the Treasurer of the Chamber was £469 9s., but the perquisites and fees were much more.

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

Sir Charles was a diplomatist of the first rank. He was born in the year 1709, and was the third son of John Hanbury, Esq., M.P., of Pontypool, Monmouthshire, and brother of Capel Hanbury, M.P. In accordance with the testamentary dispositions of his godfather, Charles Williams, Esq., of Caerleon, he assumed the additional name of Williams; and on the 22nd of June, 1732, was united in marriage to the Lady Frances Conningsby, youngest daughter of Thomas, Earl of Conningsby. He entered the House of Commons in 1735, when on the death of his father, he became Knight of the Shire for the county of Monmouth, and for that constituency he was re-chosen in January, 1740, on accepting office as Paymaster of the Marine Forces. He was also re-elected at the general election of the following year, and about the same time was constituted His Majesty's Lieutenant for the Shire of Hereford. On the 28th of May, 1744, he was created a Knight of the Bath, and invested with great pomp on the 20th of October, and in December of the same year was sent as Minister to the Court of the King of Prussia, at Berlin. This was not deemed accepting "a place of profit under the Crown," and so the statute providing for the vacation of seats on accepting office did not apply, as the House had decided in 1715. Consequently Sir Charles, though residing at Berlin, still represented Monmouthshire. However, in June, 1747, he resigned his post of Paymaster of Marines, and in July following his honour of Lord Lieutenant of his native county. At the general election in June of the same year he

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contested Leominster (in Herefordshire), but without success, for the poll was declared:—Sir Robert Cornewall, Bart., 391; James Peachy, Esq., 291; Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, K.B., 127; Richard Gorges, Esq., 8. On the 9th of May Sir Charles was gazetted Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Dresden, and on the 8th of July following was appointed, jointly with John Anstis, Esq., Garter King of Arms, Plenipotentiary to the Court of Anspach, to invest His Most Serene Highness the Margrave of Anspach with the habit and ensigns of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. In 1751 he was transferred to Dresden, and in a few years to Russia; he finally returned home in 1756. In estimating his diplomatic services, it should be remembered that at that time there was little training for the duties of an Ambassador. He was selected by the Government, without, as it were, knowing anything about his fitness for such an arduous post, and only at the most important Courts, such as Paris and Madrid, were there any Secretaries of Embassy. So when it is seen that Sir Charles was continued in his post and transferred only to some more important position, it will be conceded that his abilities and professional tact and prestige stood high in the estimation of his Sovereign and his Ministers. In April, 1754, he was returned (together with Mr. Gorges) for the Borough of Leominster without opposition, and this seat he retained till his decease at the early age of fifty, on the 2nd day of November, 1759. Sir Charles was the author of some graceful verses, as well as numerous political ballads; and his poem, entitled "Isabella, or the Morning," is distinguished for its easy and flowing versification.

Whitshed Keene.

This gentleman's name is sometimes given as James Whitshed Keene, but this is doubtful. He was born in 1732, in Ireland, and was a man of obscure family. Having entered the army he attained the rank of colonel. In December, 1772, he became Secretary to the Lord Chamberlain, then a post of some importance, and this he held till March, 1782. On the 25th of January, 1774, he also became one of the Lords of Trade, and at the general election of that year was returned for the borough of Montgomery. This latter post he exchanged in June, 1777, for the more lucrative office of Surveyor-General of the Board of Works (salary £1,000), but on his resigning with his colleagues in March, 1782, that institution was abolished. Mr. Whitshed Keene appears to have been a devoted adherent of Lord North, and with that Minister he returned to power in April, 1783, again holding the two posts of Secretary to the Lord Chamberlain and a Lord of the Admiralty (salary £1,000). But the Coalition Ministry fell in December following, and

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never again did the member for the Montgomery boroughs enjoy the fruits of office. Mr. Whitshed Keene, as he was universally called, was married to the Hon. Elizabeth Legge, one of the daughters of George, Viscount Lewisham, and sister of the second Earl of Dartmouth. His friendship with Lord North may be better understood when it is mentioned that the widow of Lord Lewisham became the wife of Lord North. For some years he enjoyed the proud honour of "Father of the House of Commons," but having sat for a period of forty-four years without interruption, although elected or re-elected in 1774, 1777, 1780, 1783, 1784, 1790, 1796, 1802, 1806, 1807, and 1812, he retired from Parliament at the general election of 1818, and died on the 27th of February, 1822, at the great age of ninety. Lord Walpole has remembered him in the following lines:—"He had very little sense, but was a great politician; his faults, however, were owing to his head, and not to his heart."

Sir Richard Richards.

This eminent and upright Judge was the son of Thomas Richards, Esq., of Coed, Merionethshire, and was born in November, 1752. He married in November, 1785, Catherine, the daughter and heiress of Robert Vaughan Humphreys, Esq., of Caerynwch, Merionethshire. Having been called to the Bar he practised for a considerable time, certainly with success in a pecuniary sense, but still without attracting much notice. In May, 1813, however, Lord Liverpool appointed him Chief Justice of Chester, Anglesey, Denbigh, and Flint, and from that period his rise was very rapid. In the following February he became a Puisne Baron of the Court of Exchequer, and received the customary honour of knighthood; and on the 22nd of April, 1817, he was gazetted Lord Chief Baron in the same Court, in succession to Sir Alexander Thompson, and at the same time was raised to the dignity of a Privy Councillor. Sir Richard, of whom it was said "no man stood higher in private estimation or in public respect," was a great friend of the Lord Chancellor (Lord Eldon), and frequently, at his request, took the chair as Deputy-Speaker in the House of Lords during the absence of his lordship. Lord Chief Baron Richards closed an honoured career on the 11th of November, 1823, dying at the age of seventy-one.

Lloyd, Lord Kenyon.

This noble Judge was descended from the Kenyons of Lancashire. His father, Lloyd Kenyon, Esq., settled in Flintshire on his marriage in November, 1730, with Miss Jane Eddowes, the eldest daughter and co-heiress of Robert Eddowes, Esq., of Eagle Hall, Cheshire, when he became

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possessed of the estates and mansion of Gredington. At that seat the second son, Lloyd, was born on the 5th of October, 1733. He was educated at Ruthin Grammar School, and about the age of sixteen was articled to Mr. W. J. Tomkinson, an eminent attorney-at-law at Nantwich, Cheshire. Young Kenyon duly served his term of five years, and most probably was admitted an attorney, though it is not expressly stated, but he never practised as such; and his ambition aspiring to the higher profession of the law, he, in Trinity Term of the same year (1754), entered himself a member of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn. In Hilary Term (1761) he was duly called to the Bar, but his professional progress was slow and tedious. In those days, when Blackstone, De Grey, and Dunning held unrivalled positions at the Bar, it required time for a junior, however pushing, to establish a claim to the hearing of the public. But Kenyon's success, though delayed, was still sure, and by the year 1773 he was enjoying a considerable and lucrative Chancery practice; yet to the general public his name was not familiar till 1780, when, in conjunction with Mr. (afterwards Lord) Erskine, he defended Lord George Gordon. This case established his great reputation. On the 16th of October, 1773, he was united in marriage to his cousin, Miss Mary Peel, third daughter of George Kenyon, Esq., of Peel Hall, Lancashire, by whom (who subsequently survived him, and died 8th August, 1808) he had three sons. At the general election in 1780 he was returned for the pocket borough of Hindon (Wiltshire), and, though little of a politician, it may be taken that his opinions were those of mild Toryism. Notwithstanding this, Lord Rockingham appointed him Attorney-General in April, 1782, and at the same time constituted him Chief Justice of Chester, Flint, Denbigh, and Montgomery. Such a blending of the distinct offices of accuser and judge (to adopt a familiar mode of illustration) was not unusual at that period, and indeed for many years afterwards; and it was often conferred for the sake of the emolument it would reflect upon its holder, who was otherwise inadequately provided for. Judicial salaries were then ridiculously low, and presented a wonderful contrast to the emoluments of political offices and the vast profits of sinecures. Mr. Kenyon, who did not receive the honour of knighthood on his appointment, retained the Attorney-Generalship through the succeeding Ministry of Lord Shelburne and Mr. Pitt, with whom he resigned on the coalition between that ultra-Tory, Lord North, and the extreme Radical, Mr. Fox, being formed in April, 1783. From this date he voted steadily with the Tories, and on Mr. Pitt being appointed First Lord of the Treasury in December, 1783, he again became Attorney-General. On the 27th of the following March, however, he was raised to the high judicial post of Master (and

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Keeper) of the Rolls (and Records) in Chancery, and thereupon he resigned his dual offices of Chief Justice of Chester (which he had retained throughout) and Attorney-General. In the same year (24th August) he received the more lasting honour of a baronetcy, and he previously, on April 2nd, had been added to the Privy Council. The Master of the Rolls was permitted the very questionable privilege of a seat in Parliament, and at the general election of the same year (1784) Sir Lloyd was elected for Tregony (Cornwall), another close borough, and this he retained till his elevation to the peerage, 9th June, 1788, as Baron Kenyon of Gredington. This high mark of His Majesty's esteem was conferred upon Sir Lloyd on his promotion to the Lord Chief Justiceship of the Court of King's Bench on the resignation of the great Earl of Mansfield in the same month. Undoubtedly Lord Kenyon was the fittest successor to that noble Judge. His judgments were delivered only after the most painstaking care and attention displayed upon them in sifting both the law and the truth. "Irascible in his temper," says Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, "destitute of all refinement in his dress or external deportment, and parsimonious even in a degree approaching to avarice—nevertheless, he more than balanced these defects by strict morality, probity. and integrity." His lordship was one of the most unflinching upholders of morality that ever added a lustre to the Bench, and his stern and dispassionate condemnation and reproof of vice and sin, as witnessed in his charges to the jury in the, alas! very frequent actions of *crim. con.* which came before him, command the respect and applause of every right-minded man. The honourable post of Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Flint was conferred upon him in 1796; and as Lord Chief Justice of England he presided with a dignity, fervour, and zeal second to none, up to the day of his decease, the 2nd of April, 1802, when the title descended to his eldest son. The salary of Lord Chief Justice was then £4,000 per annum.

Henry, Duke of Beaufort.

Eldest son of the sixth Duke. Born 5th February, 1792: married first, in July, 1815, Miss Georgiana Frederica Fitzroy, daughter of the Honourable Henry Fitzroy, by whom he had issue two daughters only. Lady Worcester died 11th May, 1821, and his lordship married secondly, 29th June, 1822, Emily Frances, daughter of Charles Culling Smith, Esq., by whom he had one son, his successor, and three daughters. Lord Worcester served in the 10th Hussars during the Peninsular War, and was on the Duke of Wellington's staff; he attained the rank of major in the army. He entered Parliament in November, 1813, for the borough of Monmouth, in succession to his uncle, Lord Charles Somerset, appointed

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Governor of the Cape. He was appointed a Lord of the Admiralty in May, 1815, but had little taste for politics, and so resigned that office—his only one—in March, 1819. Lord Worcester was again returned without opposition for his seat in 1818, but two years after there was a contest, and he obtained ninety votes to the forty of his opponent, John Hodder Moggridge. In 1826 and 1830 he likewise walked over, but in 1831 Mr. Benjamin Hall, afterwards Lord Llanover, came forward as a Reformer, and defeated the Marquis of Worcester by 168 to 149. In July of the same year he was, however, unseated on petition, and the seat was awarded to his lordship. The next year witnessed Mr. Hall again successful—the numbers being—Hall, 393; Worcester, 355. Thus defeated at Monmouth, the Marquis remained out of Parliament till January, 1835, when he became one of the members for the Western Division of Gloucestershire. In the November of the same year, however, the death of his father took place, and he accordingly succeeded to the Dukedom. A steady supporter of his Grace of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, he was invested with the insignia of a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter in 1842. His Grace took the greatest interest in hunting, and was the most popular sportsman of the day. As a whip he was without an equal, and he founded the Four-in-Hand Club. He was also known as the inventor of Claret Cup. He died in November, 1853, and was succeeded by his eldest son, the present and eighth Duke of Beaufort.

Lord Charles Henry Somerset.

He was the second son of Henry, fifth Duke of Beaufort, by Elizabeth, the daughter of Admiral the Hon. and Right Hon. Edward Boscawen, M.P., and was born 12th December, 1767. He entered the army in 1785, and was married 8th June, 1788, to the Hon. Elizabeth Courtenay, fourth daughter of Viscount Courtenay, by whom he had two sons and three daughters. Lord Charles was appointed a Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales in April, 1791, and in April, 1797, was added to the Privy Council, and promoted to the post of Comptroller of the King's Household. This he again exchanged in July, 1804, for the lucrative office of one of the two Joint Paymasters General of the Forces (salary £2,000). In 1798 he had been promoted to Major-General, and in 1803 to Lieutenant-General. Lord Grenville became Premier in February, 1806, and of course Lord Charles retired from office, but in April, 1807, he returned to his old place, and performed its duties till November, 1813, when he was sent out as Governor and Commander-in-Chief at the Cape of Good Hope. When holding that important command his Lady died at the age of 49, on the 11th September, 1815. He was married a second time

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9th August, 1821, to the Lady Mary, daughter of Earl Poulett, by whom he had one son and two daughters. In March, 1828, certain trifling complaints arose in regard to his government of the Cape, and, as is usual, Lord Charles was recalled. He had been seventeen years in Parliament. From 1796 to 1802 he was member for Scarborough, and from 1802 to 1803 he represented Monmouth. He became full general in 1814, and at the time of his death—20th February, 1831—was Colonel of the 1st West India Regiment.

(*To be continued*).

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A CHRISTMAS VISIT TO IRELAND.

Why Christmas time should always bring an accumulation of ghost stories about our devoted heads I cannot tell, but I have for many years waged an ineffectual warfare against all narrators of uncanny themes. Why, in the name of common sense, should we be so anxious to justify the Frenchman's opinion of us, that we English like to take our pleasures sadly, that we should fix on this festive season of the year to make night and its surroundings hideous with all possible and impossible horrors. Holding these views, and being sceptical generally on the subject of psychical phenomena, I accepted a pressing invitation to spend Christmas with some friends who lived in Ireland, and who, having a large house and no children to fill it, were always delighted to gather around them such of their friends as had no home circle to make merry with.

I arrived in Dublin late on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, and the prospect of a ten miles drive was anything but pleasant, although one might always rely on a warm welcome and cheerful society at Rosnalee to make up for the discomfort of the journey, and kind old Mrs. Meehan had sent her maid in the carriage to fetch me, with wraps enough to have covered a dozen such small bodies as mine. Dinner was over when I arrived, and so good Mrs. Meehan, having duly attended to my creature comforts, ushered me into the drawing-room, where my fellow guests were already assembled. The first words that greeted my ears as I entered the room were, "And the apparition drew its clammy hand across his forehead."

"Ghosts again!" I murmured, "will the subject never be worn out?"

"My dear, what else can you expect if you come to Ireland? Ghost stories are common as our daily bread, only you must take them with a grain of salt," said my hostess, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

When bedtime came many faces looked loth to quit the brightly lighted room. Not so myself; if I had to endure my old aversion in an aggravated form, at least, I could look forward to a calm night's rest, undisturbed by any visions of a distorted imagination. My ruminations as I sank into a doze were anything but flattering to the tales of the evening—"How any-

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body can listen to such absurd! impossible!—Dear me," with a start, "how loudly the hall clock strikes! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve! I had no idea it was so late," and turning over I settled down to sleep. But no, the clock or something else had effectually banished sleep, something which was gradually stealing through my veins, and forcing open my eyes to see—what!

The room was filled with a misty light, which shone and fell before my horrified vision, disclosing, ah! could it be, a hand, which beckoned my miserable self, authoritatively, imperatively, menacingly, to rise and follow. A strong convulsion tore my body, leaving my senses paralysed to aught save the awful messenger. With dilated eyes and panting breath I rose and followed, down the dark wainscotted passages, on, on; would no one from all those inhabited rooms come to my aid! Here and there appeared a stray light under the door of a belated sleeper, but all power of making my presence known had left me, the awful force which possessed my body still drew me on, speechless, and terror-stricken, till I arrived at what seemed a blank wall at the end of the passage where a small door in the oak panelling flew open, disclosing a steep and narrow staircase, leading apparently to a room above. My onward course was arrested and I remained motionless. Now the spirit hand which before had led me on pointed backward over my shoulder down the passage along which I had come, but an iron vice held my limbs in thrall, and I *could* not turn and look where, my sense of hearing, which had become sharpened to an agonising tension, told me that something approached.

Ah, now how bitterly I repented my loud and somewhat boastful scepticism of the evening; sharp and direful indeed was the experience which obliged me to see that "there are more things in heaven and earth than *I* had dreamt of in my philosophy."

Summoning every power to do battle with the death in life in which I was held, I turned, and looking behind, saw coming towards me, crawling along the passage, an old hag, dragging herself along by one hand, while the other, grasping some gold coins which glittered between her fingers, was held to a gaping wound in her throat. Her every feature was distorted by the demon of avarice. Uttering dreadful groans which chilled my blood, nearer she came; her eyes were fixed on me with unblinking gaze, compelling me to watch every movement as the distance between us grew smaller and smaller.

The narrow passage seemed to contract as I flattened myself against the wall to allow the horrible creature to pass. The seconds which followed were an eternity to me, a rushing of many waters filled my ears, my very sight seemed to mock me

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as for an instant of time it appeared as though she had vanished, only to reappear a few feet closer to me.

And now unseen voices jeered at me. "How can you let yourself be deceived by your imagination; 'tis but an optical illusion, go, touch, examine calmly for yourself," another moment and she is passing me, her hand even brushes my skirt! She has passed!

The little door in the panelling bangs to, and sight and hearing leave my tortured body. I feel myself whirled with incredible rapidity back to my room, where insensibility mercifully overtakes me. In the morning my first determination was to seek out Mrs. Meehan, and to tell her in detail all my night's experiences, and then not to waste an hour in leaving a place which from henceforth was fraught for me with such terrible associations.

My kind old friend listened to my tale with lengthened face, and in vain tried to persuade me to remain. Finding her efforts useless, she told me that an ancestress of her husband's had disappeared in the most extraordinary manner many generations ago. She was of a most niggardly disposition, and had lived alone all her life; her sole pleasure lay in hoarding up her money where nobody knew. She disappeared mysteriously one night and was never heard of again. Her heir, who lived in England, scarcely ever visited the place, and the house was shut up for many years. It acquired the reputation of being haunted, as most empty houses do, the country people averring that they saw lights and heard strange sounds when passing at night. "In course of time," continued Mrs. Meehan, "the property came into my husband's possession, and we determined to make it our home."

"I feel, however, that after what you have told me I should not be able to rest without having a thorough examination made of the room under the roof which you saw, for that there is such a place I am well aware." With many expressions of mutual affection and of regret at the untimely ending of my visit we parted. A week later a letter reached me, saying that Mr. Meehan had had the flooring of the room removed, and under it was found the skeleton of a woman. There was no clue to show how she had got there, but it was no doubt the body of the long missing owner of the property. It was surmised that she must have hidden her gold in the attic room, and that going to add to her store, or perhaps to gloat over it, she was followed and murdered for the sake of the treasure she had put to so bad an account.

Aberystwith. WELSHWOMAN.

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MARGINAL NOTES ON LIBRARY BOOKS.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

The three volumes of *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, issued under the editorship of Mr. J. A. Froude, are of portentous size, but luckily they are in print which corresponds. The collection of letters was annotated throughout by Thomas Carlyle himself, who placed them in the hands of Mr. Froude twelve years ago, leaving the question of publication to be decided by Messrs. John Forster, John Carlyle, and James Anthony Froude. The latter, in the preface, tells us that "Mr. Forster and Mr. John Carlyle having both died in Mr. Carlyle's lifetime, the responsibility fell entirely upon me." Carlyle, who, be it observed, had never ordered the publication, though he anxiously desired it, asked the present editor "a few months before his end what I meant to do. I told him that when the 'Reminiscences' had been published I had decided that the 'Letters' might and should be published also." The result, seemingly, was that Mr. Carlyle requested in his will "that my judgment in the matter should be accepted as his own."

Has that judgment been wisely exercised is the question which will soonest arise to mind on perusal of these volumes. The answer may be "No"—it has been "No" in, perhaps, the majority of cases already; or it may be "Yes," according to a particular reader's particular taste. It is impossible, we think, to draw a hard and fast line in such matters. The canons of taste are in themselves so elastic, despite every attempt to measure them out by rule of thumb, that what may seem a violation of propriety to some people may exactly under the same circumstances be to others the most harmless thing in the world. If our own opinion were asked on this matter, we should say that, granted the necessity of publishing these letters at all, Mr. Froude has done quite right in allowing them to go in their present form. We can only think of one portion of the whole work which might with distinct advantage have been omitted, and that is a portion which neither Mrs. Carlyle nor her husband ever wrote. We allude to the too candid remarks of Mrs. Carlyle's altogether too candid friend, Geraldine Jewsbury, a scribbler of novels and other stuff, who went about prying and prattling in a way which makes one feel quite uncomfortable for the safety of the reputations of some of the people with

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whom she came in contact. But more of Miss Jewsbury by-and-bye.

We were discussing Mr. Froude's discretion just now. It is not conceivable the folly and vanity most people have of wishing not only themselves, but their neighbours, trimmed off and smoothed down in whatever posthumous account may be given of them to the world. It is much the same with a great many of us when living. Sitting for our photograph or to a painter, we go through an elaborate preparation of oiling and brushing, and curling and starching, and then take the chair with an expression of countenance we never honestly wore once in our lifetime. What is the consequence? A something in which every line of character our faces or bodies might have possessed in their normal conditions has been utterly sacrificed. A ridiculous caricature, in which the tailor and the barber have been apotheosised at the expense of the Man. It is not everyone who has the divine nobility of soul shown by Oliver Cromwell, when he ordered his picture to be sent back to have his warts put on. If it is a portrait that is wanted, we cannot imagine a less likely way to get it than this. So in the case of the biographer. If he files off the angularities of his subject's character, and bewigs and bepaints him as so many biographers make it their first duty to do, the result is a preposterous wax doll, and not a living man or woman at all. If Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle appear in these *Letters and Memorials* to be something different in their private life from what we would like to imagine them, the fault is clearly not Mr. Froude's. He has allowed them to tell their own story—to give their own account of themselves. If the public buy these people at their own price, is Mr. Froude to blame for having allowed them the opportunity of a personal appraisement? Clearly not.

Now comes a more serious question than the one just disposed of. Were the *Letters and Memorials* worth publishing at all? Was it right, was it fair to add one more to the pile of such things under which the world is already so heavily groaning? Speaking for ourselves we should say distinctly and emphatically not. Mrs. Carlyle was clever; but, good heavens! if we are to have a book thrown at our heads by every clever woman or her biographer paper will go up in the market at a frightful rate. Will go up at the same rate that we go down, brained by and buried beneath the refuse of the printing press. We defy any educated man or woman accustomed to fairly good society to rise from the perusal of these volumes with other notions than they are well stuffed with gossip, neither better nor worse than he or she may listen to any day of their lives. What we most hear of in them is Mrs. Carlyle's headaches and sore throats, her troubles with her servants, the constant painting and paper-hanging of her house;

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Carlyle's fits of biliousness and his and her joint quarrels with their neighbours over the latter's pianoforte-playing or dog-keeping, or some trumpery matter of that kind.

The higher interest centres entirely in some bit of not altogether reasonable jealousy entertained by Mrs. Carlyle with regard to Lady Ashburton, "the cleverest woman out of sight" Mrs. Carlyle ever saw, and for whom, according to Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, Carlyle put his wife and his work aside. On these occasions the thoughtless man is described as lingering in the "'Primrose path of dalliance' for the sake of a great lady who liked to have a philosopher in chains." Lady Ashburton, Miss Jewsbury insists, with just a little too much malignant elaboration, "was excessively capricious towards" Mrs. Carlyle, "and made her feel they cared more about *him* than about her." The Geraldine-Jewsbury part of this story is in our opinion decidedly one of those things it were better to have left unsaid. Jewsbury is the brilliant little friend Zoe who, according to Caroline Fox's *Memories of Old Friends*, which we shall review next month, used to "declare herself born without any sense of decency," an estimate of herself which may be taken as singularly accurate and appropriate. "The publishers," Zoe continues speaking through Miss Fox, "beg she will be decent, and she has not the slightest objection to be so; but as she does not know what it is she implores Mrs. Carlyle to take any quantity of spotted muslin and clothe her figures for her, for she does not know which are naked. She is a very witty little thing [humph! maliciously witty], full of emotions which overflow on all occasions; her sister, the poetess, tried to bring them into young-lady-like order, and checked her ardent demonstrations of affection in society and elsewhere. The sister died, so did the parents, and this wild creature was thrown on the world, which hurled her back upon herself. She read insatiably and at random in an old library alchemy, physiology, and what not, and undraped 'Zoe' is the result." Pity Mr. Froude did not put a bit into this "wild young creature's mouth," or swept her undraped Carlyle into a corner.

It is in vain we search these pages for the least bit of that which would have made them really valuable, namely, some pen-portraits of the illustrious people with whom the Carlyles came into contact. We find a word or two as to Thackeray and "little Dickens" in the most off-hand sort of way, and we get an occasional phrase of Mazzini's, an occasional story of John Mill's and one or two other personages, but neither the men nor their words are there, save as subordinates of Mrs. Carlyle's ailments and domestic troubles. Indeed, were it not for the introductions and notes of the husband we should not have known that a great many of the phrases—which Mrs. Carlyle, by

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the way, had a wonderful facility for picking up—were Millisms or Millerisms, Mazzini's, or Mrs. Carlyle's maid's. Probably the two most interesting letters in the book are the one in the second volume, wherein Mrs. Carlyle describes her visit to the home of her youth, and the other in the third volume, to a gentleman, who modestly withholds his name, who had sent her a present of a shawl as some slight acknowledgment of the pleasure he had received from a perusal of her husband's works. Carlyle thought this about the most genuine tribute his celebrity had ever exacted. If this gentleman has written many more letters like the one he despatched with his present we advise him to get hold of them. They would be better worth publishing than five out of six of those which find readers nowadays.

We lose patience with the Chelsea sage long before the end of the third volume of this collection is reached. His grief-expressions and repentance-ravings, his *Ay di Mi-s* and *Oh Heavens!* are as often ludicrous as not. His egotism is more pronounced than Cobbett's, without any of the amusing qualities redemptory of the latter. "Famous 'George Eliot,' or some such pseudonym," is his contemptuous reference to the Miss Evans whom his wife was anxious to visit. And then his constant running away, to be rid equally of the cleaning and paper-hanging nuisances as of the duty of nursing his wife in her illnesses, gives evidence of a selfishness in the man's nature enough to disgust one. His attitude of a Colossus with his head in the clouds sometimes made him positively ridiculous. Few can read his introduction to letter 316 without laughing at the grieved god. "Some wretched people who had settled next door," he writes—wretched people were always settling next door to him, more's the pity for the wretched people—"brought poultry and other base disturbances; against which, for my sake, the noble soul started heroically up (not to be forbidden) and with all her old skill and energy gained victory, complete once more," and so on, in rankest fustian. "The omnibus at Charing Cross!" he immediately afterwards exclaims, "Oh shocking!" Oh funny! say we of an occasion and of things with regard to which there was not the slightest necessity for indulging in heroics. Of these *Letters and Memorials*, we repeat, there was not the slightest necessity for publication. A life of Carlyle we could not have done without, but all that it is useful or interesting we should know of the wife might have been easily put into fifty pages. Instead of that we have had a Pelion-on-Ossa of shot-rubbish in the shape of "Reminiscences," "Forty years of his Life," and now some thousand pages of "Letters and Memorials," to say nothing of the Emersonian correspondence, with no end of miserable possibilities in the future.

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LITERARY AND ART NOTES OF THE MONTH, &c.

Mr. J. Allanson Picton, a well known contributor to *Notes and Queries*, writes to point out that our river names are for the most part, though not exclusively, Celtic. "This applies not only to Great Britain and Ireland, but to many parts of the continent of Europe. A large portion of them reduced to the original elements simply signify water—as *Afon; Dwfr* or *Dwr; Aw, Gwy*, or *Wy; Don; Uisge* or *Wysg;* all signifying water, but in different conditions—swift, slow, calm, clear, turbid, &c. A considerable number are based on the Cymric *Wysg*, Gaelic *Uisge*, from which also comes the Saxon or Teutonic *Ouse*, the radical meaning of which appears to be a running stream." An excellent note on this very subject, from the pen of a Welsh correspondent, has already appeared in the pages of the *Red Dragon*.

A controversy has been going on in the same journal relative to the origin of the name "Glastonbury," those who maintain it to be derived from the Cymric Ynisvitrin appearing to have the best of the argument.

The Rev. Rowland Williams (Hwfa Môn), for many years pastor of the Welsh Congregational Church in Fetter-lane, and now of Llanerchymedd, Anglesey, has just published, in a very presentable volume, an interesting account of his poetical works. The reverend gentleman, who is familiarly known in eisteddfodic circles as "The bard of five chairs," he having won the highest honour of the eisteddfod, viz., the bardic chair on five different occasions, is reckoned in the foremost rank of Welsh bards, and his poetical effusions will be read with the greatest interest by all who have a love and a regard for Welsh literature. The volume has a portrait of the poet, and is dedicated to Mr. Richard Davies, M.P.

Considerable interest is felt in London Welsh circles in the production of Sir George Macfarren's new oratorio, "King David," which was expressly written for the Leeds Musical Festival, and performed in London by two of the best metropolitan choirs. Owing to the fact that there is now no permanent united Welsh choir in the metropolis, many of our best singers have affiliated themselves with the Sacred Harmonic and other musical societies. Hence a special interest

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is taken in the production of works such as that of Sir G. Macfarren. The score of "King David," it may be mentioned, has been published by Messrs. Stanley, Lucas and Co. The pianoforte arrangement is the work of Mr. F. W. Davenport.

The Rev. Lewis H. Hughes, M.A., Gorseinon, Swansea, recently read a paper on "The Relations of Morality and Religion," before the members of the Nassau Street Literary Society. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Griffith Parry, Aberystwith. The paper, though somewhat lacking in lucidity of thought and clearness of expression, was a very able exposition of the Kantian and Hegelian systems of morality, as seen from an orthodox point of view. Mr. Hughes is to be complimented for having given the very important subject we have referred to the benefit of hard and conscientious study, and the Nassau Street Literary Society is to be congratulated on having secured the result of such study for one of its opening meetings.

Professor John Rhys contributes to the *Academy* of October 20th an able review of the *Saltair na Rann*, edited by Mr. Whitley Stokes, and forming part three of the first volume of the *Anecdota Oxoniensis* issued by the Clarendon Press, Oxford. Singularly enough the review is given in our contemporary's "Science" column. We should have thought it to have belonged to the "literary" department more than to any other.

The eminent Welsh divine, Dr. William Rees (Gwilym Hiraethog), formerly of Liverpool, but latterly of Chester, who retired a short time ago from the ministry, died at Chester on Thursday morning, October 8th. It is a somewhat singular coincidence that Dr. Rees—whose unrivalled powers as a pulpit and platform orator had made his name a household word throughout the Principality—should have died on his 81st birthday. So recently as a fortnight previously Dr. Rees preached to a crowded congregation at special services with unimpaired eloquence.

In an article on "The Titles of Books," in the November number of the *Bookseller*, it is stated that—"Authors complain of increasing embarrassment in the selection of titles for their books. They are apt to find that the title they have chosen has already been used, and that the original user is prepared, if need be, for legal warfare in defence of his rights. Mr. Lewis Morris has lately made public a grievance of the kind. After having announced a volume of poems under the title of 'Day and Night,' he found that Mr. William Allingham had, twenty-nine years previously, issued a volume of verses under a similar title, of which a second edition appeared some years later, and that Mr. Allingham has a fresh edition now in preparation. Mr. Morris, therefore, found it necessary to change the title of his book, and to cancel the title sheets

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which were already printed. All this, as related by Mr. Morris, looks like a substantial grievance, but is really nothing of the kind. Had Mr. Morris consulted his publishers, they could have informed him without difficulty that the title was in use. Indeed, there are plenty of intelligent collectors about the Row who could have ascertained the fact in ten minutes. Until the consequences of his own carelessness are brought home to him, he does not seem to have thought it necessary to take any trouble in the matter, and then relieves himself by finding fault with other people. An elementary knowledge of current bibliography would have enabled Mr. Morris to avoid all the trouble which he has brought upon himself. As regards the entry of titles at Stationers' Hall, about which Mr. Morris has something to say, the monthly transcript of the Register, with which we shall in future supply our readers, arranged, as it is, under titles or subjects, will remove the last ground for complaint. This, however, will continue of but partial value until authors see that every one of their books is duly entered at the Hall. Even Mr. Morris himself may find it advantageous to place on record his amended title, and thus help other authors to avoid the difficulty he has lately experienced."

Is not this rather hard on Mr. Lewis Morris? Was it not the business of his publishers to find whether the title had been already used? If it was not, there is less reason than ever why a man should want a publisher at all. It is absurd of our contemporary to insinuate Mr. Morris did not consult his publishers. How else could they have brought out his book? Possibly the question of title was not discussed at the consultation, but then it is equally possible that the peculiar form of the imprint was not either—although the publishers would have looked very foolish had they not seen to it. We have had some little experience in the issue of books, and we can assure our readers that the ordering of the title is usually a publisher's first care. The *Bookseller* being purely a trade journal, it would, perhaps, be too much to expect of it to take the part of the man who writes as against the man who sells a book.

Mr. Morris's volume, ultimately issued under the title of "Songs Unsung," has already gone into a second edition, the first of 1,500 copies having been disposed of to the trade previous to its issue to the public.

Messrs. Daniel Owen & Co., Cardiff, have in the press no less than four important works which they intend issuing in popular book form. One is a Welsh translation of the late Canon Jenkins, of Aberdare's "Lives of the Early Martyrs"; the others being respectively a translation into Welsh of Combe's "Constitution of Man," an English translation of Myfyr Morganwg's remarkable book on the ancient Bardism of the

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Isle of Britain, and a "History of the Coal Trade of South Wales," by Mr. C. Wilkins, the editor of the *Red Dragon*.

Mr. C. W. Holgate, writing *Notes and Queries*, quotes with approbation from a small work published eleven years ago on the history and topography of Llanfechain, Montgomeryshire, the suggestion that *menyg yr ellyll* (fairy-glove) may be the true origin of the term "Fox-glove." The English name might probably be "folk's-glove," as in days of yore the fairies were termed the little folk. In Welsh they are still called *y tylwyth teg*, or the fairy-folk.

Mr. Henry Richard, the senior member for the Merthyr Borough, has collected and will shortly publish the papers, political and other, which he has from time to time contributed to various English journals.

"Philatelists," says the *St. James's Gazette*, "or to give them a more generally comprehended name, collectors of postage stamps—have of late been lamenting that certain unscrupulous people are in the habit of fraudulently imitating rare old labels, so as to mislead even experienced judges; and of passing off the worthless pieces of paper at high prices upon confiding purchasers. Bibliophiles will probably soon begin to complain that they too are being imposed upon by forgers, for a firm in Düsseldorf has recently taken out a patent for its process in imitating old books. The audacious falsificators print with old-fashioned type upon hand-made paper, which has been saturated with an aniline solution, and then sprinkle the pages with various dyes that give them an aged and mouldy appearance. Finally, when the sheets have been bound up into a volume, the edges of the leaves are steeped in spirit and fired; and it is said that after a reprint has undergone this treatment it is all but impossible for any one, unless he makes use of chemical tests, to distinguish the forgery from an original.

Miss Mary Davies, the well-known and popular Welsh vocalist, gave up the principal soprano part in Sir George Macfarren's new oratorio, "King David," and did not participate in the first performance of the work in London. It is a matter of much regret to many prominent Welshmen to find that the annual dinner of the Cymmrodorion Society should have been fixed for the same evening as that on which "King David" was first produced in the metropolis.

The *Genedl* announces the fact that the Welsh bard Watcyn Wyn has just published a volume of poems under the title of "*Hwyr-fyfyrion*," which includes the author's unsuccessful ode on the Chair subject "*Y Llong*" ("The Ship"), sent in for competition to the National Eisteddfod recently held at Cardiff.

A correspondent of the *Western Mail* learns that an attempt has been made to translate the "immortal poem" by Hwfa

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Mon, in which that bard "invites the Atheist to the top of Snowdon to see God in a sun of fire." The sample stanza given is simply abominable, considered from a literary point of view.

Mr. James Sauvage, who is making a tour of the provinces with Madame Blanche Cole and the Royal English Opera Company, is gaining high encomiums. The critics on the Manchester press, who have the reputation of being, like the fairer sex, "hard to please," are unanimous in praising him. The *Manchester Examiner*, speaking of Mr. Sauvage as *Hunold* in Nessler's Opera "The Piper of Hamelin," says he "fully confirms his previous success as the Piper; very few artistes now on the lyric stage could go through this arduous part with such complete satisfaction to his audience. His beautiful voice is well under control, and he rises equal to all the demands made upon him as singer and actor." The many friends of the young Welsh baritone will, no doubt, be glad to hear of his success.

Mr. Lucas Williams, singing "Rage, thou angry storm" (Benedict), at the People's Concert recently, accompanied by the composer, so pleased the audience and Sir Julius that he was engaged on the spot to sing in the concert to be given at Brighton on the following Saturday.

Sir E. J. Reed, the member for Cardiff, has an article in the *Contemporary Review* for November on "Our Merchant Marine."

Mr. George T. Clark, F.S.A., Dowlais House, has written a new work on "Glamorgan Worthies." The book, 110 pages, demy 8vo, has been printed at the Dowlais Library Buildings, with Mr. Clark's type, &c., under the supervision of Mr M. Hirst, head-master of the Dowlais Schools. Mr. Clark is now engaged in getting up a Collection of the Charters of Glamorganshire in Latin. He himself has set up the type, an assistant being engaged in making up the pages, making the necessary corrections, and working them off. The information is interesting, a correspondent points out, as showing Mr. Clark in the light of a printer, as well as an archæologist. He is to be congratulated upon his knowledge of "the art and mystery" of the craft of Caxton, of whose chapelry the "Charters of Glamorgan" will give him the freedom—especially if the work be in **Black Letter.**

A meeting in aid of the building fund of the Welsh Congregational Chapel, which is to be erected in the north of London in memory of "Y Gohebydd," was recently held in the Albion Hall, London Wall. The chair was occupied by Mr. John Hughes, C.C., and part was taken in the meeting by the Rev. W. Emlyn Jones, of Morriston, Miss Annie Williams, and Mr. Lucas Williams.

Mr. P. M. Williams, Rhyl, well known throughout Wales by

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his bardic title of Pedr Mostyn, has accepted the position of organising secretary to the Aberystwith College Committee. This Committee, which is quite distinct from the College Council, was formed at the conference recently held at Aberystwith in order to raise funds for the maintenance of the College, even if the Government grant should be withdrawn.

The numerous friends and admirers of the late bard Islwyn will be glad to learn that the monument subscribed for by the public to commemorate his many excellent qualities, both as a bard and preacher, and their affection for his memory, was unveiled at Babell Chapel, Ynysddu, Pontllanfraith, on the 20th of November, the anniversary of the poet-preacher's death.

General Pitt-Rivers, with eight or nine excavators, has lately devoted some days to explorations at Penselwood, the site of the ancient British city Caer Pensauelcoit, that was invested for seven days by Vespasian under Claudius, A.D. 47.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, held November 12, the Right Hon. Lord Aberdare, President, in the chair, Mr. R. Bentley was elected a Fellow. The President delivered his opening address. The paper read was "The River Congo, from its Mouth to Bolobo, with notes on the Physical Geography, Resources, and Prospects of the Region," by Mr. H. M. Johnston.

At a meeting of the Library, Museum, and Arts Committee of the Liverpool Corporation on Thursday, November 15, a letter was read from the Marquess of Bute, stating that he was about to proceed to Athens, and requesting—as he wished a gentleman of archæological attainments to accompany him—that the committee might give Mr. Gatty the necessary leave to do so. Mr. Gatty is the curator of the Mayer Collection in the museum. Leave was granted, and it was explained that Mr. Gatty had been the means of obtaining most valuable gifts for the committee.

The new number of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* will contain an article upon "Mining," by Dr. Le Neve Foster, one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Metalliferous Mines, who is now a resident at Llandudno and inspects the district comprising North Wales.

The general annual meeting of the Cymmrodorion Society took place on Friday, November 16, at the Freemasons' Tavern, London, under the presidency of the Earl of Powys. The members afterwards dined together. In the course of the post prandial proceedings it was stated by the Rev. John Davies, M.A., that he had recently received a letter, in which he was informed that the Welshmen resident in New York proposed establishing a branch of the society in that city. Mr. Lewis Morris, M.A., in responding for "Literature," made a touching and well-timed reference to the life and labours of the late

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Gwilym Hiraethog. Among those present on the occasion were, in addition to the gentlemen named, Dr. and Mrs. Hoggan, Professor Rhys Davids, Professor Tanner, Mr. Stephen Evans, Mr. Marchant Williams, Mr. W. Davies (Mynorydd), the Rev. John Morgan, M.A., Mr. Ignatius Williams, the Rev. O. Evans, the Rev. John Evans, Eglwysbach; the Rev. Canon Hurford, Mr. H. Lloyd Roberts, Mr. J. B. Rogers, Dr. John Williams, Mr. John Hughes, C.C., Mr. J. Rowland Phillips (Stipendiary Magistrate West Ham Court), Mr. Easterby, Mr. John Owens, Mr. Phillips, Mr. A. Nutt, Mr. Milo Griffith, Mr. Pughe Jones, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Sidney Hartland, Mr. H. Burt, and the Rev. R. H. Roberts, B.A. Dr. Isambard Owen, M.A., was vice-chairman.

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DRACONIGENÆ.

In October, 1800, the Cardiff Volunteer Cavalry received the thanks of His Royal Highness the Duke of York for their promptitude in quelling the riots at Merthyr Tydvil. At the time there were twenty-three delinquents in Cardiff gaol, twenty out on bail, and nearly one hundred reported as absconded. A short record of these riots would be interesting.

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Mr. B. Price, Horne Villa, Ilfracombe, writing us under date October 17th, says:—In your notice of Miss Williams's literary life in the June number of the *Red Dragon*, you speak of her contemporary, "Jane Williams" *(Ysgafell)*, as of North Wales, and I have waited for some one to rectify the error. Jane Williams was a Breconshire lady, a native of the neighbourhood of Talgarth. Hence her friendship with "Carnhuanawc," of Cwmdu, also a Builth man. She herself lived near Lday Llanover's, but used often to drive over and spend the day with Thomas Price, at Cwmdu.

* * *

"SYR, WN I DDIM YN WIR."

John Bull, for pastime, came to Wales,
To view its mountains and its dales;
To brace his nerves in mountain breeze,
And taste its leeks and toasted cheese.
Poor Taffy stared to hear him speak,
And answered John in Cambrian Greek;
The only answer John could hear
Was but, "Sir, wn i ddim yn wir!"

John to St. David's College come,
Its splendour almost struck him dumb;
"I say, whose house do I see here?"
"Ha-ouse! Syr, wn i ddim yn wir."
"Sir Wniddim again!" cries John,
"This fellow is some mighty don!
No doubt there's plenteous wealth with him.
I'd breakfast with Sir Wniddim."

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John saw afar the vast domain
Of Hafod's grand enchanting plain;
"Whose fine estate do I see here?"
"Ystat! Syr, wn i ddim yn wir!"
"His! what, the land and houses too;
The fellow's richer than a Jew!
Profusely fortune favours him,
I should like to dine with Sir Wniddim."

Next, tripping came a damsel fair—
John cried, enchanted with her air,
"Whose lovely wench do I see here?"
"Hy-wense! Syr, wn i ddim yn wir!"
"Sir Winiddim, upon my life!—
First houses, lands, and then a wife—
So fair her form, so spruce, so slim—
I should like to sup with Sir Wniddim."

"But hold! whose funeral's that?" cries John;
"Syr, wn i ddim!" "What, is he gone!
Wealth, fame, and beauty, could not save
Sir Wniddim, then, from the grave!
His race is run, his game is up—
I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup;
But since to vanish is his whim,
Good night to you, Sir Wniddim!"

* * *

The decision of the Oswestry School governors in the matter of the arms of their founder is interesting to Welshmen generally, inasmuch as it ignores the opinion of Welsh Heralds altogether. There can be little doubt that the Welsh ancestors of David Holbache (and presumably he himself) bore "*gules* a chevron engrailed between three boars' heads *argent*," but his son (who found a wife and settled in Somersetshire) omitted the boars' heads; and the school governors have adopted the son's coat rather than the father's.

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At the recent meeting of the Cambrian Archæological Society, Mr. Lawes, of Tenby, read an interesting paper on the French Invasion of Fishguard. In April, 1797, at Haverfordwest assizes, bills of high treason were found against two men, named Jones and Griffiths, for communicating with and aiding the French after their landing in that county. What was the result of the trial?

* * *

We regret to record the death of an esteemed friend, Mr. John Pryse, of Llanidloes, the well known proprietor, printer,

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and publisher of the *Mid-Wales Telegraph and Observer*, a Conservative newspaper, established in 1850, which he had edited in that town for many years. Mr. Pryse was an active disseminator of Welsh literature, and published on his own account "Pryse's Hand-book" to the now much frequented Llandrindod Wells in Radnorshire, and the Brecknockshire mineral springs, with notes and excerpts, illustrating the history, antiquities and topography of many of the surrounding towns and villages, and of which more than 4,000 copies were sold. He also printed and published a collection of Cambrian prose and poetry, called "Breezes from the Welsh Mountains," also books useful to tourists in Wales, called "Pryse's Welsh Interpreter," and "Pryse's Mid-Wales Railway Guide." Mr. Pryse was also the printer and publisher of "Welsh Poetry," edited by John Jenkins, Esq. "Rowlands' Cambrian Bibliography," edited by the Rev. E. Silvan Evans, "Dissent in Wales," by Johnes, "The Ancient Britons," by Evans, in Welsh and English. "Twm Shon Catti," by Prichard, in Welsh and English. "Courting, Marrying, and Living," in Welsh and English. "The Cambrian Melodist," "The Chartist Riots at Llanidloes in 1839," and "Priesthood and People," by the late Frederick K. J. Foxton, Esq., B.A., and other works. Mr. Pryse had always a large stock of Welsh books, including "Stephens' Literature of Kymry," Lady Charlotte Guest's "Mabinogion," "Liber Landavensis," the "Iolo Manuscripts" and "Enwogion Cymry," "Tales and Sketches of Wales," etc. Few men were so thoroughly earnest, so self-denying in their political advocacy, sacrificing health and monetary considerations of importance for principle. It was our good fortune to meet him at Builth last summer for the first time after many years correspondence, and the regret was keen on our part that so excellent a character had not come personally under notice long before. He was only fifty-seven years of age at the time of his death.

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Our esteemed correspondent, "Nathan Dyfed," of Merthyr, writes:—While thanking Mr. Phillips for his notes on "Welsh Customs and Superstitions," I beg to correct his definition of "All Hallows' Eve." It is not derived from "Nos *cyn*-gauaf," but "Nos *Calan* gauaf," *Calan* being the *first of*, such as "Calan Ionawr," "Calan Mai," "Calan Awst," &c. He is also wrong in the term "Wilnos." This should be Gŵylnos, being the Wake, or Watch night.

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